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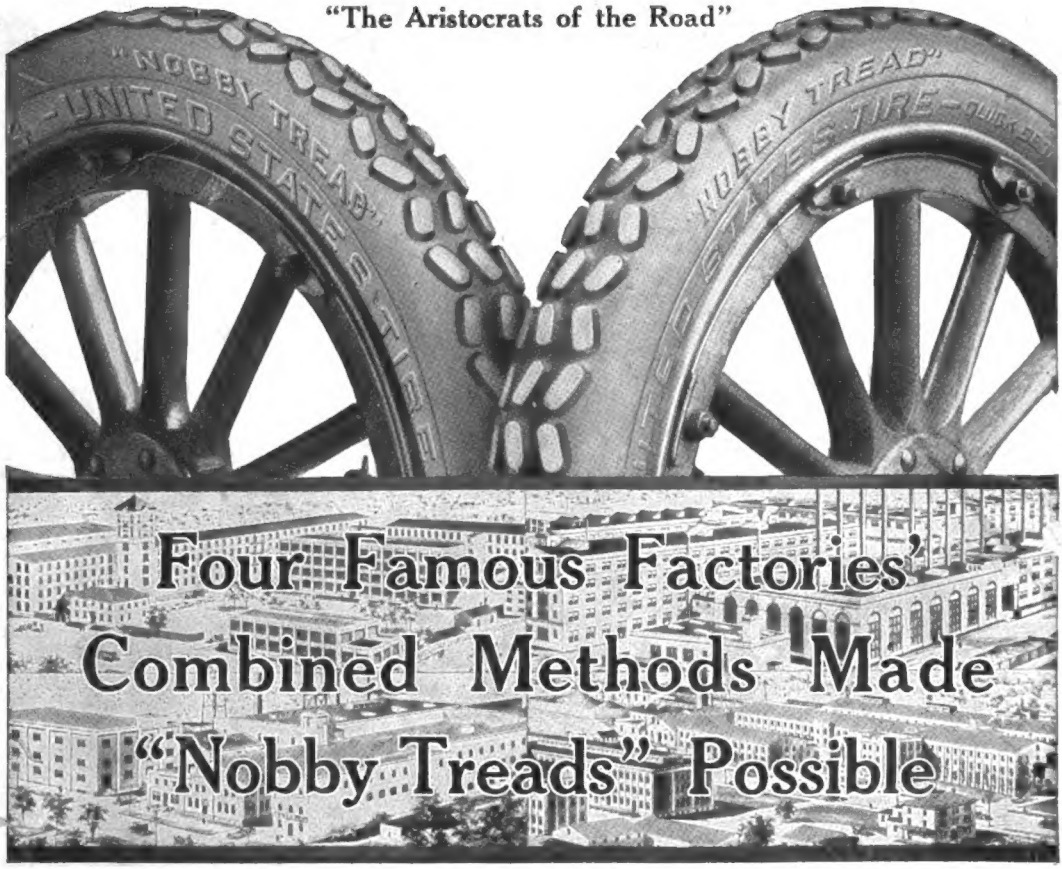

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Everybody's Magazine

VOL. XXX MARCH
NO. 3 1914

The DISCOMFITURE of the DANES

by

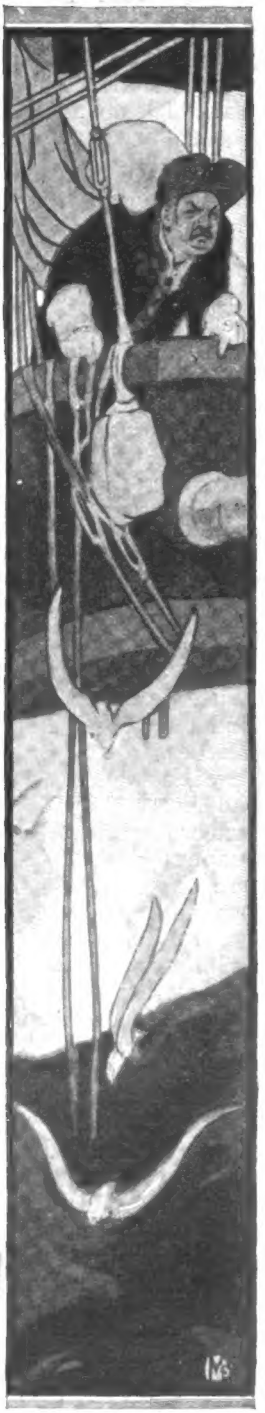
LEAVITT ASHLEY KNIGHT

Being the First Authentic Account of Conquest Insurance

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THE reader will recall that in Volume VII. I sketched the revolutionary discovery of five hundred tons of radium in the great Copenhagen mine. This mine belonged to the Danish Government, which then awoke, one fine August morning, to find itself the richest in the world. In the present volume I shall describe the astounding consequences of Nature's prodigal gift to that once sober and plodding folk.

Within the space of five years Denmark had sold one hundred and fifty tons of radium to hospitals, laboratories, factories, and governments. In spite of tremendous depreciation, this quantity netted the Danish Treasury a round four billion dollars. When this was made known, the cafés of Copenhagen buzzed day and night with but one question: "What shall we do with it?"



"WE, HAVE SURPRISED THEM UTTERLY," EXCLAIMED THE ADMIRAL.

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The answer was all too easy. As if obsessed by evil spirits, the people of Denmark clamored: "Our fatherland must become a world-power. We must take our place high up in the company of nations. Let us build up great colonies oversea. Give us a strong navy to protect them, and a mighty army at home to shield us from our neighbors' land-hunger. Poor, we were safe from attack. But with four billions cash in Copenhagen we may be sure that every diplomat from St. Petersburg to Madrid is scheming nights against us."

SECRET AGENTS SCOURED THE WORLD, SOUNDING POTENTATES WITH RICH TERRITORIES TO BARTER.

The newspapers of Europe took all this table chatter as a joke. And the Danes were eager that they should; for, had either England or Germany suspected that the tiny state was in deadly earnest, its huge ambition would have been strangled as soon as a battleship could steam across the North Sea. Suddenly the whole country stopped talking about the dream, and began booming a scheme to drain and fill in Kiel Bay and the channels around Fuenen for the raising of Swedish oats. But this was a monumental ruse. All the while secret agents were scouring the world, sounding minor potentates in Asia, Africa, and South America with rich territories to barter.

It is now quite certain that even these crafty and seductive dealings for a Colonial Empire would have come to naught had not a second miracle happened. On the 12th of August the United States of America offered to sell its entire navy to Denmark for $700,000,000 cash. On the 15th the money was paid to the United States minister, in the parlor of his Copenhagen residence. And two hours later the Nobbie Atlantic squadron steamed out of New York harbor, at its mastheads the White Cross of Denmark.

It all happened before the European Powers had a chance to gather their wits. For more than a week Downing Street and Quai d'Orsay solemnly announced to reporters and anxious military inquirers that the whole story was a whopping hoax. And the Prime Minister was repeating this assurance to some friends on board a yacht off Folkestone—when forty-five White Crosses steamed past, under each a super-Dreadnought. The wash of them spattered the Prime Minister's new silk shirt....

You don't understand all this stuff, do you? It's from Professor Henry Smithsonian's "History of the Decline and Fall of War" (New York. 12 vols. 8vo. Net $22.50). The work is quite unreadable. Its chief defect is that it has not yet been written, inasmuch as its distinguished author is not yet born.

But it will be written.

How do we know? Because all human history is one record of the slow but irresistible triumph of common sense and kind-heartedness over thick wits, superstition, and brutality. Because, slowly but surely, people are coming to see that the affairs of a government are *their* business and must be run for *their* benefit.

Some fine day people are going to stop being emotional on the subject of war. They are going to figure the whole question of national defense and offense in dollars and cents. They are going to regard big guns and armor-plate as the house-owner regards lightning-rods, not as the savage

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regards the lightning. Not as instruments of divine wrath, but as a detail of national housekeeping.

And when that day comes the strangest thing in the world's history will happen:

The public will invest in Conquest Insurance.

What's that? The big insurance companies can't tell you. They don't sell conquest policies—at least not under that label.

A life-insurance policy insures a man's family against losses due to his death. A fire-insurance policy insures the holder against the loss of his property by fire. Conquest insurance would insure citizens against loss of property through conquest.

Captain Jinks, U. S. A., retired, has a cozy home in Brooklyn near the NavyYard. He suffers from Hearst's Disease (Japanophobia), and devoutly believes that the Mikado is seizing Mexico and will shortly sneak over a back fence along the Rio Grande and march a million veterans into Manhattan before you could say Noguchi-Yamashamashaski. Captain Jinks loves his wife and children. Captain Jinks is not rich. He hates to think of his pretty home turned into a bonfire under the storm of Japanese shells. So he takes out a conquest-insurance policy for $10,000—and thereafter sleeps in peace.

There's the idea. Only—as things will go in Professor Smithsonian's day, it won't be a Captain Jinks who will take out the policy, and it won't be an ordinary hungry agent who will issue it for a big private company. It will be a——

But wait a few minutes! We hear the Standpatters pattering their standard pat. "This is an alcoholic reverie, good friend," say they, "a pleasant little dip into a sea of silliness. Nothing more. Try a bromide!"

CONQUEST INSURANCE IS VERY OLD

We'd like to claim that we have been airing a bright little idea of our own, our very, very own. It would give us a pleasant feeling around the chest to think that nobody else, since the Cave Men scratched their thoughts on mastodon bones, had ever, ever thought the pretty thought of Conquest Insurance. But we can't raise the feeling, because——

Away back in the thirteenth century the canny Italians of the big port-towns bought and sold conquest insurance on a grand scale. In fact, this particular policy is one of the original breeds of insurance. The bankers of Venice, Genoa, and Naples in those days used to sign papers with the sturdy merchantmen somewhat to the following effect:

"In consideration of seven hundred and seventy-seven ducats Guido Maravelli, banker, doth covenant with Ricco Uomo, captain of the good ship *Libertina*, sailing from Venice to Alexandria, to reimburse him, said captain, for such of his goods aboard the *Libertina* as may in God's Providence be lost to him, Ricco Uomo, through the violence of storms encountered on the journey from Venice to Alexandria; and for such other losses as he may incur at the hands of the pirates on the same voyage. . . ."

Observe the pirates! If they wage war on Ricco Uomo; if they shoot his pilot on a night of darkness, clamber over the side, cut the bo'sun's gorge, seize the ship's treasure-chest, and make off with low chuckles toward the lion-haunted dunes of Tripoli, then what?

Why! Poor old Ricco Uomo comes whimpering home, swears to his injuries and deprivations, and forthwith the honest Guido Maravelli, party of the first part, pays him his losses.

CONQUEST INSURANCE NOT SO STRANGE AS THE COMMON FORMS

If that isn't conquest insurance, what is? There you have a man worsted in a contest of arms. You see the enemy strip him of his possessions by an act of violence. And you behold the insurer making reparation. If this doesn't suit you, we might cite modern instances from Lloyd's. There have been many cases of unmistakable conquest insurance by the underwriters of that famous institution. They have frequently—but particularly in earlier days—insured ships and cargoes exposed to the hazards of war. Blockade-runners, for instance.

But even if there had never been a case of conquest insurance, that's no reason why there shouldn't be. Modern insurance aims to distribute and thus soften the shock of economic misfortune. It taxes the many a little, that the few may not be crushed by a morning's wind-storm or a flash of lightning or a partner's death or a thief's looting. No matter what the manner of disaster, the insurance system aims to mitigate it as far as remuneration can. So to-day you may

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insure almost anything. Your house against a leaky water-pipe, second-story men, and small boys with sling-shots. The lot your house stands on against all other claimants to its title. Your trunk while it is traveling from town to country. Your pictures against fading and cracking and crumbling. Your orchard against drought and hail and wind. You can even insure your wife against twins. (Though how they reckon the damages here is something of an actuarial mystery.)

Certainly all this is queerer than protecting Captain Jinks, U. S. A., retired, against Japanese bombs. And much of it is less sensible too.

Of course, the Captain, finding no company willing to offer him a policy, might accomplish his purpose in another way.

THE TWO FORMS OF INSURANCE

He might escape the perils of the great Asiatic invasion by turning his Brooklyn home into a bomb-proof, siege-proof fortress. He might put on chrome-steel clapboards, six-inch armor-plate roofing, and steel-shuttered windows. He might stock his cellar with food and ammunition for a ten-year siege. But—the neighbors might protest, Mrs. Jinks might wax viperish over the elbow-grease required in opening the shutters, the Lunacy Commission might detain good old Jinks for examination; and,

CONQUEST INSURANCE MAY NOT BE AS OLD AS THE DAYS WHEN CAVE MEN SCRATCHED THEIR THOUGHTS ON MASTODON BONES; BUT IT IS VERY OLD.

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most fatal of all difficulties, Jinks probably would not have the money to install these wonderful improvements.

We don't usually think of that procedure as a form of insurance. But it is. It serves the same purpose as an insurance policy. Indeed, we may say more. It is pure, direct insurance. People are driven to substitute the policy whenever the direct form of insurance by material protection is either impossible or too costly. There would be no fire insurance of the familiar sort if every man could afford to build a solid concrete house. Nor would there be marine insurance if any old tar could build cheaply an unsinkable, unburnable ship. In short, insurance through a company is a makeshift. But it is generally an inevitable one.

CAP'N JINKS'S BOMB-PROOF HOUSE. CAN THE STATE AFFORD IT?

Now comes a question of prodigious importance to all of us. Cap'n Jinks doesn't go in for conquest insurance, nor do many of his fellow citizens. *They leave this task to the Government.* They are Socialists when it comes to insuring themselves against the enemy from without. They don't know that they are; but for that ignorance they are all the more ardent Socialists. Government insurance against invasion and loss through hostile plundering is universal to-day. But——

It is almost entirely the primitive kind of insurance. Like Cap'n Jinks's bomb-proof home in Brooklyn, you know. *The Government simply insures its citizens against conquest by trying to make its territories unconquerable.* And people are beginning to see that this is an impossible undertaking. And worse than impossible! It leads to bankruptcy and thence to war, the very thing that was to have been assiduously shunned.

Cap'n Jinks can insure his house against fire by making it concrete throughout. But fire is always fire. Suppose, though, that it got hotter when it found Jinks trying to baffle it! Suppose it competed with Jinks's cement; raged more and more furious, as the cement grew harder, until it finally cracked it! There you have the analogy to government conquest insurance by armament.

Many observers have pointed out that the governments of Europe to-day are struggling to insure themselves against conquest in a fashion that would provoke laughter were it not fraught with immeasurable disasters. The Captains Jinks of London are building forts and super-Dreadnoughts, to insure themselves against conquest at the hands of the Kapitaene Jinks von Berlin. The Kapitaene Jinks von Berlin are building wonderful dirigibles and entrenchments and long-distance guns, to insure themselves against the prospect of MM. les Capitaines Jinks de Paris sleeping with muddy boots in German beds. And all the time, still and sinister, the Slav schemes in his shivering solitudes: schemes against the peace of Asia and against the peace of Europe; thrusts his troops into Manchuria, embroils the witless and miserable Balkans with one another, bolsters the Turk, and blocks the German.

Can any State afford to play this game? The records give unchallengeable answer. Every million spent by Captain Jinks of London is straightway neutralized by a million in Berlin and another million in Paris. If a new ship here, a new ship there. If an extra battalion in one uniform, an extra battalion in every other one. And the cost of it all? Senator Gervais, one of the first military authorities of France, has lately measured "the frenzy of military preparations throughout Europe," and he estimates that *"armed peace" is costing the world about an even billion dollars yearly.*

The new French and German army laws summon 1,500,000 men to the flag every twelvemonth. Austria's war minister is planning to increase the "peace" standing army from 464,000 to 600,000. And the military budget of France amounts to $240,000,000—which is exactly what France spent in 1871, while at war with Prussia. Our own country is spending $280,000,000 a year. But why quote more? All this is an old, old story.

And so, too, is its moral: *the method defeats its own end.* The more a nation squanders on arms, the more it is obliged to squander. The whole miserable game is like the morphine habit. To produce the effect, you have to increase the dose steadily—until death.

HOW INSURE, THEN?

What the nations of Europe will do to rid themselves of this intolerable false insurance, we can not even conjecture. The

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situation is horribly complicated by a host of race prejudices, old political grudges, the struggle for national existence, and—above all—by Russia, a country (or rather, a nation-owning clique of medieval landlords) whose official aims and methods are of the thirteenth century. It looks like a hopeless deadlock that will end only with the complete exhaustion and collapse of one or two of the nations involved.

But how about our own country? Ah! Here is a very different situation! So very different, indeed, that any good insurance man can advise Captain Jinks of Brooklyn and his compatriots how to shun the deadly European vice of militarism.

LET THE GOVERNMENT IMITATE THE GREAT STEAMSHIP AND RAILWAY CORPORATIONS. LET IT ESTABLISH A RESERVE FUND THAT WILL BE DRAWN UPON ONLY IN CASE OF A WAR OF INVASION, AND THEN ONLY FOR A MINIMUM DEFENSE AND FOR OFFSETTING ACTUAL LOSSES INCURRED.

Our present navy will surely suffice for many years, if used only as a defense against aggressors. Suppose, then, we spend only $50,000,000 a year hereafter for maintaining the present battleship crews and a very small army. That would allow us to set aside no less than $230,000,000 a year, without increasing taxes at all. For, remember, we are now squandering $280,000,000 a year on army and navy (let alone the pension list).

Now let us make a pure assumption—and a foolish one. Suppose that the risk of conquest could be precisely figured by the actuaries; and suppose they discovered that the chances are the United States will be invaded once every twenty-five years. (As a matter of fact, the country will not be invaded once in a hundred years. But more of this later.) How shall we be prepared to meet the storm, when it breaks, *if we do nothing more than reserve what we now spend in armament?*

Hold your breath, please, while we dip the dip!

AN ANNUAL RESERVE OF TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY MILLION DOLLARS, WITH INTEREST COMPOUNDED ANNUALLY, WILL AMOUNT TO MORE THAN ELEVEN BILLION DOLLARS AT THE END OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

This sum would buy at par the entire capital stock of nearly all the railways in the United States.

Or it would build titanic reservoirs and overflow canals and levees in the Mississippi Valley and end forever the yearly floods of that region, besides converting millions of our richest acres into safe farms. Or the interest on it alone would build every year twenty thousand miles of perfect macadam highways across the continent.

But—*the money ought not to be invested in any of these alluring schemes.* It wouldn't be conquest insurance, if it were so spent. There's a much cleverer, a simpler, and an absolutely safe way of using it to protect us against conquest——

And that is— But wait a minute. We hear Captain Jinks bellowing at us. "A pretty dream of a mollycoddle!" says the Captain. "But what'll happen when the war *does* come? Eh? What'll you namby-pambies do when a twelve-inch shell goes ripping through the Woolworth Tower? What'll you do with your eleven billions when the enemy's infantry storms up Broadway, looting, looting, looting? You'll just hand over your big wad to the enemy—or else the enemy will shoot holes through you first and take the wad afterward. Why, you poor chump, don't you see that the more gold you pile up here, the bigger the temptation for the Japs or the Germans or somebody else to come over and swipe it? You're like a man who wants burglary insurance, but instead of buying a policy and putting locks on his doors and windows and investing in a revolver and a bulldog, saves the price of these and puts the money in a sock under his bed. Bright, eh?"

But let Professor Smithsonian furnish the rebuttal, from another chapter in his great History:

In Volume VIII. I outlined the prodigious expansion of Greater Denmark, after that new empire had purchased the magnificent navy of the Americans, and the great territories of the Dutch East Indies, Peru, New Guinea, and Portugal. At the end of this first era of imperialism Copenhagen boasted of a hundred thousand millionaires, and the glitter of her new boulevards made Paris seem a tawdry town. The second era of expansion opened when Sam Boughton, an Indiana hog farmer, perfected the radium engine and thus made it possible to generate one thousand horse-power with a tiny machine weighing only forty pounds and consuming only one centigram of radium a year.

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Instantly the value of the great Danish radium reserve shot up almost to the prices that prevailed early in the twentieth century. With that Denmark became almost as rich as Russia. And straightway her ambitions swelled insanely. The Danes turned thievish eyes upon the richest continent on earth, North America. And early in the spring of 1986 the Expansion Committee of the Rigsdag, in secret session, resolved to dispatch the entire Danish navy to New York and the huge army of East Indian mercenaries to Washington. The United States was to be seized without preliminary declaration of war.

The reader understands what prompted this audacious enterprise. The United States was the Crœsus of nations. Statisticians had long since ceased computing its total wealth; partly because of the magnitude of the task, but chiefly because official figures had been withdrawn from the public twenty years before. Rough estimates placed the population at 300,000,000 and the national wealth at a trillion and a quarter dollars.

From Boston to Washington lay one almost continuous city whose riches outdazzled the wealth of Europe.

And this stupendous focus of prosperity was unprotected against invaders! Its only defenders on land were a few thousand patrolmen, whose knowledge of warfare was limited to what they picked up in handling crowds and traffic. Its only navy was a fleet of police launches. In short, America was precisely as peaceful and as helpless as China used to be. No wonder that the Dane yearned to be a second Genghis Khan! . . .

As the Danish aeroplane and dirigible fleet approached New York, Admiral Kirkegaarde grew nervous. What if the peace of the wily Yankees was an illusion? Men had said this in the old days, when Uncle Sam had sold his Dreadnoughts to Denmark. They declared that the Yankees must have invented an engine of war so much more terrible than battleships that these were immediately reduced to junk. And so the Yank unloaded them on innocent Denmark. Rumors flew about that the Navy Department had perfected that old dream of the war inventor, the heat-wave mirror, that would melt chrome-steel walls and blow up a powder magazine twenty miles away.

If they really had succeeded in that!

The Admiral scanned every inch of Long Island, but not a sign of pickets or heat mirrors did he discern. He saw only great bathing-beaches black with swimmers; thousands of aeroplanes flitting cross-country; and immense armies of women and children eating frankfurters in the parks. . . .

The first squadron dropped swiftly into a huge park at Jamaica Bay. The women and children waved handkerchiefs and buzzed with excitement. Nobody showed fear.

"We have surprised them utterly!" exulted the Admiral. "Dispatch a dirigible to each town on the Atlantic coast. Have the captain announce that New York is captured and that if the other towns do not immediately surrender they will be blown up."

As the Admiral was stepping from his flagship, *Dachshund the First*, his wireless operator cried out in a queer voice: "A message, sir. From the Mayor of New York."

The Admiral read it:

DEAR KIRKEGAARDE:

Sorry you are late. Expected you to reach town in time for first inning. Not too late yet. Third inning starts in a minute. Score 2 to 2. Boxes reserved for all officers of your fleet. *Do not bet aloud on game. Law against it. Grounds are in East 2344th St.*

(Signed) ANTONIO SMITH, Mayor.

"Eh?" gasped the Admiral weakly, and sat down heavily on the grass, much to the detriment of a discarded lunch-box beneath him. . . .

High over the enormous ball-grounds soared the invaders. The Admiral gazed with not a little wonderment upon the glittering marble grand stands, and his ears buzzed with the roar of the hundred thousand shouting, shrieking spectators.

"We'll make them change their tune!" chuckled the doughty warrior, as he commanded his gunners to fire a warning broadside of blanks.

A hundred Danish cannon roared. But not a single Yankee below looked up, nor did the din there abate by so much as a whisper's strength. The Admiral cursed. The air fleet dropped like a regiment of buzzards upon the smooth, soft aviation field next to the ball-grounds. But still not a sign of recognition, not a flag of salute, not a sentry presenting arms, not even a respectful silence from the doomed Yankees!

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"This is a deliberate insult!" howled the sanguinary Kirkegaarde. "The Mayor knows who we are! Why doesn't he pay his respects? It's a cause for war! We'll make them pay dearly for their bad manners!"

Just then a small aeroplane shot over the grand stands and swooped down to where the flag-ship was swaying at anchor at the top of its silken rope, like a languorous thistle-top in a summer breeze. The young man at the wheel lifted his electro-megaphone and sang out to the Admiral: "His Honor the Mayor sends his compliments," said he, "and would kindly request you to postpone all formal salutes until the game is over. The noise rattles the pitchers. If you will follow me, I'll direct you to your boxes. Would you like to sit with the Vice-President of Thibet? He's in Box 14,-557. Or with——"

"Show me to the Mayor instantly!" Kirkegaarde bellowed insanely, and he leaped into his landing-aeroplane.

"Beg pardon, sir!" The young American paled. "But that's impossible! It's against the law to disturb him while at the game! If I took you to him, I'd be punished terribly! They might even—exclude me from the world's series!" The poor devil covered his face with his trembling hands.

"Against the law, eh?" The Admiral grinned fiendishly. "Well, young man! There won't be any such law after to-day. So cheer up! Come along, sir!"

"I beg of you! Let me send his Honor word of your decision in advance!" the American cried. "I have my wireless with me!" And he drew from a pocket a tiny nickeled machine and talked into it. In a minute he turned to the Admiral and said, with fear in his voice: "He—his Honor—wants to know what you want, and why you are in such haste!"

"Tell him that I demand of him the surrender of the city before sundown! I speak in the name of the Danish Empire! And behind my command stand five hundred aerial battle-ships and the East Indian army of two million men armed with radium guns!"

"Thank God," the young man breathed, "it's nothing serious!" And he repeated the warrior's stern command into his wireless telephone.

The Admiral's cheeks went deep purple and he clenched his great fists. But before he exploded the go-between spoke: "His Honor requests me to say that he will see you at the end of the next inning. That means in about twenty-five minutes, sir! Now kindly follow me!"

Twenty minutes, twenty long, brazen-lunged, disgusting, uncomfortable minutes, the Admiral of the greatest fleet ever assembled sat, with thirty of his staff-officers, in a sumptuous, upholstered box of grand-stand No. 1 and watched, through a blur of rage, a hundred mayors, thirty-six governors, nineteen Cabinet officers, and eight petty potentates hop up and down, while out on the velvety stretch before them a lank, slow citizen of Illinois dubbed Ike and two of his apprentices batted high-liners that flew like cannon-balls toward the short-stop's mitt, then swerved like barn swallows, now to the right, now to the left of the baffled player, and trickled away through the empty spaces of the outfield.

The inning ended. A policeman approached the Admiral and beckoned him to come. Half hypnotized by the cool impudence, Kirkegaarde arose and stalked toward the Mayor's box. A tall, pallid gentleman wearing shell-rimmed spectacles and looking for all the world like a retired Anglican bishop arose and bowed stiffly.

"You should not have disturbed us, sir!" he said coldly. "The penalty is severe. Under the circumstances I shall let you off easily—with a fine of one hundred thousand dollars. And here, sir, are some messages you'd better read! Read them at your leisure!" He handed Kirkegaarde a bunch of yellow slips.

"Messages?" the Admiral stammered as he unfolded yellow slips. "I—there should be no messages! I am acting with full power! Unless you surrender New York before sunset, I shall bombard the town!"

"Read!" the Mayor commanded in dulcet tones. "They are replies to messages my secretary sent a few minutes ago. Did you have a pleasant trip across?"

Here is what Kirkegaarde read, while the Central American mob in the west bleachers yelled so tumultuously to cheer up the discouraged Nicaragua team that he couldn't hear the Mayor's last words:

Your wireless received. If Danes attack United States, England will declare war at once and land a fleet in Copenhagen before midnight.

(Signed) MOSES CADWALADER,
President English Republic.

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"TELL HIM THAT I DEMAND OF HIM THE SURRENDER OF THE CITY BEFORE SUNDOWN! I SPEAK IN THE NAME OF THE DANISH EMPIRE!"

Your wireless received. Have dispatched six fleets to Copenhagen. Will seize town as soon as first shot is fired at New York.

HERMANN MEYER, President German Republic.

Your wireless received. Have sent message to Danish Rigsdag, stating that Japan will seize Java and Sumatra if New York is attacked.

ICHO NOOGI, Emperor.

And similar lines from France, Italy, Russia, China, and Brazil.

"This is a fraud—what you Yankees call a bluff!" laughed the Admiral sneeringly.

"Here's one for you. It's in some cipher, which I hope you'll translate for me." The Mayor gave Kirkegaarde another telegram.

Kirkegaarde's cheeks went yellow as he read:

Return with fleet at once. Invasion abandoned. Under no conditions commit any act of violence against Americans.

ERICK EINDSTROMMER, President, Copenhagen.

"What—what does this all mean?" the poor old fighter stammered feebly.

"It means," murmured the Mayor, "that we long ago invented the one and only invincible engine of war——"

"The heat-wave mirror!" gasped the Admiral.

"Not such a crude tool! Sixty years ago we quit wasting our good money on a navy that had to be rebuilt every ten years and on an army that spent its time marching in G. A. R. parades and Fourth-of-July stunts. We didn't think these diversions were worth the three hundred millions a year that we were blowing in on them. So we began putting that amount into gilt-edged public utility bonds all over the world. We divided the investment almost equally among the ten largest countries in the world. Do you understand now?"

"I don't know much about high finance!" the Admiral confessed cheaply.

"Then you're no warrior," said the Mayor pityingly. "In war, finance comes before forts, cash before cannon, and credit before cavalry charges. Our idea was to distribute the risk and also to play off one country against another.

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"Eh?" was all the Admiral said.

"I'll show you how it worked. In twenty-five years we had a billion dollars of Japanese railway, water, gas, and electric power bonds tucked away in safes down at Washington. Also a billion dollars of Chinese ditto. Also a billion of Russian, a billion of German, a billion of French—in short, eleven billions all told, including one billion of scattering investments. On the twentieth anniversary of this new war-engine's invention Congress was so tickled over the way it worked that it trebled the annual appropriation. Nine hundred millions a year were invested thereafter. And now—well, Admiral, your pretty fleet worries us about as much as four sick mosquitoes would."

"I don't see—" mumbled Kirkegaarde.

"Why, my dear fellow!"—the Mayor thumped his back, as though the great Dane were choking on a fish-bone—"*we have notified these ten debtor nations of ours that, so long as the United States is left unmolested, we shall continue to reinvest the interest on their bonds in their own enterprises. And we have also intimated gently that, if anybody invaded our country and messed things up and demanded a war indemnity or tribute, we should pay the damages by calling in our money from abroad.*"

"So, if I were to blow up New York—" the Admiral's eyes nearly popped from his head—"you—they——"

"We should let you blow it up," smiled the Mayor, as he let his gaze wander fondly over the ball-park. "And, after you were tired of the game and sent us your bill, we should order our Treasury agents all over the world to sell a few billion dollars' worth of foreign bonds. And then, my dear sir, the bottom would drop out of the bond market. Little Togo, thrifty butcher in Yokohama, would wake up the next morning and discover that his six Tokio Lighting and Power 4's were worth about a hundred dollars less apiece than on the day before. Ivan Ivanoskovitch, baker in Moscow, would bewail the sudden shrinkage of his St. Petersburg Traction 5's, 1998. Señor Castilar, sugar-manufacturer in Rio Janeiro, would rush down street wringing his hands because his Sao Paolo Water Power convertible 6's were mysteriously tumbling at the rate of $50 an hour."

"Well!" Admiral Kirkegaarde shrugged his shoulders. "What of it? They might whimper. But how would their feelings help you out? You would be the loser. Your New York would be blown up, and you would have to pay us billions, and we should possess the United States!"

"Really, my dear sir," the Mayor drawled, as he wiped a fleck of dust from his spectacles, "your mind is—er—may I say it?—singularly naive and barbaric—quite nineteenth-century, in fact! YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND THAT A THOROUGH AND COMPLETE COLLAPSE OF THE WORLD'S BOND MARKETS CONTINUING OVER A PERIOD OF SEVERAL MONTHS WOULD SPELL RUIN TO HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF BUSINESS ENTERPRISES AND TO TENS OF THOUSANDS OF BANKS.

HOW THIS PRODIGIOUS UNLOADING WOULD HIT MR. BUSINESS MAN

"Let me invent an illustration, Admiral." The Mayor spoke as to a little child. "Suppose you Danes have seized New York, and we begin the greatest selling campaign in the world's history. Old Salvatore Frisco, a silk-manufacturer in Milan, waddles into his bank the next morning, as he has done for twenty years. Salvatore has just received a plump order from Munich for ten carloads of extra quality silk dress-goods. As this is over and above his regular run of orders, he will have to install some extra machinery and buy much raw silk and employ extra workmen. To do this he must raise 20,000 *lire* at once and another 10,000 within thirty days. So Salvatore asks the banker to advance him the money on the usual terms, as the banker has been doing for twenty years.

" 'The Saints bear witness! It is a titanic impossibility!' the banker whispers hollowly. 'Estimable and ancient friend and worthy patron! Though I hang for it, I must deny you!'

" 'Why?' Salvatore turns pale. 'Am I not the oldest customer of your bank? Have I not always paid my bills? Have I ever overdrawn my account? Why thus reluctant?'

" 'It is this!' The banker puts his mouth close to Salvatore's cold ear. 'All the money in Italy has been sealed up over-night! The big bankers have called in nearly all their demand loans——'

" 'Why?' Salvatore asks.

" 'They want to buy these wonderful gilt-edged bonds that the accursed Yankees are

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throwing on the market in carload lots!' The banker grins in a ghastly way. *'The Yankees are selling them for whatever they will bring. It is the greatest slaughter in human history. Government 4's, as stable as the stars in the sky, are selling this morning at 50——'*

"'That means they will net the buyer 8 per cent!' gasps Salvatore.

"'Exactly! That's why everybody with money is falling head over heels to buy them! And that's why there is so little free money on the market to-day that the rate on call has shot up to 22 per cent.! My dear Salvatore, your silk business must wait until things settle down again.'

"'How soon will that be?'

"'Oh! Maybe another year! Maybe two! Nobody can predict the effects of such a stupendous financial upset as this which those wily Yankees have brought about!'

"'Then,' shrieks Salvatore madly, 'my dear little silk business is ruined! For I must have much money from month to month for operating expenses and reinvestments. So I shall have to sell off my surplus silk stock to-day and raise the cash.'

"'My dear Salvatore,' the banker says, 'you can not raise cash that way! For there is nobody in all Italy who will pay you cash now for your silk, unless you sell it at a price which will compete with those gilt-edged bonds of the Yankees! And that you can not do without losing heavily! For a gilt-edged bond netting 8 per cent. is worth more than a carload of silk that *may*, if the market is right, bring the seller 15 per cent. gross profit. And, anyhow, nobody would buy your silk for cash, even on that basis, because call money is up to 22 per cent.!'

"'Then,' yells the now desperate Salvatore, 'I shall sell my own bonds to raise cash!'

"'You will have to sell them at about 45 cents on the dollar, to compete with those Yankees!' The banker shakes his head gloomily.

"'And lose the savings of twenty years?' Salvatore wrings his yellow hands. 'Rather than that, I shall draw out every *lira* I have in your bank and use that! Quick! Give me my money!'

LITTLE TOGO WOULD FIND HIS BONDS WORTH A HUNDRED DOLLARS LESS THAN ON THE DAY BEFORE.

"Reluctantly the banker pays Salvatore his total deposits. *And by nightfall a hundred other Salvatores have drawn their deposits from the same bank for the same reason. And this has been happening in a hundred thousand banks all over the world.*

"So you see, my dear Admiral!" said his Honor, the Mayor of New York, "we, the people of the United States, hold in the hollow of our hands the prosperity of almost every rich man on earth, be he banker or manufacturer or investor. And these men can save themselves only by saving us from war!"

"Well?" the Admiral breathed tensely.

"What would happen? What always happens! Money is power. The men with

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money are the men with power. Power rules politics. In fact, politics is nothing but the balancing of powers in a nation. So, all over the world, big depositors would fly in a panic to their bankers, and their bankers would fly in a wilder panic to the governments. Business would halt, while diplomats and presidents and parliaments planned to shun the world-panic. In a few minutes everybody would see clearly that one and only one plan would work, and that would be to force the Danes to abandon their war against America. Instantly the most tremendous pressure would be brought to bear upon all the rulers and little politicians and international societies and business leagues to thwart the disastrous, mad campaign of Admiral Kirkegaarde.

"And so, you see, my dear sir!" his Honor concluded, "you are not threatening to bombard New York! You are about to bombard the world! And the world is naturally going to bombard you! I wouldn't give forty cents for the whole of Denmark if you were to open fire on us tonight. And now let's drift down to the moving-picture show."

As we said before, this entertaining book of Professor Smithsonian's has not yet been written. And we can tell you why it hasn't. It is because we, as a people, have not yet learned to run our government like a business. We become rank and rabid sentimentalists the instant we think of the U. S. A.

If you do not believe this, read any fifty pages torn at random from the *Congressional Record*. What do you find there? Stuff like this:

"Our glorious banner. The dignity of this Commonwealth. Our banner shall float on every sea. Trade follows the flag. The manifest destiny of the Anglo-Saxon peoples. Millions for defense but not one cent for tribute! Let these effete kingdoms of Europe measure strength with us if they dare. We must be in a position to defy the world. . . ."

That's only the drivel of cheap politicians, you say. *Yes, but who put the politicians there to drivel?*

You, my dear U. S. Citizen. You put a pack of talkmongers in charge of a 130-billion-dollar concern! You scatter such conversationalists throughout the national and state governments.

You make a Blease governor of one state. You make a Sulzer governor of another. You seat a Bailey in the Senate, and a Hobson in the House.

Thank God, some of you fellows are fast learning better. You are at least putting common-sense men, warm-hearted men, into places of authority. But——

IT HAS NOT OCCURRED TO A SINGLE AMERICAN STATESMAN THAT THE GOVERNMENT MIGHT DO WELL TO IMITATE THE WAYS OF THE GREAT CORPORATIONS WHEREVER THESE ARE HONEST WAYS.

Great corporations insure their own property at least in part. They find that it pays. Well, if it pays the Hamburg-American Line and the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Standard Oil Co., why won't it pay the United States Government?

It does pay the Government in some fields of insurance. Most public buildings are uninsured against fire. This is cheaper than carrying policies in private companies; for the actual losses by fire in public buildings are proportionately much slighter than the loss in private structures of the same class. Hence the Government carries a smaller risk by self-insurance. If it insured in a private company, it would be paying premiums large enough to cover the much higher risk of the private buildings insured in the same company.

BANKERS THE REAL GENERALS TO-DAY

Every business man knows that wars are declared and ended, not on blood-streaked fields under the roar of stinking guns, but in a small, cool room, around a mahogany table, and within reach of the ticker. A war costs a prodigious sum nowadays; even a messy little fracas in the Balkans runs up to half a billion, all told.

And generals, even as newsboys, can not find gold in the streets. They must borrow it. And borrowing depends upon the favor of the lender.

When, then, will a lender finance a war? Well, he certainly will *not* do it if the borrower is likely to be so badly drubbed that he can never pay back the loan. And he will not do it if it ruins all his other good customers, knocks the bottom out of his own private fortune, and precipitates a terrific panic that paralyzes his own banking and brokerage business.

Very well, say we to Captain Jinks, if, as

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THERE IS ONE GREAT NATURAL CAUSE OF WAR, AND THAT IS HUNGER.

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is admitted, the international bankers hold the leashes on the dogs of war, *why wouldn't it be very sensible for the people to tie a nice strong leash on the bankers?*

Make war so disastrous to international banking that no commercial clique, such as the nefarious armament manufacturers or the Powder Trust, and no band of Jingoes or other maniacs, could bully bankers into financing a war on any pretext.

So far as the United States is concerned, this could be accomplished along the lines laid down by his Honor to the bewildered Admiral Kirkegaarde. Were our country to invest what it now wastes utterly on war tools; were it to distribute its investments pretty evenly among the nations of the world and among all kinds of government enterprises, so as to reduce to a minimum the risk of possible repudiation of bonds or loss through the collapse of a foreign government, *it could put upon the shoulders of the capitalist classes both the cost and the responsibility of a war waged against us.*

But this is not all. At the very same stroke it would boom business tremendously all over the world.

INSURANCE THAT WOULD ALSO PREVENT

Now, there is a curious, a very astonishing, virtue in this conquest insurance. Unlike all other forms of insurance, this one would not only secure our own country against the damages of war, but would also tend in large measure to prevent war elsewhere. It is as if Captain Jinks, by insuring his home against fire, were thereby to make all other houses on earth more nearly fireproof! This sounds preposterous, but it is really very simple.

There is one great natural cause of war, and that is hunger. If the food-supply of a region gives out, or if the population increases beyond the measure of the available food-supply, then the sufferers must do something to live. They must move into other regions where food is more abundant or where their labor can be suitably rewarded.

Now, this is the situation in Europe today, and the storm-center is Germany. The population of this wonderful nation is increasing at an amazing rate; its food-supply from home acres can not fill its children's stomachs; and there are no *near-by* territories into which hungry, underpaid Germans may wander and thrive. (It sounds well to say that poor Hans ought to go to South America or Canada after work. But how can he buy his ticket when he is earning six dollars a week and spending it all for the bare necessities?) Is it any wonder that Germany builds battleships and drills her millions with an eye to seizing, some day, perhaps far off, lands for her landless?

But would Germany or any other country have to go to war to gain the means of life for her excess population? *Not if all the great nations of the world were simultaneously building new railroads and bridges and aqueducts and highways and water-power plants and canals and public buildings and reservoirs and drainage systems and hospitals and post-offices and lighthouses and wireless stations and public markets and the thousand and one other substantial instruments of twentieth-century civilization. And not if all these were being built with money that is now being absolutely wasted on non-productive, quarrel-breeding, short-lived ships, guns, and forts.*

Think what conquest insurance would mean. Three hundred millions of money added every year to the *productive* capital of the world, over and above what is being added from other sources! Can you, good reader, imagine soberly the hum of factory wheels that this would cause? Frankly, we can't! For, remember, ONE CASH DOLLAR WILL DO FROM TEN TO A HUNDRED DOLLARS' WORTH OF BUSINESS IN A YEAR, ACCORDING TO THE CONDITION OF CREDIT. And the chances are that if the world knew the United States would throw a great sum every year into the world's money market, there would be an enormous expansion of credit; and if there were, one dollar would do the business of many, many dollars. But on this point we refuse to make any definite prophecies; they are too risky.

REMOVING HUNGER

There is one thing, though, that is not hazardous to forecast; and that is this: *The chances of war through the natural cause, namely, the hunger of a great mass of people in one region, would be greatly reduced. Germany and every other manufacturing nation would enter upon a period of unprecedented industrial prosperity. For the nations would be spending heavily on great public improvements, all of which would demand machinery,*

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supplies, and laborers; and not for a few years, but for many.

The whole world is hungry for capital to-day. Innumerable railways must be built. Ten thousand bridges must be erected. The giant cities need new reservoirs, new subways, new parks, new pavements. Governments are sighing to dig canals, to irrigate deserts, to dredge the Yang-tse-Kiang, the Ganges, the Rhine, the Elbe, the Amazon, the Mississippi. There are a hundred slums to be displaced, and a hundred thousand great factories to be remodeled.

Tell us! What country would be inclined to go to war against the United States if the United States Government every month were buying the public utility bonds of its cities and provinces? Governments (even foolish ones) are like shopkeepers: they do not seek quarrels with paying customers. And after the American investment mounted into the billions, what country would risk the consequences of a sudden withdrawal of such a sum?

WOULD IT BE SAFE?

Captain Jinks still growls. "It wouldn't be safe," says he testily. "Think of being without a fleet!"

Well, think of it. Sentimentalize over it. But pretty soon come back to sound business and shrewd common sense. Then you will discover that an attack upon the United States is, from this day, impossible physically, impossible economically, impossible diplomatically, impossible morally.

It is impossible *physically* for every country save England and Russia. None other has the resources. None other has a strategic position good enough, even for a bluff.

Now, it is *economically* impossible for England to attack us. She has a big enough navy; but she hasn't an army nor the money to insure her against the certain loss of Canada. And, with Canada gone, the British Empire would tumble down like a pack of cards.

It is *diplomatically* impossible for England to war with us, because of Germany and Russia. This fact is a commonplace.

Finally, and best of all, war with England is *morally* impossible; the common people on both sides of the Atlantic would rise up in horror and overwhelm the fool who dared propose it.

As for an invasion of San Francisco by the Cossacks—well, let's leave that nightmare to the yellow journals. They may exploit it, after their readers weary of reading about the Japanese plots to capture North America.

Here, then, is a miracle waiting to be performed. A miracle of simple business which will accomplish what prophets and preachers and poets and novelists since the days of Isaiah and Confucius have fought for in vain.

Will it come to pass? Not in our day! For there must precede it a greater miracle: the miracle of a Congress composed of seasoned business men giving the best of their honest business wits to the service of their country. The miracle of a Congress purged of charlatans and crooks and cat's-paws and light-weights who have failed at law and store-keeping and honest labor generally.

But maybe it will come to pass before Antonio Smith meets the Danish Admiral at the ball-grounds, after Illinois Ike has batted an in-shoot past the Nicaragua short-stop.

Maybe!

Meanwhile the simpletons of two continents spend a billion a year for powder and arms—and then groan at the high cost of living.

"Persons Unknown," a new serial by Virginia Tracy, will begin in the April number of EVERYBODY'S.

It is a detective story. A love story. A story centering about a beautiful and charming young actress. A story with an absorbing complication, and characters that really live.

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MAYSIE CANS *the* SLANG

by ROBERT EMMET MACALARNEY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH

"TOMMIE BOY needs a new tutor, dad."

Maysie McCann glanced over her coffee-cup toward the McCann Building and Construction Company, which sat wrapped up equally in scrambled eggs and the morning papers. Both of these matutinal luxuries, partaken with no eye on the clock and no ear for factory whistles, were still new enough to Michael McCann to enthrall him absolutely. He had managed to gear his day to breakfasting at eight by a mighty struggle. Even this meant that he usually ate alone before he was whizzed into town to his offices, which occupied the entire top floor of one of the caisson-rooted sky-scrapers he had erected and exacted toll from in advance.

There was no Mrs. McCann. Nora Burke that was had folded her hands five years before the printed McCann card had been removed from a Cherry Street doorbell. She always told her friends that Mike was going to get ahead; but Father Dugan of St. Anthony's knew she was equally certain she would not be on earth to glory that her prediction had come true. It had not been easy to part from Maysie, who was eight, and Tommie Boy, who had paid his first visit to Cherry Street six months before. But Mrs. McCann was tired; so she went to sleep with a final worried word about the baby.

The McCann Building and Construction Company was no mushroom. It had grown with painful, if certain, slowness. Even frank, red-faced Irishmen, with parish recommendations and a good word from the Tammany district leader do not establish a line of credit as you open an instalment furniture account on Eighth Avenue. But Mike McCann kept digging until he found that it didn't pay to stay down in his excavations with a red flannel shirt and a pick; he was needed to patrol hillocks of clay and brick, bossing the Italians whom padrones herded up to the pay-shanty on Saturday afternoons.

In the primary-grade arithmetic classes they teach that if you keep using the plus mark, with the most paltry figure behind it, you'll be rich by and by. Michael McCann never even got as far as kindergarten, but he discarded the minus symbol when he put on his first cut-down paternal suspenders—the tough, leather-reinforced sort labeled "Police and Firemen."

Maysie was twenty now; and, constantly recalling the promise to her tired mother, she went on bothering about Tommie Boy. There was some reason for being worried about her twelve-year-old brother, who had never plucked from Cherry Street the joy of living. He was a spindly, serious-eyed youngster, with an affectionate, shrinking manner. He loved his jolly sister with an idolatry she only half understood, for

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Maysie McCann's emotions thus far had been stirred in the most surface fashion. She had been "little mothering" when other girls of her age had been getting an inkling of many things which galvanize appreciation. Two years at a "finishing" school had merely glued tightly a contempt for book romance and a hatred of imagination.

Healthy, pink-cheeked, with a shimmering wealth of almost coppery hair that was the combined despair and admiration of her French maid, she was a girl one felt like turning to observe a second time. She burned no mirror incense to her gowns, which, however, she wore as dressmakers dote upon having their creations displayed. It was only when she flung herself into her slangy current of conversation that you realized Miss McCann was—well, the least bit impossible, you know.

That was the verdict of Miss Waxbloom's Hudson River Seminary; it was echoed by Baybright, where McCann had built him a palace, south of the club-house grounds. Maysie had not cared about Miss Waxbloom's; but she ached secretly over an occasional remark she could not help hearing on the wide verandas of the Put-Put Club, where the colony planned its tennis tournaments and motor-boat cruises, with a pleasant thread of bridge and hops woven through July and August.

And yet she gave no sign. She rode, swung her racket—mostly with undergraduate youth, for the Put-Put girls were scarcely able to give her good practise—and drove her motor through the pine hills; while that oldest and most reliable of beauty doctors, the sun, transmuted common or garden peaches and cream into a shifting, golden tan that framed effectively eyes of pale blue and deepened deliciously the "finger smudge" beneath their lower lids.

His sister was a constant, pulsating delight to Tommie Boy. She never made him envious of her resilience and laughter. She was simply a miracle; he was lucky to be her brother. And since a few years of tutoring had opened to him the chivalry of Ivanhoe and Sir Thomas Malory, he decided it was for this sort of woman that lances had been splintered in the lists at Ashby. He felt that, as a result, he understood his Ivanhoe better.

To be sure, Tommie Boy kept these fancies locked within his shrunken little chest. Like even the most sturdy of us, he dreaded ridicule. Maysie, unconscious that she was giving pain, would have laughed at him and counseled him to "cut it out." The child himself never used slang; he had played rarely with other boys, and tutoring is not conducive to the acquiring of colloquialisms—which, seeing that the slang of boyhood in New York means merely an imperfectly filtered by-product of Broadway, is perhaps the best argument in behalf of the tutorial system.

On the other hand, there was something in the tang of Manhattan's argot that filliped Maysie's pitiless sense of humor. The one virtue of slang lies in the fact that it must be diabolically keen, to become coin current; it must sum up a phase or a personality in completion; it has been doing this ever since Aristophanes wrote his Frog Chorus, so that Yale might be able to chant "Brek-ek-ek-ex!" at football games a few centuries later.

There is a dainty dash of diabolus in every woman who fascinates; one would have been almost persuaded to forgive Maysie her idioms had she "belonged." But, although Bradstreet and Dun recognized the McCann Building and Construction Company with the proper asterisks, indicating A1 rating, Baybright, one of the many blind alleys in the Province of Society, was more exacting. Maysie McCann was liked—with reservations; was asked to general scramble hops and excursion parties; but omitted on occasions when Miss So-and-so's mama wished to separate the sheep from the goats—a demonstration in social chemistry which thoroughbred chaperons will tell you is absolutely imperative at stated intervals.

"Tommie Boy needs a new tutor, dad."

"Get him one, daughter, by all means," said Michael McCann. "But what's the use of lessons in hot weather? Why can't he be tickled like other kids because school's out?"

Miss McCann glanced at her parent with patience. "Because he isn't like other kids, dad. If I were to say nix on the books he'd be miserable, and Doctor Swayne ordered that he was to be allowed to do as he wished." She got up and pulled the skyscraper builder's thick, sunburned ears, which would never lose the caisson hallmark.

"Sometimes, dad, I don't believe you're wise to Tommie Boy," she told him. "He's

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SHE WAS AKIN TO DIANA—THIS GIRL IN YACHTING COSTUME, WHO TROD SPRINGINGLY IN HER SLIM
SO OFTEN CREPT INTO HIS THROAT, SAYING GRAVELY:

—well, he's different. You're business; Mother was housekeeping, bless her heart; I'm a mixture of indecent health and making breaks." She slid beyond the reach of his arm, laughing down at him. "You're not next to your offspring, Dad. The McCann family's just good clean dirt, all except Tommie Boy. He's a faint little scrap of the moon. Doctor Swayne says we'll have to keep feeding him on moonshine wherever he finds it. Tommie Boy always finds it in books. He's got to have a tutor."

Michael McCann tossed his paper upon the floor. He liked to have Maysie pull his thick ears; he liked to look at her and realize he was the father of this girl, who radiated vigor as positively as Swanson, his giant steelwork foreman. McCann had never felt the gnawing of a white corpuscle in his life; he never would; his sort never rusts—it wears out suddenly. Both mentally and

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BUCKSKIN SNEAKERS. YES, THEY WERE THERE. SHE HEARD TOMMY BOY, WITH THE THRILL THAT "I THINK WE SHALL LIKE EACH OTHER, MR. RAWDON."

physically he was unable to explain the mystery of Tommie Boy, with the shrinking frame and frightened eyes. You see, McCann never had understood just how tired his wife had been in stifling Cherry Street the midsummer her second baby came, and Maysie glimpsed only dimly the heaving of Tommie Boy's imaginative soul; but she knew more than her father did. Women always do.

"Get him one daughter," said McCann. "I must be starting for town. But why won't Benton stay?"

Maysie chuckled. "I'm not stringing you, dad," she replied, "but Benton says he's got to be vaccinated with more school himself. He's got only two or three of those degree things; he's going to Columbia and take a summer course in history."

What really had happened, when Percival Benton informed Miss McCann that he should be compelled to resign, was this:

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"History," Maysie had repeated. "Look here, Benton, you're dippy; why don't you get busy making a little history of your own, instead of hooking up to these old king dubs?"

Percival Benton, A.M., had endured many things at the hands and tongue of his pupil's sister. He was releasing himself from bondage now; why not utter something cutting? It would be balm to recall it.

"Miss McCann," he said, with manifest satisfaction, "when are you going to begin to understand that without knowledge life is dead? When will you——"

But the girl had interrupted with more of her overwhelming merriment. "I should worry, Benton," she had cried. "You shouldn't."

Percival Benton hated especially that vulgar expression. It had spoiled his leave-taking—the memory of it.

Three days afterward Tommie Boy had a new preceptor. Miss McCann had gone off on a Put-Put Club cruise-picnic early that morning. It was almost nine when the Bracketts' motor left her upon her own porch, and slid off into the shadows of one of those gorgeous nights that Baybright uses to the uttermost in July.

"Where's the kid?" she asked Hart, the butler.

"Master Thomas is on the lawn somewhere with Mr. Rawdon, the new tutor, miss," the man-servant informed her.

The girl, throbbing with the zest of a day in the open, charmed—although she did not know it—by the mystic magic of the Baybright heavens, ran out upon the turf. She guessed where they must be, on the low bench near the rhododendron clump, where the lawn rolled away toward the water. The stars and the fireflies flung adoring, if muted, admiration upon her. Although lacking bow and quiver or rustling of fleeing stag, she was akin to Diana—this girl in yachting costume, who trod springingly in her slim buckskin sneakers.

Yes, they were there. She heard Tommie Boy, with the thrill that so often crept into his throat—the only times he seemed strong and well—saying gravely: "I think we shall like each other, Mr. Rawdon."

"I hope so, Tommie."

What sort was this new cultured hireling, she wondered. There was a fiber in his tone that Benton's had lacked. She paused, without intention to eavesdrop; Miss McCann was guilty of no devious process of mind or conduct. But sudden interest smote her. She listened.

"I mean I shall like you better than Benton," her brother went on. "He was nice, but he didn't care for the tournaments and the moonlight parts as much as I did. He was working for a Ph.D. in history. That's why he left."

Maysie McCann, clutching skirts amid the fireflies, frowned, with no one to note it. Tommie Boy's language baffled. The child employed symbols alien to her. What was a Ph.D.?

She heard the tutor laugh quietly. "Ah, history," he said. "History is a big subject. But one should not rub all the poetry out of it with dates and royal family trees."

"Benton was great on dates," the child remarked. "He said I was one of the few boys he knew who could remember that the battle of Hastings was fought in 1066."

Again the low laugh. "Bravo!" cried the new tutor. "Dates are dates; we sha'n't neglect them, you and I. But we're going to read plenty of story-books and poetry, son. Most folks don't know it, but you can learn history and geography and a lot of other things in poetry."

"I like the kind with moonlight and knights."

"So do I," agreed his new friend. "You Baybrighters ought to be proud of your moon. I'll recite you a quatrain, Tommie, and——"

"I know what a quatrain is, Mr. Rawdon," the child piped.

His sister flicked a firefly from her skirt angrily. She *didn't* know; somehow it startled her to realize that she did not. The spell of the motor-boat rail, awash in silver foam, had vanished.

"Four lines or verses," the child recited.

"Correct, son. A fine man wrote this. He was a fine soldier, a fine friend, and a fine poet. It's about the old moon yonder, which must have looked to him just as it looks to us to-night:

"With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies!
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What! may it be that even in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries.

"Sir Philip Sidney wrote that."

Maysie McCann heard her brother squeal in delight. "I know, Mr. Rawdon! He

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refused a cup of water when he was dying, so that a wounded soldier might have it."

The girl strode forward with decision. "Oh, Tommie!" she called. "It's late, kid! Time to beat it!"

Her brother ran toward her in the moonshine. His arms were quivering as they clutched her. "Maysie, Mr. Rawdon, the new tutor, is here! And we're going to get along splendidly! He says so!"

Theodore Rawdon followed his young charge from the shadow of the hill-clustered rhododendrons. "This is Miss McCann?" he asked. "The Brock Agency sent me. I got here after luncheon."

Maysie McCann eyed him with keenness not altogether masking hostility. She saw a slender young man, of perhaps twenty-four, with almost gaunt features, and the pretense of a brown mustache. But what she noted most was the fact that even out-of-doors, at night, he wore a pair of tortoise-shell-rimmed goggles. He was dressed neatly enough, in blue Norfolk jacket and flannel trousers, with white shoes. The stripes in his four-in-hand scarf she recognized as those of the Theta-Theta Club at Cornell. There were a number of Theta-Theta hatbands on the Put-Put verandas of a morning.

His fingers were cool and slender as they took hers. But she hated spectacles; and she felt an unreasoning fury at the battle of Hastings, whatever that had been; the Sidney fellow who wrote jingles about the moon—even a hint of anger at her thrilled little brother, who almost approximated capering as they walked toward the house.

"I'll play you 'Snooky Ookums' just once before you go to bed," she volunteered in

THE MAID FOUND MISS McCANN SOBBING UPON THE BED WHEN SHE CAME TO DRESS HER FOR DINNER.

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the hall. "Won't you help, Mr. Rawdon? We aren't much on Metropolitan Opera-House bunk, here at Baybright. But I'm the only original Cousin Carus' when it comes to warbling the 'Kingaling Rag.' "

She caught the half-strangled astonishment in his face; it both pleased and stung her. At first she had liked to tease Benton by the same tactics; but the fun of it had worn off in time. Here was another of these hard-up, bookish strangers, who, although willing to play half-servant to an ailing child, yet acted as if college had made them different from other folks.

Tommie Boy unconsciously saved the situation. "Please, Sis, I don't feel like 'Snooky Ookums,' " he said. "I think I'll go right up-stairs."

"All right, kid," agreed his sister, kissing him. "I guess I'll hit the hay myself. Good-night, Rawdon! I hope you don't mind my calling you that. Benton didn't. We'll be rubbing elbows for the rest of the summer."

"Not at all," replied the new tutor. "Good-night, Tommie! Good-night, Miss McCann!"

Then and there Theodore Rawdon began to instruct twelve-year-old Thomas McCann in English and other proportionately blended branches of learning; but then and there, as well, Theodore Rawdon entered upon a post-graduate course in the light that lies in woman's eyes.

Young Rawdon had incurred the odium which attaches, in the athletic undergraduate mind, to the encompassing of a Phi Beta Kappa key at Commencement. This could not be denied. He had, however, played in the mandolin club and had been captain of the university water-polo team his senior year. This—the mandolin club especially, with a Southern trip every Christmas holiday—meant that he was not utterly abashed in the presence of the feminine. But he had not encountered, before he had come to Baybright, a twenty-year-old goddess, who opened her mouth and, seemingly with delight, uttered words calculated to blur entirely beauty of form and feature.

Maysie, quick to interpret his scrutiny of her, lost no opportunity of shocking what she deemed his "school-teachery" primness. She was most abandoned when she would return from the Put-Put Club, after having overheard one of the frequent veranda asides; which must, she knew, concur with the opinion of Tommie Boy's preceptor.

Rawdon was drawn into the open one afternoon when she flung herself upon the shaded turf beside him and his youthful charge. He had been reading from the Iliad. Tommie was wide-eyed with the thrill of the epic. Miss McCann, pinker than ever beneath softly tanned cheeks, teased a brigade of migratory ants with her tennis racket, making barricades for the patient insects to surmount. She watched the boy's rapt face and listened for a few minutes to the new tutor, who read on with a good-humored nod of recognition.

"What rot that is, Rawdon!" she exclaimed. "That Hector guy must be the same chap that the *Evening Gloat's* funny page had a limerick about the other day."

She beat time to the absurd cadences as she chanted:

> "There was a Troy geezer named Hector,
> Who fought when half loaded with nectar.
> He was stabbed through the lunch
> By a Greek with a punch,
> And they sent for the Red Cross collector."

She rocked with soprano giggles.

"Oh, Maysie!" gasped Tommie Boy, tremulous with awe at her daring. The tutor frowned. He would have gone on, but she interrupted again.

"I never can tell whether you are peeved or not, with your cheaters on," she said.

Theodore Rawdon removed the offending spectacles very deliberately. The girl marked a genuinely menacing smolder in the gray pupils.

"Has no one ever told you before, Miss McCann," he inquired, "that at times you are not only ridiculously illiterate, but stupidly rude?"

There was agony in Tommie Boy's face as he darted a furtive look from his new friend to his sister and back again.

"You oughtn't to, you know, Sis," he murmured. "You really oughtn't to."

Miss McCann stood glaring at the apparently unperturbed young man whom the Brock Agency had sent for hire. The wrath of reawakened Cherry Street flamed in her heaving bosom. For the first time she felt lost in a wordless desert. She had no vocabulary to fit this emergency.

"You're some little knocker, believe me," she managed to ejaculate. "You're all swelled up because you've got bum lamps

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and an ivory dome. From now on—meaning now; get me?—you can that sort of chatter!"

She flung off toward the veranda, scarlet outrage in every jumping nerve. For she had been held up and bastinadoed before Tommie Boy. There wasn't a shred of her that did not tingle, not only with wrath toward this impudent outsider, but with hatred of self. As she had poured out that slithering succession of cheap phrases she realized she was talking in the key she once had heard a discharged cook employ. To be sure, she had not summoned saints and deities in profane apostrophe, but she had reverted to tenement type. She had never thought extremely ill of herself before, not even when Miss Waxbloom had called her into her private office and revealed what the head of the Hudson River Seminary characterized as "unpalatable but perhaps effective facts." The French maid found Miss McCann sobbing upon the bed when she came to dress her for dinner.

As for Rawdon, he sat staring after the girl, forgetting his petrified charge. Then he arose, tumbling the Homer to the ground and picking up the tennis racket which Miss McCann had abandoned in her headlong retreat.

"Lord!" he muttered. "So stunning and so finely strung, really—and yet so wilfully common!"

He found opportunity to speak to her the next morning when the boy was riding among the pines with a groom.

"I want to apologize, Miss McCann," he said calmly. "Not that I had not the right to resent your attempt to spoil what your father is paying me to do, or because I am afraid you will go to Mr. McCann and insist upon my dismissal. Let me make that clear. But I want to beg your pardon for telling you what I believe was a lie. The word 'illiterate' means, as a rule, ingrained vulgarity." He was speaking as precisely as if explaining a problem to Tommie. The flush of anger that had tinted her brow faded into curiosity. She began to divine that, despite his outburst, she held the whip hand. "In other words, I want you to understand that I do *not* consider you vulgar, Miss McCann."

For a full five seconds she stared; then she laughed heartily and thrust out her hand.

"Well, what do you know about that?" she cried. "All right! I vote to lay down the hammer. But they've got to hand it to you, Rawdon, for nerve. Come on, I'll motor you over to the club and play you tennis to show there isn't any hard feeling. You can borrow a racket there."

He went. He did not know, until the ball was flying over the net, that this was an item in her revenge—his public exhibition of eating crow for the benefit of the veranda chairs. Miss McCann's smashing service had achieved moderate fame at Baybright; therefore when the bulletin was circulated that she was offering up a slender, brown-mustached, and begoggled young man in flannels upon the altar of love-sets, there was a rush to eye his downfall.

As soon as she found the audience to her liking she began an ingenious system of making Theodore Rawdon ridiculous. In all the ease of her lithe youth she would tease him with soft returns, and then grin as he chased towering lobs to the back line to swing at them wildly. Time after time she would let him score forty-love, and then smother him with service aces. She occupied all of an hour and a half in this malicious occupation. Then the fun of it vanished; she declared she was tired. Rawdon understood from the first game. But he stuck it out grimly, half blinded by moisture-dimmed lenses. At least she knew that. She ordered him a lemon squash, plunged him into the midst of a bantering circle, and, as suddenly, announced that she must be motoring home.

"Look here," he said before she braked at the porte-cochère. "I know when I've been a side-show. And you score one for the tennis. But——"

"Believe me, you were some swell side-show," she chuckled, bending from the wheel to bestow a glimpse of gleaming teeth and wind-ruffled temple tendrils. "You were sure some show. An ice-wagon has nothing on you for covering a tennis-court."

"You're right," he agreed. "But I warn you—Maysie—I think I shall call you that hereafter. I rather like Maysie as a name. I warn you, I intend to get even."

"Going to bean me with a racket?" she chirruped.

"It isn't going to be at tennis," he said. "To be perfectly frank, I haven't decided yet how it's going to be done. But it's going to be."

"Tell it to Captain Sweeney of the Horse

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Marines," advised the coppery-haired girl. "If you can dope out anything that will get my goat, come across with the goods. As a movie actor with a poetry book you may be all to the good, but as to anything else you're a false alarm, a flivver."

And yet, as she raced up-stairs to freshen for luncheon, Miss McCann loathed herself and her slang. The idiom of Broadway had turned to ashes in her mouth. She scrubbed her teeth savagely, as if to remove from them the last taint of Manhattanese.

That evening, at Tommie's request—the boy had discovered that his tutor knew how to tune a guitar—Theodore Rawdon tinkled an accompaniment and sang Ben Jonson's words, the ones that never grow old. From the recesses of a Nantucket hammock the girl heard:

> "Drink to me only with thine eyes,
> And I will pledge with mine;
> Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
> And I'll not look for wine.

"It's a wonderful thing, Tommie Boy, isn't it?" asked Rawdon. "Think of writing a love-song that college boys and girls, all over the world, will be singing three hundred years after you are dead!"

"Three hundred years," sighed the child. "I'd like to write a song like that!"

"Who was the girl?" demanded a voice from the hammock.

"Ben Jonson called her Celia," replied the new tutor.

"What was her last name?"

"The books do not say," replied Rawdon. "But, after all, what do last names matter, Maysie?"

"Oh, goody!" cried Tommie Boy. "You've made it all up, haven't you? You're friends."

"Are we?" asked Miss McCann of the embowering honeysuckle. And the new tutor knew that the answer to that was "No."

Throttling her instinctive love of fair play, for the next two weeks Maysie allowed the Put-Put Club to gaze its fill at the showing-up of Theodore Rawdon. The girl actually pilfered time which belonged to Tommie Boy, that she might make this paid interloper appreciate his shortcomings. He showed no hint of rebelling; she was shrewd enough to divine his willingness to endure that he might have revenge when the pendulum swung his way; even Maysie realized that pendulums will not continue swinging one way forever.

The Put-Put verandas, at the end of a fortnight, knew that the spectacled young man could not handle a motor-car, approach the home green, stick upon a cob with a loose saddle-girth, play auction bridge to advantage, or dance the tango. After a while the sport palled. For seven days Miss McCann neglected the preceptor and his charge. Young Rawdon might have put more effectiveness into his rendition of the sack of Troy had he known that the daughter of his employer was utilizing those days in facing a disapproval of self that was becoming an obsession.

Michael McCann leaned back in a Morris-chair one evening, while his daughter pulled his sunburned ears and wheedled him into promising to go abroad in September.

"The sea air will buck up Tommie Boy," she argued. "Don't be a tight-wad, dad. Be a good sport."

She was repeating the ear-pulling, by way of indicating appreciation of his surrender, when they heard voices in the Nantucket hammock outside.

"Say it again, Mr. Rawdon, will you?" the child was asking. "Sir John Suckling wasn't a fine soldier like Sir Philip Sidney, was he?"

"No, son," they heard Rawdon reply. "He was good at writing poetry, but he had loyalty for neither king nor friends. Neither did Colonel Lovelace, for that matter. Remember we were talking about him yesterday? This is a bit of the verses that made Sir John famous:

> "Her feet beneath her petticoat
> Like little mice stole in and out."

"Do you know, Mr. Rawdon," Tommie Boy remarked earnestly, "that reminds me of Maysie. That's like her. My sister is very beautiful, I think. Don't you?"

"She is very beautiful, son."

The girl sitting on the arm of the Morris-chair would have moved, but her father's grin and strong left arm held her anchored.

"Hullo!" he said, in a rumbling whisper. "This beats a dictagraph!"

"I think she is even more beautiful than the Lady Rowena. Don't you?"

"Tommie Boy," said the tutor, "I'm going to use an expression that you and I must rarely allow ourselves to employ. But, between you and me, son, Miss Maysie

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YOUNG RAWDON KNELT BESIDE HER WITH SUDDEN MASTERY. HE SEPARATED THE STAINED LEAVES UNTIL HE CAME TO PAGE 137.

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McCann would make the Lady Rowena look like thirty cents. Come on, let's go around back of the house and do our astronomy. There's nothing like working in a laboratory, Tommie. Remember, when you look up and learn the names of the stars, you're at work all by yourself in a laboratory that nobody has ever measured." Their steps crackled on the porch.

"The kid seems to like the new fellow," said Michael McCann, stroking his daughter's hot hand. "Why not take him abroad with us? But who in Sam Hill are those folks they were talking about—that Sir John Somebody and Lady Rowing, hey?"

Miss McCann stood erect and serious-faced before her good-natured hulk of a parent. "Dad," she declared, "it's been soaking in slow, but I'm on now. If we don't look out we're going to lose Tommie Boy."

"What do you mean, Sis?" said the builder. "He ain't sick, is he? Looks better than ever to me."

"It isn't that. But Tommie Boy's twelve years old—and he's leaving us at the post. He's mixed up with all sorts of people you and I never heard of. We've got to get out and hustle, I tell you, or one of these days he'll be chasing off to be a rah-rah boy, and when he comes home he'll just about notice us—that's all."

"Where do all these folks live?" persisted the puzzled contractor, puffing at his cigar.

"They don't live; that's what's phoney about it," wailed his daughter. "They don't live; they were dead long ago. They're only mummies between book covers. But, dead as they are, they're going to double-cross us with Tommie Boy if we don't watch out!"

That night, to show how Miss McCann had abased herself, she wrote a misspelled letter to Miss Waxbloom.

"Why, the poor thing!" exclaimed that Hudson River preceptress, wiping a sudden drop from her eyes. "The dear, headstrong girl! Of course I'll send her a book of poetry. But what has touched the child?"

She sighed, for in her fluttering way Miss Waxbloom had endeavored to do the right thing by her young ladies, all of whom, however, were cursed with too much money and too few ideals. A copy of Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" was hidden in Miss McCann's handkerchief-box forty-eight hours later. No more lovely Anthea or Celia ever pored over dedicated stanzas than this former daughter of Cherry Street, blue eyes alight with eagerness to read understandingly, coppery tresses heedlessly tumbled about her bed laces. Only Hortense knew.

And then—several evenings later—the pendulum swung. It had been a scorching day; Tommie Boy had been put to bed right after supper, with a headache that made him lack-luster as to North Star and Pleiades.

"Since you're not teaching the kid astronomy, why not go out in the canoe?" asked Miss McCann. "It's rotten hot!"

The last sunset pinks subsided into washed-out dun as she paddled him beyond Birch Point. There was the merest whisper of a breeze; they let the canoe drift, watching the excursion-barges wallow past.

"Here comes the night boat," she said, marking a blot to the south, with twinkling lights showing. "Let's bob in the trough!"

"That's always a risky business," Rawdon remarked.

In the starlight he could see her smile. "Afraid?" she asked. "You can't play tennis, or ride, or motor, or even turkey-trot. Sometimes I think you're a dead loss, Rawdon. Can't you swim, either?"

"Oh, I can splash a little," replied her passenger.

It is hard to judge the wash of a steamboat in the half-dark. He knew they were going to capsize a full minute before their cockleshell careened and tossed them into the white wake of the Boston boat, which seemed to have waited contemptuously until the last moment before kicking over the toy craft. The minute gave him a chance to slip out of shoes and jacket. He was grateful for this afterward.

The girl was laughing as she came to the surface. "Sorry!" she sputtered. "You were right. Do you feel like a real swim?"

The new tutor was treading water quietly. "I go where you go, Maysie," he said. "For this one night only."

"All right, then—Birch Point! I'll pace you."

Around them were the toots of towed barges, the purring of power craft, near the Put-Put float; even an echo of the club-house orchestra, playing for the turkey-trotters, came now and then as they swam. The girl flung a moonlit smile at him.

"Hear that," she cried. "They're playing the 'Kingaling Rag' at Put-Put, and we're

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away out here alone, swimming, in the moonshine. If the tide weren't wrong we could make the club float."

The tide *was* wrong. It was too stubborn for them to make genuine headway to Birch Point. They had been stroking for three-quarters of an hour, perhaps, when he heard her groan.

"I can't bluff it out any longer, Rawdon," she gasped. "I'm all in! It's my own funeral, I guess! I got gay and I'll have to pay! Beat it for Raspberry Island! That's nearer than the Point! They'll pick you up in the morning! And say good-by to Tommie Boy for me! He's a good kid!" She was floating, gathering strength for a few more efforts.

"Good-by," he said, and swam off for a dozen lengths, looking back over his shoulder. The girl never moved. He could see her face calmly upturned, staring at the moon. She seemed startled to find him at her side again.

"I thought you'd beaten it," she muttered.

"Your grit is gorgeous, Maysie," said the new tutor. "But this is where I get my revenge. For, Maysie, I can swim, I tell you. I can *swim!*"

She was clinging to his shoulder like a tired, confident child.

"I believe you can," she smiled. "So you've got a one best bet, after all? Go to it, old scout! I'll not do a strangle-hold if I find myself slipping, either."

Theodore Rawdon's fight against a rip tide to Raspberry Island is not and never will be inscribed in the athletic annals of his university on the shores of Lake Cayuga. But it ought to be. For no water-polo victory was ever more bravely won than his final mile's bucking of the Sound with an unconscious girl in tow. He will not even talk about that now to her.

It was perhaps eleven o'clock when he had made sure that Miss McCann was quite herself, and had rummaged in the campers' shack at the water's edge, coming back with matches and two blankets.

"Funny to make a fire a hot night like this," said the girl. "But my teeth won't stop chattering. Somebody will see the flare and come to get us off."

The new tutor drew off her spongy sweater to wrap the blankets about her. A sodden little volume slid upon the sand. Scarlet stung her cheeks as she saw him pick it up, glance at it in the firelight, and turn to her.

"I didn't want to lose Tommie Boy," she confessed.

Young Rawdon knelt with sudden mastery. He separated the stained leaves until he came to page 137. Then he put his aching arm around Maysie McCann, drawing her close.

"Look, girl!" he cried. "I've found her at the end of a night swim in Long Island Sound!

> "That not impossible She
> That shall command my heart and me."

"But I *am* impossible," wailed Miss McCann, snuggling to him, however. "That's what Miss Waxbloom told me!"

"It's impossible you should care for a Brock Agency tutor," corrected the moist young man in shrinking flannels. . .

"And, Teddy," she declared—some quarter-hour before a rescuing Put-Put motorboat hailed them—"I'm going to do something you'll like."

"What is it, darling?"

"I'm going to can the slang."

Teddy Rawdon grinned. "Are you sure?"

"Didn't I just say I was going to can it?" asked Maysie McCann.

On Page 289 of this number you will find an extraordinary article-and-story, called "The Discomfiture of the Danes," by Leavitt Ashley Knight—a brilliant idea in a brilliantly clever handling.

Mr. Knight is the author of the Worry-Worry Williams stories that have been appearing in *Everybody's*. In the April number, Worry-Worry Williams is involved in an exciting new adventure—in "Baltimore Lunch and Hartford Lunch."

You'd better watch for Leavitt Ashley Knight.

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"Esther, Beauteous Queen"

by

Frank Crane

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILL GREFÉ

THERE is a class of people who read the advertisements of clairvoyants, palmists, and fortune-tellers in the newspapers, or such things would not continue to be printed and paid for. Mrs. Flora Emmons belonged to this class. She was a pathetic-eyed, too-white creature, the kind of personality created to be crushed; and she had not missed this, her calling.

One morning she sat by the window of the living-room in her dingy flat, and by the pale light that climbed around the walls and chimneys and down into the inner court, and fell at last exhausted into her lap, she was reading the daily paper. Her eye ranged the column of fakers who offered fortune, love, and happiness by the woozy path of mystery, and alighted upon the following:

THE SCHOOL FOR LOVE

PROFESSOR J. P. WALMSLEY,

The World-Renowned Savant and Scientist, offers advice to all upon the Secrets of Love, how to cause others to love you, how to retain the affection of wife or husband, how to woo, and, in short, how to understand and skilfully use the delicate and difficult art of

LOVE

Suite 1746, Dobson Building,
Hours, 10 to 3. Terms reasonable.

N. B.—Prof. Walmsley is patronized by the cream de la cream of society.

Something stirred in the pale woman's heart as she read, and at fifteen minutes after ten she was knocking mildly at Professor Walmsley's office door.

Inside sat the professor with his heels cocked up on the table. He was reading a magazine and smoking a cigar. He was a sandy-haired man of perhaps forty-five. On his chin flourished a little bunch of whiskers like a patch of alfalfa. His eyes were blue and shrewd, his figure tended toward portliness. The whole aspect of the man, his visage and his clothes, his manner and his look, would give one the impression of a cross between a faker and a farmer.

When he heard the rapping, he let down his feet heavily, tossed his cigar into the cuspidor, put aside his magazine, brushed the ashes from his vest, ran his fingers over his hair, stroked the alfalfa, and went to the door.

No one was there. Mrs. Emmons's courage had failed her, and she had passed on around a corner in the corridor and was getting a drink at the water-cooler. Her hand trembled, for she did not know but she would be arrested for knocking and running away.

Professor Walmsley peered up and down the hall, and, seeing no one, said softly, "Well, I'll be switched!" He walked back to the window, leaving the door open. Standing there, he gazed out at the office building across the street. He thrust his hands in his pockets and whistled softly. Then he began to sing. It was not a

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melodious voice, but it was a contented one, and reminiscent. He was singing one of the airs from the cantata of "Esther," which he had learned when he was a boy:

"Long live our beauteous queen,
Esther, beauteous queen!
Hail, all hail to thee,
Esther, hail to thee!"

"I'LL TELL YOU, PROFESSOR, WHAT I'VE NEVER TOLD A LIVING SOUL. I'VE KEPT IT TO MYSELF UNTIL IT'S KILLING ME."

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He was thinking, meanwhile, of how good the watermelons used to taste down at Benton, Illinois, when he was a youngster and sang in the cantata at the church. And he was thinking that he would buy a watermelon at a stand down the street where he had seen some that morning, and bring it up to the office and eat it for lunch.

As he stood and sang quietly thus, Mrs. Emmons walked by the door. It being open, she looked in. Nobody passes an open door without looking in. And she saw the broad back of the professor, and she heard his music. There was something in the song that sent a quick rush of blood to her face and gave her a smothered feeling. In another minute she had knocked again.

Professor Walmsley turned. He saw the wisp of womanhood halting at his threshold. She was nervous and embarrassed, manifestly. Her dress was neat but out of date, and her bonnet was of the vintage of —well, if it had been wine it would have been priceless. As it was, it was valueless. Her eyes were very large and brown and, with the red lips, contrasted strangely with the chalky face. Once she had been certainly a "pretty girl;" now she showed but the timorous and worried ghost of a past beauty.

Professor Walmsley advanced with an eye for trade. He set forth a chair.

"Good morning, lady. Come in. Take a seat and sit down."

As she faded into the chair he closed the door. Then he took the office chair at the desk and gazed at his caller, ready for business.

"Is this Professor Walmsley?" she asked in a high, throaty voice.

"Yes'm."

"Well, I saw your advertisement in the paper to-day." Here she paused and picked at her cotton gloves, looking down as if she were ashamed of daring to exist.

"Yes'm," responded the professor, encouragingly. "And what can I do for you?"

"I—I knocked at your door a while ago."

"Did you? Was that you? Now I wondered who that was."

"I—I didn't have the courage to come in."

"Oh, you needn't be scared, lady."

"I—I went around the corner of the hall. Then after a while I came back by your door, and it was open, and—and I heard you singing."

"I'm not the singer I used to be," returned the professor modestly.

"It—it was what you sung. You were singing 'Queen Esther.'"

"Oh, yes, so I was!"

"I—I used to sing in that. I was the *Queen* when we gave the cantata at the Methodist Church in Evansville, Indiana."

Professor Walmsley's face beamed with genuine interest. "Now you don't say!" he exclaimed. "Why, I was *Ahasuerus* myself, down in Benton, Illinois. Now, ain't that funny! And you and me both here in New York! Well, I jinks!"

"Yes; my sister was the *Prophetess*. Oh, she had most beautiful hair. It come 'way down to her knees. And she wore it all let down when she come out on the stage, and everybody thought it was grand."

"Did Professor Barker get up the show in your town?"

"Yes. Was he in Benton?"

"Yes. Well, well, I jinks! I ain't heard o' anybody in years that knowed 'Queen Esther.'" And the professor hummed:

"Haman, Haman! Long live Haman!
He is the favored one,
He is the favored one,
He is the favored one,
In all the King's dominion."

"Yes," she responded, eagerly. "Oh, I know it so well. And then it goes on, you know—" and she sang in a pitifully strained voice:

"Bow down to Haman
Bow down to Haman
Bow down——"

and here she broke into a distressing cough that lasted some moments. When she took her handkerchief from her mouth there was a little fleck of blood upon it.

Professor Walmsley noticed in himself an unusual sympathetic embarrassment. He wanted to help her. Then it came to him that he was letting sentiment interfere with his profession. He straightened up and pulled down his vest.

"What can I do for you this morning, madam?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes," she answered. "Excuse me, please! I got so interested in 'Esther.' I—I want to consult you, professor, if—that is, if I can afford it."

She took out a purse from a scarred handbag and contemplated it a little dubiously. "Your advertisement said that you could

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"LET ME JUST LOOK AT THAT PURSE ONCE," HE SAID. SHE HANDED IT TO HIM. HE OPENED IT AND SWEPT INTO IT THE PILE OF COINS UPON THE TABLE.

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give advice about love, and about retaining the affections, and—and all."

"Yes'm," said the professor, warming up to his profession. "You've come to the right place, mum. It's a little early in the season now, but if you had come a month from now you'd see 'em standing in line in the hall, waiting their turn, and some of the swellest people in the city, too. Why, you'd be surprised at the number of folks that keep after me. I just got a telegram from Mister Vanderbilt, and them Goulds and Astors worry me to death."

"Oh! Do they?" exclaimed the woman.

"Yes'm. I just finished a case between a millionaire's daughter and a crown prince over in Europe. Conducted the whole business by wireless."

"Isn't that wonderful!" cried the wide-eyed little woman. "Were they on a boat?"

"Yes'm. On two boats, going and coming. I had to sit all afternoon at the telegraph office, sending orders and receiving reports. It's awful hard work that way, a heap harder than when you have the parties right before you."

"And how did it come out?"

"Fine. Fine and dandy. Boats crossed out in the middle of the ocean. The crown prince had hisn stopped, was transferred in a breeches-buoy to the other boat, hern, and they yoked right there on the deck. He takes a crown out of his suit-case and slaps it on her head, and she hands him a bushel of gilt-edged bonds. They were married by the ship's chaplain. The emperor wired approval. And the Supreme Court of the United States called a meeting and passed me a vote of thanks."

"Isn't that wonderful!" she said softly, her eyes shining as the magnificent moving-picture rolled before her. Then she saddened. "I'm afraid you wouldn't care to talk to me, sir. I—I'm a poor person."

"Oh, that's all right, mum. Poor and rich are all the same to me."

"How much is it?"

He regarded her shrewdly, and made a rapid mental estimate of about the charge she would stand, and replied: "My preliminary fee is two dollars, mum."

She opened the purse and counted out two dollars on the desk, in nickels, dimes, and quarters.

"There!" she said. "I think I have that much. That will leave me carfare to get home with."

The professor verified the amount carefully and pushed the money aside in a little pile. "That's all right," he observed. "And now what can I do for you?"

The woman coughed again, holding one transparent hand against her breast, and began:

"You see, professor, I wanted somebody to go to. That's the trouble in a big city—you don't have anybody to go to. When I was back in Indiana I used to go to my pastor, but I've never got acquainted with any of the pastors here. They seem so kind of far off. I've been attending church here for some years, but nobody has got acquainted with me yet; seems like the people are offish a little. I asked the minister once if I could go to him, and he told me to come, but on the day he set I was sick, and then when I got better he was gone to Europe on his vacation. It was—it was——"

She stopped, choking. At length she found her voice once more, and continued: "Excuse me! I've got some trouble with my throat. They say it's tuberculosis. Every once in a while I kind o' choke up."

The professor handed her a glass of water.

"Thank you!" she said, as she took two sips and returned him the glass. "Thank you very much!"

"Well, you speak right out to me, lady," said the professor. "Everything is secret and sacred that is told me. Walmsley is just as deep and dark as the grave. Why, if I should breathe even a whisper of what has been told me it would blow up the city same as a ton of dynamite. Go right on!"

"Well, you see, professor, it's this way. It's Fred, my husband. I want to know what to do. I'm afraid he doesn't love me any more." She gave a dry gulp.

"No? And how's that?"

"Well, we were married in Evansville. I was only eighteen. I am sure he loved me then. Everybody said I was a beautiful girl, and I was awful proud, and wore the nicest clothes. Mother was a milliner there, and she always dressed me fine. And Fred was so handsome. All the girls were just crazy about him. We had a perfectly grand wedding—flowers, and carriages, and men calling out numbers in front of the church, and—and all. Fred was clerk in the leading store. He was musical, too. He sang *Haman* when we gave 'Esther' at the church. That was the first time I met him."

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"Oh, it was, was it?"

"Yes. He was so tall and noble and grand looking."

"Mm!" remarked the professor. "I see. Looked the part, huh?"

"Yes. And then Fred got an offer to go to New York. I thought it would be fine, as I could take vocal. Everybody said I had a grand voice, and I thought it would be a fine opportunity to cultivate it."

"I see," observed the professor.

"And after while Fred lost his position. He got in with careless people, and he was always easy led, and all, and so he lost his place. He hunted everywhere for a new place, but he couldn't find any; that is, any that at all suited him. He's so sensitive. There's lots of work he can't do at all."

"No?"

"Yes; and the babies had come then, and I kind o' lost my health. But I got stronger as they grew up. Ma sent me money regular, and we managed to live on that. But she died—then I tried to get a place to sing. I tried for a church place, but they were all full. Then I went to the theatres, but I couldn't get nothing to do. The theatre men laughed at me. One of them offered me a job in the chorus, if I'd wear tights; but I couldn't do that, you know."

"No," said the professor. "Oh, no."

"Then I got work with Madame Jacobson, in millinery. I was always good at anything in hats. Madame Jacobson is perfectly lovely. She's been awful kind to me, professor, just as kind as could be. She's given me work often when she didn't really need me. And last summer she told me she thought I ought to go out into the country and take a vacation, because my health was poor. Of course I couldn't go—with Fred and all—but it was real nice in her to think of me that way. I feel she is a true friend, professor; and true friends, you know, are scarce."

"So they are. So they are," assented the professor.

"Things went on pretty well then, till after while my boy died, and my girl got kind o' wild, and she went away from home, and I've never seen her since. That was three years ago. She sent me money for some time, a lot of it at first, and then less and less, and finally she quit."

The professor drew up his whiskers, chewed them meditatively, and said, "Mm!"

"I could stand all the trouble if everything had been all right with Fred. But I'll tell you, professor, what I've never told a living soul. I've kept it to myself until it's killing me. I found out he was untrue to me."

"Yes?"

"Yes. It was a lady that roomed with us. She was a saleslady, and she was much younger than me. I thought I'd die at first. But then I braced up and concluded to stand it, if I could just keep my husband. So I let on I didn't suspect anything, and I got so I didn't mind his taking her everywhere and going out with her to spend the evenings, and all. It went on from bad to worse. Fred got to being real ugly to me, and I thought I just couldn't bear it. And one day the lady's brother whipped Fred and took her away. Since then he's been better."

"Indeed!" said the professor. "And what is Mr. Fred doing now?"

"Why, he's been reading a considerable lately. I've been going by the library and getting him books. He's read all of Chambers's books; he's quite fond of those kind of society novels."

"Is he?" asked the professor.

"Yes. And he's read McCutcheon's works, and all. I don't get any time myself, but I've glanced through the books and read here and there in them as I was coming home on the car, and they must be grand. Those pictures of the women in them are just beautiful, and such handsome men! I don't wonder Fred likes them. Seems as if he can just lay and smoke and read all day."

"I see," said the professor. "Is he—ah—sick, or crippled, or anything that way?"

"Oh, no! There ain't anything the matter with him." She looked alarmed at the idea. "He's always real well. And he isn't really bad. It's just that he's got a weak will. He means right. But he's so easy led. I try to do all I can to keep him out of bad company. I know when he's reading he's not in temptation."

"True!" observed the professor. "True!"

"And then he's so sensitive. He just simply can't stand to go out and knock about and ask for jobs and be refused and all. It just makes him so blue!"

"Mm-hm!" said the professor.

"Everything was going along all right until lately; but he's seemed to be so cross

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and peevish at me. I don't understand it. Do you think he is ceasing to love me any more, professor? I know I'm not handsome, like I used to be. But I try to keep myself up—I do try. I'm always careful about my appearance. And I always speak lovingly to him. I don't know, it seems I would just die if he didn't love me."

"I see!" said the professor.

"I went to Queen Alice, the clairvoyant, and she read the cards, and she gave me a caul to wear around my neck. But it didn't do any good. About that time it was he took up with our roomer. And then I've been to Professor Cheiro, and to a spiritualist meeting a friend told me about, and all; but it hasn't seemed to help any."

"No?" said the professor.

"And I've prayed—I've prayed, and that—" Here she was seized with another spell of coughing which racked her frame as the hurricane racks the old house on the moor. The professor sprang up and brought her a glass of water, but she could not take it. At length the storm subsided. Her strangling ceased. She leaned back for a few moments in her chair, and closed her eyes. As the professor stood looking at her, a sudden fear gripped him that she might be dead. But she presently opened her eyes, smiled a wan smile, and said:

"Never mind! It's all right now. I have these spells often. And I don't mind much."

She rested another moment, and then went on, with her voice thinner and more smothered than ever.

"As I was saying, I've prayed and prayed, and somehow that doesn't do any good either. Mother was a great believer in prayer. But I don't know: maybe I ain't got faith enough to believe. You know faith can remove mountains, professor, but I can't seem to have it."

The professor had sat down and was working at his collar, as if it were too tight. "Yes," he said.

"Yes," she continued. "I've thought some of joining the Christian Science. But I went to one of the readers to ask about it, and she said I'd have to buy a book. It cost three dollars and a half. And I haven't just been where I could spare the money lately."

The professor eyed the little pile of coin on the desk, and said: "No. I don't suppose you have."

"I've had our baby's picture—the first boy, you know; he died when he was a baby, and Fred was awful fond of him—I've had his picture enlarged and colored by an artist that called one day. He did the picture for nothing, just as an advertisement, he said, and I only had to pay for the frame. That was eight dollars. I've had it put up in our room, and thought maybe that would touch Fred some."

"I see. I see," responded the professor.

"I guess that's about all, professor," she resumed, folding her hands upon her umbrella handle. "And now, if you can tell me what to do, I shall be grateful, oh, so grateful." And she looked up at him as heathen folk look up at their idols.

The professor did not speak for a space. He appeared to be struggling with some feeling that he wished to suppress. He arose and walked to the window, and drummed thrice upon the pane with his knuckles. He drummed very loud, for long practise had made him skilful and powerful as a finger-drummer. Then he returned to his expectant client.

"Let me just look at that purse once," he said. She handed it to him. He opened it and rapidly swept into it the pile of coins upon the table. Then he gave it back to her.

"Madam," he said, "you'll excuse me, but you've come to the wrong place. I can't do you any good. I'm a fraud. That's what I am. I'm a plum fake."

"Why—why, professor—" she gasped.

"Yes'm," he continued rapidly, "just one of 'em, one o' the same kind that's been stringin' you all your life. I can take it from most of 'em, but I can't take it from you. Keep your money."

"But I—I thought you said that you——"

"Yes'm, I said a heap o' things. When I get to lying I do it with a high hand and a stretched-out arm, as the feller says. But, you forget it, lady! Forget it! It was all bunk. Say, when you was a girl you played *Queen Esther*. Well, all them times has been coming back to me. You was young then, and so was I. The world was young. I was different. I was librarian in our Sunday-school. I'm different now. I'm hard. I fool 'em all. I ain't had a conscience for so long I've forgot how it looks. But you—you've kept something, Queen Esther, that I've lost. It's in you yet,

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something honest and simple and childlike. You believe in things. I don't believe in nothin'. Lady, I ain't in your class. I ain't fitten for you to wipe your feet on."

"Oh, professor, I'm sure you——"

"There, now! You run along home and take care o' Freddy. It won't be long—er—I mean he'll soon come around all right. Men are curious. They have spells that way of neglecting their wives, but they get over it."

"Oh, do you think so?"

"Dead sure of it! You keep right on. You're all right. Keep up that prayin'. Don't get discouraged. Folks have been prayin' for some thousands o' years, and will be prayin' yet when me and all the rest of the 'con' men are swept off the earth into the garbage can, where we belong. And there is one piece of advice I'll give you, and it won't cost you a cent—you keep away from the Queen Alices and the clairvoyants and all them bug-house bunch. They don't want anything but your money. They're just sittin' around like spiders, getting fat on such poor little flies as you. You pray! That's the stunt."

"Oh, professor, do you really think so? I'm so glad you've told me this. And would *you* pray for me, too, and for Fred?"

The professor coughed, as if some one had struck him below the belt. It was a few seconds before he could come to himself. Then he answered:

"Well, now, lady, I'll tell you. I've kind o' got my hand out at prayin', myself, but I have a friend back in Benton that's awful familiar with the throne of grace, and I'll just write him a line telling him there's a party—a couple of parties—here I wish he'd mention. No names, of course."

"Oh, thank you, so much! I—I am sure you are a good man, professor, though you do run yourself down so. I must go now. Good-by!"

She held out her long blue-and-white hand, which the professor took in his huge paw tenderly.

"Good-by!" he said. "And if you ever need a friend, ma'am—I don't mean in a professional way, but a real husky man to help you out—why, you telephone me."

"Thank you! Good-by!"

When she had closed the door behind her, the professor heard her coughing again violently in the hall. He went out to see if she needed assistance. But the spasm subsided as he stood helplessly by. She leaned a while against a pillar, with her eyes closed, breathing rapidly. By and by she recovered her strength. She smiled and said good-by again as she entered the elevator.

The professor returned to his room. He walked the floor. Once or twice he brushed his eyes with the back of his hand. Occasionally he would exclaim under his breath: "Oh, the ornery cuss! Oh, the low-down whelp! Oh, Lordy!"

The Swede janitor came in to bring back the waste-basket.

"Nels," said the professor, "will you let me kick you three times, hard, for fifty cents?"

"Sure," grinned the janitor.

"All right! Stand around here!" And the professor administered three kicks with all his might, accompanying them with, "There! you low-down son of a gun! Take that, Mr. Fred! You'd sit around, would you, and—Oh! gosh blame you! Take that! Take that!"

The professor became all heated up with his unwonted exertion, and stopped, panting, to arrange his disordered collar and tie.

The janitor laughed as he pocketed his coin. "That was yust fun," he said. "Sometime you want some more, you send for me. I give you five, seven kicks at me for a quarter."

When the satisfied Swede had gone, the professor walked the floor again, and at length went over to the window and drummed some more with his knuckles.

By and by he sang in a very high tenor voice, to himself:

> "Behold there waiting stands,
> Built by Haman's hands,
> A gallows—fifty—cubuts—hiiigh!"

And then in a bass voice that ran slowly, fatefully down the gamut until it was lost in a hoarse whisper, because it was below the Walmsley register:

"Thereon—let—Hay-mun—diiie!"

Fate, operating a card-index system, controls panhandler and railway president, lady's maid and lawyer in George Randolph Chester's story on page 356 of this number. Look in the April number for another Chester story just as original and absorbing.

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NEW JOBS *for* NEW WOMEN

By VIRGINIA RODERICK

"IS SHE going to stay at home, or teach?"

Twenty years ago that was a common question about a college girl-graduate. "To work" practically meant "to teach."

Nowadays New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston each has an occupation agency for trained women which handles almost anything *except* teaching. All specialize in work for college women, and cooperate with college clubs, as well as with each other. The first three are managed and maintained by the alumnæ associations of various colleges. And in the first report of the Intercollegiate Bureau of New York, as well as in the Boston Appointment Bureau's lists, about sixty types of non-teaching position are registered.

Many of these are comparatively new kinds of "job," springing out of new conditions and new knowledge: dietitians and visiting housekeepers, for instance; publicity secretaries; playground directors; the more modern forms of social work—executive secretaries for societies of sex hygiene or vice commissions, and vocational assistants; expert cooperative buyers.

Others, like that of farm manager and chaffeuse, are "men's jobs" newly opened to women; so is that of the women employed by an electric company to organize electrical demonstrations and to wire houses where timid housewives might refuse admittance to men.

Not only these but also a number of positions traditionally feminine show a breaking down of false social distinctions between "professional" and "non-professional work"—an increase in democratic feeling on the part of educated women. Out of the 422 positions filled by the New York Bureau in nineteen months, 189 went to stenographers and secretaries, and the next largest number to clerks, proof-readers, and office assistants, while matrons and housekeepers—many of them college women, mind you!—had a fair proportion.

The reason for excluding teaching is that it is a known country, well-lighted, well-mapped; also densely peopled. These agencies aim to save women from teaching *merely* because they have gone to college and are obliged to work. They are helping to put sign-boards and lamp-posts in the region of "non-teaching occupations," and definitely to enlarge the scope of women's work. So, although algebra and Latin are not within their limits, the lists of these Bureaus include teachers of manual arts in sanitariums for nervous disorders, a woman engaged to train cripples in hand-work for self-support, and another to organize industrial work for cardiac patients.

It is interesting that out of 960 applicants in the New York Agency, 201 were academic teachers anxious to change their work.

To their function as placement agencies these Bureaus add two others: they are bureaus of information, carefully answering hundreds of questions that have no bearing on a registration fee: whether Germany or the United States has the better schools for market-gardening and fruit-growing; how an expert in Oriental rugs might establish herself in business; whether there might be a chance for a domestic-science teacher in the far East.

The third function is to act as research stations for studying the economic problems of educated women. The Appointment Bureau—a part of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston—maintains a research fellow for the study each year of some one field of work. Recently in the New York Bureau a highly competent research secretary has been installed—to study the needs, opportunities, and equipment of college women.

They show the need of vocational guidance plainly enough, these college women—especially at graduation. Recently a

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girl graduate—fresh and sweet and earnest—came into a manager's office and announced her candidacy for a secretarial place. Yes, she'd had a little stenography, but she couldn't take dictation yet. (Her application card, however, bore the words "At once" in answer to "When can you begin work?") The manager said she must be able to take at least one hundred and ten words a minute. The young lady thought that a bit hard. Then it came out that social work was really her first choice; but her sole equipment was a slight acquaintance with the *Survey* and the instruction of a Sunday-school class for a short time. When she was asked about social work in her own town, she could only "think" that there was some kind of a settlement.

The manager sent her home to find out, and to read a number of books selected to help clarify her mind on her own tastes and aptitudes.

Such need—only too often as naive as this—is met by the agencies not only in the offices, but in various colleges as well, where the managers give lectures and interviews, even aiding in the choice of courses.

That technical training is usually essential is the easiest conclusion from the experience of these Bureaus with college women. To determine when and where it should be given, is one of the hardest problems of education. On this point the Bureau chiefs are wide-open-minded, and have the honesty to admit "No final conclusions" on the merits of vocational training in college as compared with a supplementary technical course. But they are very clear on the proposition that a general college education does not turn out settlement experts, trained investigators, or tea-room managers.

Men don't expect it. Why should women?

This special training is not a very formidable consideration, however. Even if one has not chosen vocational courses in college, the technique of secretarial work, social service, or horticulture, farming, bee-raising, domestic management, can be sandwiched into vacations or acquired in a comparatively short period of post-college work.

And it is to the old-line, cultural college that employers are paying tribute in their endorsement of the college-trained candidates. Again and again they say "We like the type of women you send us," and repeatedly, after having had one college-trained employee, they come back for more. In secretarial work, indeed, a woman sometimes suffers through an employer's tendency to keep her on mechanical duties, because of the luxury of having a stenographer who "knows something."

MORE PLACES THAN WOMEN

Which lines are least crowded—which offer best opportunities? Naturally the conditions differ in different parts of the country. Yet the recorded findings show certain general tendencies:

The large number of secretarial positions offered is an indication of the great and constant demand in that field. In household administration—superintendents and housekeepers in clubs, hotels, private schools, etc.—there is an increasing demand for college-trained women, and not an abundant supply. The same is true in nursing: especially in hospital and public-service work, where the few college women who do study nursing easily forge to the front. Social work—one of the largest groups—offers many openings, but demands a high standard of efficiency. Though salaried positions are few in agriculture, gardening, bee-raising, and intensive farming offer fine opportunities to the woman with a little capital and much business ability.

One field that college women have shown little willingness to enter is the department store. At the top—*e. g.*, in the position of buyer for a department—are the best-paid places a woman can reach. Such positions are, of course, filled from the ranks; and the long apprenticeship at low salaries is a serious handicap. Yet it is not the whole story. Women are still too conservative to do as their brothers do: begin at the bottom anywhere—in roundhouse or carpet factory—in order to reach the top. Why should not a college girl with business ability start for the top by the counter route?

This is another step to be taken by women who have already broken down some of their over-nice protective barriers. Their entrance into new forms of work is already adding to their own dignity and that of the work, and in the opinion of Bureau managers is proving itself in increased salaries.

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LITTLE EVE EDGARTON

by

Eleanor Hallowell Abbott

AUTHOR OF "MOLLY MAKE-BELIEVE," "THE WHITE-LINEN NURSE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. M. CROSBY

THE FIRST CHAPTER: On the veranda of a summer-resort hotel Mr. Edgarton was quizzing young Mr. Barton for his standards in picking out girls. But Mr. Barton didn't know Mr. Edgarton's name, and in the course of the discussion he qu te freely characterized Mr. Edgarton's daughter as dowdy, plain, and uninteresting. A few minutes after he found out the dismaying truth, Mr. Edgarton contrived to send his daughter Eve and Mr. Barton off riding together. Then Barton's surprises began. Eve rode without touching the reins with her hands. She took along an extra horse, saddled but riderless. She rode over the roughest roads, at top speed, on that broiling hot day. And at last she sent Barton home.

Almost at once a furious storm broke, and Barton dashed back on the path Eve had taken. Just for a moment he saw her, and then a bolt of lightning struck him unconscious. When he came to, he found himself in a cave to which Eve had dragged him. Before she ended the ministrations that had saved his life, Barton had found her amazingly interesting and even, for a little time, beautiful: that was when she told him the secret of her scrap-book—a pathetic confession of longing for every-day home, in the heart of this girl who had lived always in camps, ships, and hotels, all over the world.

When at last it was moonlight Eve half carried Barton out, got him mounted on the one horse that was left, and walked home. Back at the hotel, she startled her father by saying: "Father—you—said I could keep the next thing I—saved. Do you think I could—keep *him*?"

"WHAT?" jumped her father.

Altogether unexpectedly little Eve Edgarton threw back her tousled head and burst out laughing. "Oh, father!" she jeered. "Can't you take a joke?"

"I don't know as you ever offered me one before," growled her father a bit ungraciously.

"All the same," asserted little Eve Edgarton with sudden seriousness—"all the same, father, he did stop breathing twice. And I worked and I worked and I worked over him!" Slowly her great eyes widened.

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"And oh, father, his skin!" she whispered perfectly simply.

"Hush!" snapped her father with a great gust of resentment that he took to be a gust of propriety. "Hush, I say! I tell you it isn't—delicate for a—for a girl to talk about a man's skin!"

"Oh — but — his — skin was — very delicate," mused little Eve Edgarton persistently. "There in the lantern light——"

"What lantern light?" demanded her father.

"And — the — moonlight," droned little Eve Edgarton.

"What moonlight?" demanded her father.

A trifle quizzically he stepped forward and peered into his daughter's face. "Personally, Eve," he said, "I don't care for the young man. And I certainly don't wish to hear anything about his skin. Not anything! Do you understand? I'm very glad you saved his life," he hastened to affirm. "It was very commendable of you, I'm sure, and some one, doubtless, will be very much relieved. But for me personally the incident is closed! Closed, I said. Do you understand?"

Brusquely he turned back toward his own room, and then swung around again suddenly in the doorway.

"Eve," he frowned. "That *was* a joke—*wasn't* it? —what you said about wanting to keep that young man?"

"Why, of course!" said little Eve Edgarton.

"Well, I must say—it was a very clumsy one!" growled her father.

"Maybe so," droned little Eve Edgarton with unruffled serenity. "It was the first joke, you see, that I ever made." Slowly again her eyes began to widen. "All the same, father," she said, "his——"

"Hush!" he ordered, and slammed the door conclusively behind him.

Very thoughtfully for a moment little Eve Edgarton kept right on standing there in the middle of the room. In her eyes was just the very faintest possible suggestion of a smile. But there was no smile whatsoever about her lips. Her lips indeed were quite drawn and most flagrantly set with the expression of one who, having something determinate to say, will—yet—say it, somewhere, sometime, somehow, though the skies fall and all the waters of the earth dry up.

Then very, very softly, like the dart of a bird, she flashed to her father's door and opened it.

"Father!" she whispered. "Father!"

"Yes," answered the half-muffled, pillowy voice. "For Heaven's sake, what is it?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you something that happened once—down in Indo-China," whispered little Eve Edgarton. "Once—when you were away," she confided breathlessly, "I pulled a half-drowned coolie—out of a canal."

"Well, what of it?" asked her father a bit tartly.

"Oh, nothing special," said little Eve Edgarton, "except that *his* skin was like yellow parchment! And sand-paper! And old plaster!"

Without further ado then, she turned away, and, except for the single ecstatic episode of making the hundred muffins for breakfast, resumed her pulseless rôle of being just—little Eve Edgarton.

As for Barton, the subsequent morning hours brought sleep and sleep only—the sort of sleep that fairly souses the senses in oblivion, weighting the limbs with lead, the brain with stupor, till the sleeper rolls out from under the load at last like one half paralyzed with cramp and helplessness.

Certainly it was long after noon-time before Barton actually rallied his aching bones, his dizzy head, his refractory inclinations, to meet the fluctuant sympathy and chaff that awaited him down-stairs in every nook and corner of the great, idle-minded hotel.

Conscientiously, but without enthusiasm, from the temporary retreat of the men's writing-room, he sent up his card at last to Mr. Edgarton, and was duly informed that that gentleman and his daughter were mountain-climbing. In an absurd flare of disappointment then, he edged his way out through the prattling piazza groups to the shouting tennis players, and on from the shouting tennis players to the teasing golfers, and back from the teasing golfers to the peaceful writing-room, where in a great, lazy chair by the open window he settled down once more with unwonted morbidness to brood over the grimly bizarre happenings of the previous night.

In a soft blur of sound and sense the names of other people came wafting to him from time to time, and once or twice at least the word "Barton" shrilled out at him with astonishing poignancy. Still like a

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man half drugged he dozed again—and woke in a vague, sweating terror—and dozed again—and dreamed again—and roused himself at last with the one violent determination to hook his slipping consciousness, whether or no, into the nearest conversation that he could reach.

The conversation going on at the moment just outside his window was not a particularly interesting one to hook one's attention into, but at least it was fairly distinct. In blissfully rational human voices two unknown men were discussing the non-domesticity of the modern woman. It was not an erudite discussion, but just a mere personal complaint.

"I had a house," wailed one, "the nicest, coziest house you ever saw. We were two years building it. And there was a garden—a real jim-dandy flower and vegetable garden—and there were twenty-seven fruit-trees. But my wife—" the wail deepened—"my wife—she just *would* live in a hotel! Couldn't stand the 'strain,' she said, of 'planning food three times a day'! Not—'couldn't stand the strain of *earning* meals three times a day'—you understand," the wailing voice added significantly, "but couldn't stand the strain of ordering 'em. People all around you, you know, starving to death for just—bread; but she couldn't stand the strain of having to decide between squab and tenderloin!—Eh?"

"Oh, lordy! You can't tell me anything!" snapped the other voice more incisively. "Houses? I've had four! First it was the cellar my wife wanted to eliminate! Then it was the attic! Then it was—We're living in an apartment now!" he finished abruptly. "An *apartment*, mind you! One of those blankety—blank—blank—blank apartments!"

"Humph!" wailed the first voice again. "There's hardly a woman you meet these days who hasn't got rouge on her cheeks, but a man's got to go back—two generations, I guess, if he wants to find one that's got any flour on her nose!"

"Flour on her nose?" interrupted the sharper voice. "Flour on her nose? Oh, ye gods! I don't believe there's a woman in this whole hotel who'd know flour if she saw it! Women don't care any more, I tell you! *They don't care!*"

Just as a mere bit of physical stimulus the crescendoish stridency of the speech roused Barton to a lazy smile. Then, altogether unexpectedly, across indifference, across drowsiness, across absolute physical and mental non-concern, the idea behind the speech came hurtling to him and started him bolt upright in his chair.

"Ha!" he thought. "*I know a girl that cares!*" From head to foot a sudden warm sense of satisfaction glowed through him, a throb of pride, a puffiness of the chest. "Ha!" he gloated. "H——"

Then interruptingly from outside the window he heard the click of chairs hitching a bit nearer together.

"Sst!" whispered one voice. "Who's the freak in the 1830 clothes?"

"Why, that? Why, that's the little Edgarton girl," piped the other voice cautiously. "It isn't so much the '1830 clothes' as the—1930 expression that gets me! Where in creation——"

"Oh, upon my soul," groaned the man whose wife '*would* live in a hotel.' "Oh, upon my soul—if there's one thing that I can't stand it's a woman who—hasn't got any style! If I had my way," he threatened with hissing emphasis, "if I had my way, I tell you, I'd have every homely looking woman in the world put out of her misery! Put out of *my* misery—is what I mean!"

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" chuckled the other voice.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" gibed both voices ecstatically together.

With quite unnecessary haste Barton sprang to the window and looked out.

It *was* Eve Edgarton! And she did look funny! Not especially funny, but just plain, every-day little-Eve-Edgarton funny, in a shabby old English tramping suit, with a knapsack slung askew across one shoulder, a faded Alpine hat yanked down across her eyes, and one steel-wristed little hand dragging a mountain laurel bush almost as big as herself. Close behind her followed her father, equally shabby, equally unique, his shapeless pockets fairly bulging with rocks, a battered tin botany kit in one hand, a dingy black camera-box in the other.

Impulsively Barton started out to meet them, but just a step from the threshold of the piazza door he sensed for the first time the long line of smokers watching the two figures grinningly above their puffy brown pipes and cigars.

"What is it?" called one smoker to another. "Moving Day in Jungle Town?"

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" tittered the whole line of smokers. "Ha!—Ha! Ha! Ha!—Ha!"

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"FLOWERS! PALMS! CATERING! EVERYTHING! IT'S GOING TO BE THE BIGGEST LITTLE DANCING PARTY THAT THIS SLICE OF NORTH AMERICAN SCENERY EVER SAW."

So, because he belonged—not so much to the type of person that can't stand having its friends laughed at, as to the type that can't stand having friends who are liable to be laughed at, Barton changed his mind quite precipitately about identifying himself at that particular moment with the Edgarton family, and whirled back instead to the writing-room. There, by the aid of the hotel clerk, and two bell-boys, and three new blotters, and a different pen, and an entirely fresh bottle of ink, and just exactly

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the right-sized, the right-tinted sort of letter paper, he concocted a perfectly charming note to little Eve Edgarton—a note full of compliment, of gratitude, of sincere appreciation, a note reiterating even once more his persistent intention of rendering her somewhere, sometime, a really significant service!

Whereupon, thus duly relieved of his truly honest effort at self-expression, he went back again to his own kind—to the prattling, the well-groomed, the ultra-fashionables of both mind and body. And there on the shining tennis-courts and the soft golf greens, through the late yellow afternoon and the first gray threat of twilight, the old sickening ennui came creeping back to his senses, warring chaotically there with the natural nervous reaction of his recent adventure, till just out of sheer morbid unrest, as soon as the flower-scented, candle-lighted dinner hour was over, he went stalking round and round the interminable piazzas, hunting in every dark corner for Mr. Edgarton and his daughter.

Meeting them abruptly at last in the full glare of the office, he clutched out fatuously at Mr. Edgarton's reluctant attention with some quick question about the extraordinary moonlight, and stood by grinning like any bashful schoolboy while Mr. Edgarton explained to him severely, as if it were his fault, just why and to what extent the radii of mountain moonlight differed from the radii of any other kind of moonlight, and Eve herself, in absolute spiritual remoteness, stood patiently shifting her weight from one foot to the other, staring abstractedly all the time at the floor under her feet.

Right into the midst of this instructive discourse broke one of Barton's men friends with a sharp jog of his elbow, and a brief, apologetic nod to the Edgartons.

"Oh, I say, Barton!" cried the newcomer, a bit breathlessly. "That wedding, you know, over across at the Kentons' to-night, with the Viennese orchestra—and Heaven knows what from New York? Well, just this minute, over the telephone, we've shanghaied the whole business for a dance here to-morrow night! Music! Flowers! Palms! Catering! Everything! It's going to be the biggest little dancing party that this slice of North American scenery ever saw! And——"

Slowly little Eve Edgarton lifted her great, solemn eyes to the newcomer's face.

"A—party?" she drawled. "A—a—dancing party—you mean? A real—Christian—dancing party?"

Dully the big eyes drooped again, and as if in mere casual mannerism her little brown hands went creeping up to the white breast of her gown. Then just as startling, just as unprovable as the flash of a shooting star, her glance flashed up at Barton.

"O—h!" gasped little Eve Edgarton.

"O—h!" said Barton.

Astoundingly in his ears bells seemed suddenly to be ringing. His head was awhirl, his pulses fairly pounding with the weird, quixotic purport of his impulse.

"Miss Edgarton," he began. "Miss——"

Then right behind him two older men joggled him awkwardly in passing.

"—and that Miss Von Eaton," chuckled one man to another. "There'll be more than forty men after her for to-morrow night! Smith! Arnold! Hudson! Hazeltine! Who are you betting will get her?"

"I'M BETTING THAT I WILL!" crashed every brutally competitive male instinct in Barton's body. Impetuously he broke away from the Edgartons and darted off to find Miss Von Eaton before "Smith—Arnold—Hudson—Hazeltine"—or any other man should find her!

So he sent little Eve Edgarton a great, gorgeous box of candy instead, wonderful candy, pounds and pounds of it, fine, fluted chocolates, and rose-pink bonbons, and fat, sugared violets, and all sorts of tin-foiled mysteries of fruit and spice.

And when the night of the party came he strutted triumphantly to it with Hélène Von Eaton, who already at twenty was beginning to be just a little bit bored with parties; and together through all that riot of music and flowers and rainbow colors and dazzling lights they trotted and tangoed with monotonous perfection—the envied and admired of all beholders; two superbly physical young specimens of manhood and womanhood—desperately condoning each other's dulnesses for the sake of each other's good looks.

And while Youth and its Laughter—a chaos of color and shrill crescendos—was surging back and forth across the flower-wreathed piazzas, and violins were wheedling, and Japanese lanterns drunk with candle-light were bobbing gaily in the

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BUT NOTHING UNDER THE STARRY HEAVENS AT THAT MOMENT COULD HAVE FORCED HIM TO LEAD HER AS PARTNER INTO THAT DAZZLING MAELSTROM OF MODE AND MODERNITY.

balsam-scented breeze, little Eve Edgarton, 'way up-stairs in her own room, was kneeling crampishly on the floor by the open window, with her chin on the window-sill, staring quizzically down—down—down on all that joy and novelty, till her father called her a trifle impatiently at last from his microscope table on the other side of the room.

"Eve!" summoned her father. "What an idler you are! Can't you see how worried I am over this specimen here? My eyes,

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I tell you, aren't what they used to be."

Then, perfectly patiently, little Eve Edgarton scrambled to her feet and, crossing over to her father's table, pushed his head mechanically aside and, bending down, squinted her own eye close to his magnifying glass.

"Bell-shaped calyx?" she began droningly. "Five petals of the corolla partly united? Why, it must be some relation to the Mexican rain-tree," she mumbled without enthusiasm. "Leaves—alternate, bi-pinnate, very typically—few foliate," she continued sing-songishly. "Why, it's a—a Pithecolobium."

"Sure enough," said Edgarton. "That's what I thought all the time."

As one eminently relieved of all future worry in the matter, he jumped up, pushed away his microscopic work, and, grabbing up the biggest book on the table, bolted unceremoniously for an easy chair.

Indifferently for a moment little Eve Edgarton stood watching him. Then heavily, like a sleepy, insistent puppy dog, she shambled across the room and, climbing up into her father's lap, shoved aside her father's book, and burrowed her head triumphantly back into the lean, bony curve of his shoulder, her whole yawning interest centered apparently in the toes of her father's slippers.

Then so quietly that it scarcely seemed abrupt—"Father," she asked, "was my mother—beautiful?"

"What?" gasped Edgarton. "What?"

Bristling with a grave sort of astonishment he reached up nervously and stroked his daughter's hair. "Your mother," he winced. "Your mother was—*to me*—the most beautiful woman that ever lived! Such expression!" he glowed. "Such fire! But of such a spiritual modesty! Of such a physical delicacy! Like a rose," he mused, "like a rose—that should refuse to bloom—for any but the hand that—gathered it."

Languorously from some good practical pocket little Eve Edgarton extracted a much be-frilled chocolate bonbon and sat there munching it with extreme thoughtfulness. Then, "Father," she whispered, "I wish I was like—mother."

"Why?" asked Edgarton with a wince.

" 'Cause mother's—dead," she answered simply.

Noisily, like an over-conscious throat, the tiny traveling clock on the mantelpiece began to swallow its moments. One moment—two moments—three—four—five—six moments—seven moments—on, on, on, gutturally, laboriously—thirteen—fourteen—fifteen—even twenty; with the girl still nibbling at her chocolate, and the man still staring off into space with that strange little whimper of pain between his pale, shrewd eyes.

It was the man who broke the silence first. Altogether precipitately he shifted his knees and jostled his daughter to her feet.

"Eve," he drawled, "you're awfully spleeny to-night! I'm going to bed." And he stalked off into his own room, slamming the door behind him.

Once again from the middle of the floor little Eve Edgarton stood staring blankly after her father. Then very softly again she dawdled across the room and opened his door just wide enough to compass the corners of her mouth.

"Father," she whispered, "did mother know that she was a rose—before you were clever enough to find her?"

"N—o," faltered her father's husky voice. "That was the miracle of it. She never even dreamed—that she was a rose—until—I found her."

Very quietly little Eve Edgarton shut the door again and came back into the middle of her room and stood there hesitatingly for an instant.

Then quite abruptly she climbed right up on the top of her bureau and, sitting down cross-legged there among all the old ivory toilet articles, began to jerk her tously hair first one way and then another across her worried forehead.

"But if you *knew* you were a rose?" she mused perplexedly to herself. "That is—if you felt almost sure that you were," she added with sudden humility. "That is—" she corrected herself—"that is—if you felt almost sure that you *could* be a rose—*if anybody wanted you to be one?*"

In impulsive experimentation she gave another tweak to her hair, and pinched a poor bruised-looking little blush into the hollow of one thin little cheek. "But suppose it was the—the people—going by," she faltered, "who never even—dreamed that you were a rose? Suppose it was the—Suppose it was—Suppose——"

Dejection unspeakable settled suddenly

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upon her—an agonizing sense of youth's futility. Rackingly above the crash and lilt of music, the quick, wild thud of dancing feet, the sharp, staccato notes of laughter—she heard the dull, heavy, unrhythmical tread of the oncoming years—gray years, limping eternally from to-morrow on, through unloved lands, on unloved errands.

"This is the end of youth—It is—it is—it is," whimpered her heart.

"IT ISN'T!" something suddenly poignant and determinate shrilled startlingly in her brain. "I'll have one more peep at youth, anyway!" threatened the brain. "If —we—only could!" yearned the discouraged little heart.

Speculatively for one brief instant the girl sat cocking her head toward the door of her father's room. Then, thrusting out one softly experimental stocking-foot, she slid down cautiously from the bureau-top to the floor, where expeditiously, if not fashionably, she began at once to rearrange her tousled hair, and after one single pat to her gown—surely the quickest toilet-making of that festive evening—snatched up a slipper in each hand, crept safely past her father's door, crept safely out at last through her own door into the hall, and, still carrying a slipper in each hand, had reached the head of the stairs before a new complexity assailed her.

"Why—why, I've never yet—been anywhere—alone—without my mother's memory!" she faltered, aghast.

Then impetuously, with a little frown of material inconvenience, but no flicker whatsoever in the fixed spiritual habit of her life, she dropped her slippers on the floor, sped back to her room, hesitated on the threshold a moment in real perplexity, darted softly to her trunk, rummaged as noiselessly through it as a kitten's paws, discovered at last the special object of her quest—a little filmy square of old linen and lace—thrust it into her belt with her own handkerchief, and went creeping back again to her slippers at the head of the stairs.

As if to add fresh nervousness to the situation, one of the slippers lay pointing quite boldly down-stairs. But the other slipper—true as a compass to the north—toed with unmistakable severity toward the bedroom.

Tentatively little Eve Edgarton inserted one foot in the timid slipper. The path back to her room was certainly the simplest path that she knew—and the dullest. Equally tentatively she withdrew from the timid slipper and tried the adventurous one. "O-u-c-h!" she cried right out loud. The sole of the second slipper seemed fairly sizzling with excitement.

With a slight gasp of impatience, then, she reached out and pulled the timid slipper back into line, stepped firmly into it, pointed both slipper-toes unswervingly southward, and proceeded on down-stairs to investigate the "Christian Dance."

At the first turn of the lower landing she stopped short, every ennui-darkened sense in her body "jacked" like a wild deer's senses before the sudden dazzle of sight, sound, scent that awaited her below. Before her blinking eyes she saw even the empty, humdrum hotel office turned into a blazing bower of palms and roses and electric lights. Beyond this bower a corridor opened out—more dense, more sweet, more sparkling. And across this corridor the echo of the unseen ball came diffusing through the palms—the plaintive cry of a violin, the rippling laugh of a piano, the swarming hum of human voices, the swish of skirts, the agitant thud-thud-thud of dancing feet, the throb, almost, of young hearts—a thousand commonplace, every-day sounds merged here and now into one magic harmony that thrilled little Eve Edgarton as nothing on God's big earth had ever thrilled her before.

Hurriedly she darted down the last flight of steps and sped across the bright office to the dark veranda, consumed by the one fuming, passionate, utterly uncontrollable curiosity to see with her own eyes just what all that wonderful sound *looked like!*

Once outside in the darkness her confusion cleared a little. It was late, she reasoned—very—very late, long after midnight probably; for of all the shadowy, flickering line of evening smokers that usually crowded that particular stretch of veranda only a single distant glow or two remained. Yet even now in the almost complete isolation of her surroundings the old inherent bashfulness swept over her again and warred chaotically with her insistent purpose. As stealthily as possible she crept along the dark wall to the one bright spot that flared forth like a lantern lens from the gay ballroom—crept along—crept along—a plain little girl in a plain little dress, yearning like all the other plain

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little girls of the world, in all the other plain little dresses of the world, to press her wistful little nose just once against some dazzling toy-shop window.

With her fingers groping at last into the actual shutters of that coveted ballroom window, she scrunched her eyes up perfectly tight for an instant and then opened them staring wide at the entrancing scene before her.

"O—h!" said little Eve Edgarton. "O—h!"

The scene was certainly the scene of a most madcap summer carnival. Palms of the far December desert were there! And roses from the near, familiar August gardens! The swirl of chiffon and lace and silk was like a rainbow-tinted breeze! The music crashed on the senses like blows that wasted no breath in subtler argument! Naked shoulders gleamed at every turn beneath their diamonds! Silk stockings bared their sheen at each new rompish step! And through the dizzy mystery of it all—the haze, the maze, the vague, audacious unreality—grimly conventional, blatantly tangible white shirt-fronts surrounded by great black blots of men went slapping by—each with its share of fairyland in its arms!

"Why! They're not—dancing!" gasped little Eve Edgarton. "They're just—*prancing!*"

Even so, her own feet began to prance. And very faintly across her cheek-bones a little flicker of pink began to glow.

Then very startlingly behind her a man's shadow darkened suddenly, and, sensing instantly that this newcomer also was interested in the view through the window, she drew aside courteously to give him his share of the pleasure. In her briefest glance she saw that he was no one whom she knew, but in the throbbing witchery of the moment he seemed to her suddenly like her only friend in the world.

"It's—pretty, isn't it?" she nodded toward the ballroom.

Casually the man bent down to look until his smoke-scented cheek almost grazed hers. "It certainly is!" he conceded amiably.

Without further speech for a moment they both stood there peering into the wonderful picture. Then altogether abruptly, and with no excuse whatsoever, little Eve Edgarton's heart gave a great, big lurch, and, wringing her small brown hands together so that by no grave mischance should she reach out and touch the stranger's sleeve as she peered up at him, "I—can—dance," drawled little Eve Edgarton.

Shrewdly the man's glance flashed down at her. Quite plainly he recognized her now. She was that "funny little Edgarton girl." That's exactly who she was! In the simple, old-fashioned arrangement of her hair, in the personal neatness but total indifference to fashion of her prim, high-throated gown, she represented—frankly—everything that he *thought* he most approved in woman. But nothing under the starry heavens at that moment could have forced him to lead her as a partner into that dazzling maelstrom of Mode and Modernity, because she looked "so horridly eccentric and conspicuous"—compared to the girls that he *thought* he didn't approve of at all!

"Why, of course you can dance!—I only wish—I could!" he lied gallantly. And stole away as soon as he reasonably could to find another partner, trusting devoutly that the darkness had not divulged his actual features.

Five minutes later, through the window-frame of her magic picture, little Eve Edgarton saw him pass, swinging his share of fairyland in his arms.

And close behind him followed Barton, swinging *his* share of fairyland in his arms! Barton the wonderful—at his best! Barton the wonderful—with his best, the blond, blond girl of the marvelous gowns and hats. There was absolutely no doubt whatsoever about them. They *were* the handsomest couple in the room!

Furtively from her hidden corner little Eve Edgarton stood and watched them. To her appraising eyes there were at least two other girls almost as beautiful as Barton's partner. But no other man in the room compared with Barton. Of that she was perfectly sure! His brow, his eyes, his chin, the way he held his head upon his wonderful shoulders, the way he stood upon his feet, his smile, his laugh, the very gesture of his hands!

Over and over again as she watched, these two perfect partners came circling through her vision, solemnly graceful or rhythmically hoydenish—two fortune-favored youngsters born into exactly the same sphere, trained to do exactly the same things in exactly the same way, so that even now, with

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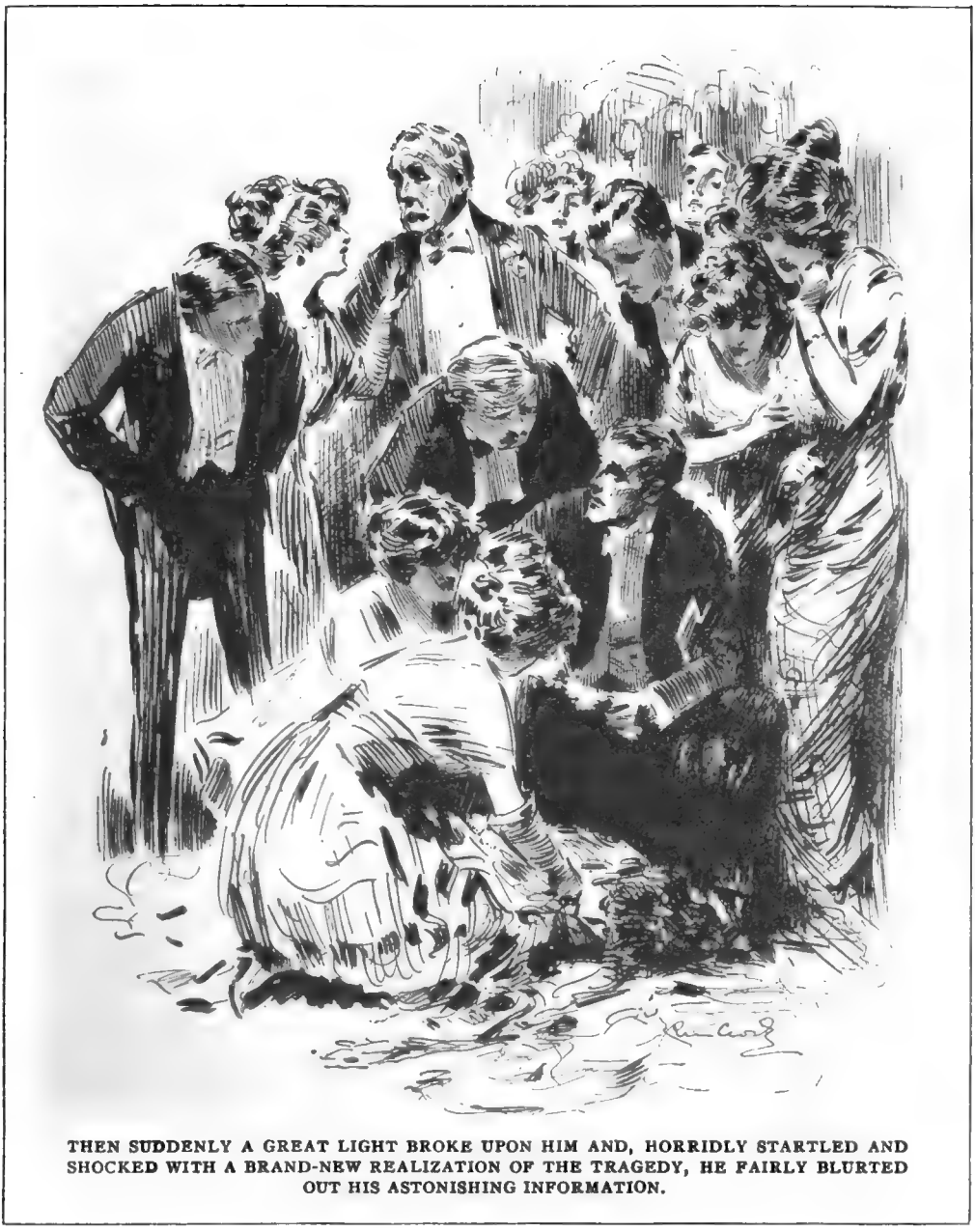

THEN SUDDENLY A GREAT LIGHT BROKE UPON HIM AND, HORRIDLY STARTLED AND SHOCKED WITH A BRAND-NEW REALIZATION OF THE TRAGEDY, HE FAIRLY BLURTED OUT HIS ASTONISHING INFORMATION.

twelve years' difference in age between them, every conscious vibration of their beings seemed to be tuned instinctively to the same key.

Bluntly little Eve Edgarton looked back upon the odd, haphazard training of her own life. Was there any one in this world whose training had been exactly like hers? Then suddenly her elbow went crooking up across her eyes to remember how Barton had looked in the stormy woods that night—lying half naked—and almost wholly dead—at her feet. Except for her odd, haphazard training—he would have been dead! Barton, the beautiful—dead? And worse than dead—buried? And worse than——

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Out of her lips a little gasp of sound rang agonizingly.

And in that instant, by some trick-fashion of the dance, the rollicking music stopped right off short in the middle of a note, the lights went out, the dancers fled pell-mell to their seats, and out of the arbored gallery of the orchestra a single swarthy-faced male singer stepped forth into the wan wake of an artificial moon, and lifted up a marvelous tenor voice in one of those weird folk-songs of the faraway that fairly tear the listener's heart out of his body—a song as sinisterly metallic as the hum of hate along a dagger-blade; a song as rapturously surprised at its own divinity as the first trill of a nightingale; a song of purling brooks and grim, gray mountain fortresses; a song of quick, sharp lights and long, low, lazy cadences; a song of love and hate; a song of all joys and all sorrows—and then death; the song of Sex as Nature sings it—the plaintive, wheedling, passionate song of Sex as Nature sings it yet in the faraway places of the earth.

To no one else in that company probably did a single word penetrate. Merely stricken dumb by the vibrant power of the voice, vaguely uneasy, vaguely saddened, group after group of hoydenish youngsters huddled in speechless fascination around the dark edges of the hall.

But to little Eve Edgarton's cosmopolitan ears each familiar gipsyish word thus strangely transplanted into that alien room was like a call to the wild—from the wild.

So—as to all repressed natures the moment of full self-expression comes once, without warning, without preparation, without even conscious acquiescence sometimes—the moment came to little Eve Edgarton. Impishly first, more as a dare to herself than as anything else, she began to hum the melody and sway her body softly to and fro to the rhythm.

Then suddenly her breath began to quicken, and as one half hypnotized she went clambering through the window into the ballroom, stood for an instant like a gray-white phantom in the outer shadows, then, with a laugh as foreign to her own ears as to another's, snatched up a great, square, shimmering silver scarf that gleamed across a deserted chair, stretched it taut by its corners across her hair and eyes, and with a queer little cry—half defiance, half appeal—a quick dart, a long, undulating glide—merged herself into the dagger-blade, the nightingale, the grim mountain fortress, the gay mocking brook, all the love, all the rapture, all the ghastly fatalism of that heart-breaking song.

Bent as a bow her little lithe figure curved now right, now left, to the lilting cadence. Supple as a silken tube her slender body seemed to drink up the fluid sound. No one could have sworn in that vague light that her feet even so much as touched the ground. She was a wraith! A phantasy! A shifting miracle of sound and sense!

Tremulously the singer's voice faltered in his throat to watch his song come gray-ghost-true before his staring eyes. With scant restraint the crowd along the walls pressed forward, half pleasure-mad, to solve the mystery of the apparition. Abruptly the song stopped! The dancer faltered! Lights blazed! A veritable shriek of applause went roaring to the roof-tops!

And little Eve Edgarton in one wild panic-stricken surge of terror went tearing off through a blind alley of palms, dodging a café table, jumping an improvised trellis—a hundred pursuing voices yelling: "Where is she? Where is she?"—the telltale tinsel scarf flapping frenziedly behind her, flapping—flapping—till at last, between one high, garnished shelf and another—still flapping, everlastingly flapping—it twined its vampirish chiffon around the delicate fronds of a huge potted fern!

There was a crash! And little Eve Edgarton crumpled right up on the floor, no longer "colorless" among the pale, dry, rainbow tints and shrill metallic glints of that most wondrous scene.

Under her crimson mask, when the rescuers finally reached her, she lay as perfectly disguised as even her most bashful mood could have wished.

All around her—kneeling, crowding, meddling, interfering—frightened people queried: "Who is she? Who is she?" Now and again from out of the medley some one offered a half-articulate suggestion. It was the hotel proprietor who moved first. Clumsily but kindly, with a fat hand thrust under her shoulders, he tried to raise her head from the floor. Barton himself, as the most recently returned from the "Dark Valley," moved next. Futilely, with a tiny wisp of linen and lace that he found at the girl's belt, he tried to wipe the blood from her lips.

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"Who is she? Who is she?" the conglomerate hum of inquiry rose and fell like a moan.

Beneath the crimson stain on the little lace handkerchief a trace of indelible ink showed faintly. Scowlingly Barton bent to decipher it. "Mother's Little Handkerchief," the marking read. "'*Mother's?*'" Barton repeated blankly. Then suddenly a great light broke upon him, and, horridly startled and shocked with a brand-new realization of the tragedy, he fairly blurted out his astonishing information.

"Why—why, it's the—little Edgarton girl!" he hurled like a bombshell into the surrounding company.

Instantly, with the mystery once removed, a dozen hysterical people seemed startled into normal activity. No one knew exactly what to do, but some ran for water and towels, and some ran for the doctor, and one young woman with astonishing quickness slipped out of her white silk petticoat and bound it, blue ribbons and all, as best she could, around Eve Edgarton's poor little gashed head.

"We must carry her up-stairs!" asserted the hotel proprietor.

"I'LL CARRY HER!" said Barton quite definitely.

Fantastically the procession started upward—little Eve Edgarton white as a ghost now in Barton's arms, except for that one persistent trickle of red from under the loosening edge of her huge Oriental-like turban of ribbon and petticoat; the hotel proprietor still worrying eternally how to explain everything; two or three well-intentioned women babbling inconsequently of other broken heads.

In astonishingly slow response to as violent a knock as they thought they gave, Eve Edgarton's father came shuffling at last to the door to greet them. Like one half paralyzed with sleep and perplexity, he stood staring blankly at them as they filed into his rooms with their burden.

"Your — daughter — seems to have — bumped her head!" the hotel proprietor began with professional tact.

In one gasping breath the women started to explain their version of the accident.

Barton, alone as dumb as the father, carried the girl directly to the bed and put her down softly, half lying, half sitting, among the great pile of night-crumpled pillows. Some one threw a blanket over her. And above the top edge of that blanket nothing of her showed except the grotesquely twisted turban, the whole of one white eyelid, the half of the other, and just that single persistent trickle of red. Raspishly at the moment the clock on the mantelpiece choked out the hour of three. Already Dawn was more than half a hint in the sky, and in the ghastly mixture of real and artificial light the girl's doom looked already sealed.

Even Barton could have screamed aloud when she opened her eyes suddenly and stared around.

"Eve!" gasped her father, "what *have* you been doing?"

Vaguely the troubled eyes closed, and then opened again. "I was—trying—to show people—that I was a—rose," mumbled little Eve Edgarton.

Swiftly her father came running to her side. He thought it was her death-bed statement. "But Eve? Eve?" he pleaded. "Why, my own little girl! Why, my——"

Laboriously the big eyes lifted to his. "*Mother*—was a rose," persisted the stricken lips desperately.

"Yes, I know," sobbed her father. "But —but——"

"But—nothing," mumbled little Eve Edgarton. With an almost superhuman effort she pushed her sharp little chin across the confining edge of the blanket. Vaguely, unrecognizingly then, for the first time, her heavy eyes sensed the hotel proprietor's presence and worried their way across the tearful ladies to Barton's harrowed face.

"Mother—was a rose," she began all over again. "Mother—was a rose. Mother—was—a rose," she persisted babblingly. "And father—g-guessed it—from the very first! But as for me—?" Weakly she began to claw at her incongruous bandage. "But —as—for me," she gasped, "the way I'm fixed!—I have to—announce it!"

"Little Eve Edgarton" will be concluded in the April number. The first instalment of "Persons Unknown," a new serial by Virginia Tracy, will appear in the same number.

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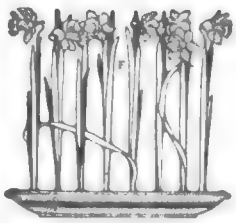
A STEAMER LETTER

By SAMUEL McCOY

NOW, in the late March sun,
The County has begun
To dress herself in green,
And in each country lane
The willows surely mean
To wear their leaves again,
Being yellow to the tips
Of their slim fingers; soon
We'll hear the robin's tune,
Sung in the April dawn,
Before its flush is gone;
With finger on her lips
The Spring steals through the wood,
And drops anemones
Beneath the budding trees:
Her eyes are sweet and good;
And each time that you meet her
You find her eyes grown sweeter.

From farm to farm her news
Flits as on fairy shoes:
The roosters split their throats;
The brown thrush mocks the notes
Of birds that aren't yet here;
We've clipped the horses' coats;
The cistern is unfroze;
Ten little pigs (the nose
Of one of them is pink)
Were born the other day;
There is a colt this year;
The Jersey has a calf
That makes the children laugh—
Its name is Bess, I think;
The hens just *lay* and *lay*
(One black hen, she sneaks off
Under the horses' trough);
The tulips have come up;
And Mother has a cup
To put the violets in
As soon as *they* begin.



I do not see why you
Should want to go away—
There's such nice things to do,
Now *Spring* has come to stay!

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BETTER BUSINESS

by

WILLIAM HARD

A Reason, a Revolution, and a Result.

The Reason:

Inventions and patents, the makings of the future, are a million times more important than the railway-rates or foodstuffs of the moment. Why do we give them less public protection?

The Revolution:

Let us do for inventions and patents the revolutionary thing we have already done for railway-rates and foodstuffs. Let us cut short their journeyings and tarryings in courts of pure law. *Let us commit the primary protection of them to a national board of special technical administrative officers.* Let us lift from inventors and patent-owners at least a part of the back-breaking burden of private litigation which now can be carried successfully only by those of them who are rich; and——

The Result:

Let us see, for the first time, what the freed inventive genius of rich and of poor, of large corporation and of small independent business man, all together, can boldly and securely accomplish for the industrial progress of the American people.

WHEN Wilbur and Orville Wright, on December 17, 1903, added Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, to the list of places of triumph in human history, they added themselves at once to the waiting-list of patent-law litigants. Their aeroplane, rising against the wind to the first successful flight ever made by a motor-driven, man-carrying, heavier-than-air flying-machine, was rising *therefore* to a flight into the Federal courts.

Genuine origination, for the inventor, is the surest route to limitless litigation.

The Wrights did not fly by mere dexterity. They made an actual invention, an invention which many other men, many other great men, had tried to discern and to devise but could not.

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The Wrights invented the combination of the use of a vertical rudder with the use of a "warping" mechanism.

That "warping" mechanism had to do with the long rear edges of their outstretched "wings," the edges which in a bird are fluttering feather-tips.

When their aeroplane rolled to the right, reeling to a capsize, they warped their right wing to catch more air. That is, they bent the rear edges of their canvas planes along the right side of their machine *downward*. So that side got more air-pressure under it as it rushed along, and it *rose*.

At the same time, and by the same act, they gave a reverse twist to their other wing. That is, they bent the rear edges of their canvas planes along the left side of their machine *upward*. So that side got little or no air-pressure under it, and it *sank*.

Meanwhile, they had turned their vertical rudder toward the high side, the left side, of their tilted machine; and thus, vertical-ruddered and warp-winged, they did what no one else had been able to do before. They *stayed* in the air.

Such was their invention. Such was their contribution to the art of flying.

It took more than four years to get the boundaries of that contribution determined by the courts.

The mere printing of the record of the case for the eyes of the judges cost the Wright Company fifteen hundred dollars.

There are no complete law-stories to tell about really poor patent-owners. They haven't even printing-money.

The man sued by the Wright Company is Glenn H. Curtiss. He was selling a machine which the Wright Company regarded as an infringement. It had a vertical rudder and it had pieces of canvas that were bent and twisted to put *more* air-pressure under one wing and *less* air-pressure under the other, as needed.

The Federal Court in the Western District of New York gave the Wright Company a temporary injunction against Curtiss. Curtiss went to the Circuit Court of Appeals. There the temporary injunction was dissolved in order that complete testimony might be taken about the whole nature of the Wright invention.

It is seldom that intellectual industrial property can get any protection at all from the courts till the research work of the Patent Office has been redone.

The Wrights had spent from 1903 to 1906 in the Patent Office. Now they spent from 1910 to 1913 redoing "lateral balances," "centers of pressure," and "angles of incidence"—relationships *mechanical*—for the instruction of judges trained in "torts," "trespasses," and "quasi-contracts"—relationships *human*.

An expert for the Wright Company, Mr. William J. Hammer, was on the stand for twelve days. An expert for Curtiss, Dr. A. F. Zahm, was on the stand for twenty-seven days.

The record now fills more than two thousand large and luminous pages exhibiting all the airy trifles ever launched by man, in fact or on paper, into the atmosphere.

It will guide you even to the exquisite drawings made by the painter of the "Mona Lisa," four hundred years ago, for a man-power, wing-flapping, air-beating flying-machine; and it will show you accordingly that Leonardo da Vinci the engineer is as immortal as Leonardo da Vinci the artist.

The brief of Mr. H. A. Toulmin, attorney for the Wrights, is one of the best text-books on aviation, technically and historically, that was ever composed. A credit to him! A scandal to the country!

The fact is that if you should want to know the history of American Invention, you could hardly do better than go through the records of the testimony taken in patent suits. There you will find the details of the development of most of the important industrial arts in America, *collected largely at the expense of the men who made the most important inventions in those arts or at the expense of the men who risked their fortunes on them*.

The Wright-Curtiss case, with the history of aerial mechanics annexed, was considered for the second time by the Federal court in the Western District of New York and was again decided against Curtiss. Again Curtiss appealed. And not until January 13, 1914, did the Circuit Court of Appeals finally find that the Curtiss machine was an appropriation of the idea in the Wright patent and that an injunction against Curtiss might lawfully be issued.

So for more than four years, for a quarter of the length of the life of a patent, the intellectual property of the Wrights lay disputed, undefined and defenseless.

The last years of the life of Wilbur Wright

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HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A JUDGE AND HAVE TO DECIDE WHETHER OR NOT THESE MACHINES USE THE SAME SUBTLE INVENTION WHEN THEY FLY? NEW YORK JUDGES WERE AT IT FOR MORE THAN FOUR YEARS.

UPPER LEFT, A CURTISS; UPPER RIGHT, A WRIGHT. BELOW, A BLERIOT. THE JUDGES HAD TO CONSIDER ALL PREVIOUS FLYING-MACHINE INVENTORS, INCLUDING LEONARDO DA VINCI.

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were those of a harassed, unrelieved complainant in equity instead of those befitting an heroic innovator who had given his country complete precedence in the most novel and the most adventurous of the mechanical arts, and who deserved, at least, the prompt adjudication and the tranquil enjoyment of his conquests and honors.

II

The Dowagiac Manufacturing Company had a "shoe grain-drill." It was not so charming, this drill, as an aeroplane; but it was earnest. It put seeds into the soil of the Middle West so well that many other companies were moved to manufacture it. They did not ask the Dowagiac Company if they might do so. They merely did so.

> Lives there the man with nerve so dead
> Who never to himself has said:
> "This is my own—if I can flee
> One court ahead of the patentee"?

Mr. Charles C. Copeland, reviewing the textile business of the year 1913 for the New York *Journal of Commerce*, remarked:

"The last year, as usual, has witnessed the continuation of piratical imitations of fabrics, copyrights, trade-marks, and patents. Imitators are fostered, and inventive effort to improve and create is penalized."

As in textiles, so in everything else, including grain shoe-drills.

For grain shoe-drills the Court of Appeals of the Sixth Federal Circuit was in session to do justice. The Dowagiac Company was present. So also was a company called the McSherry Company.

The eleven years of litigation—of testimony, of trial, and of appeal—between these two companies had come to a close. The McSherry Company had been enjoined from committing any further depredations on the patent of the Dowagiac Company. But what about the depredations already committed? That was the question.

It got an answer, an answer recalling the comment made by Mr. Kipling's schoolmaster on a punishment inflicted by him in "Stalky & Co." "Think," said he, consolingly, to the boys, "think of the *howling* injustice of it."

The McSherry Company had manufactured some thirty-five hundred infringing grain-drills. The lower court had made a calculation of damages—one of those preposterously accurate calculations on which the courts spend years in patent cases.

'If the grain-drills wrongfully manufactured by the McSherry Company had been rightfully manufactured in the factory of the Dowagiac Company', said the court (in effect), 'they would have netted the Dowagiac Company , as profit, the sum of forty-six thousand one hundred and twenty-two dollars and twenty-six cents. Let the Dowagiac Company have it, including the twenty-six cents.'

The Court of Appeals of the Sixth Federal Circuit was to pronounce on that award.

'A very good award,' said the Court (in effect), 'were it not for one thing. The Dowagiac Company did not prove that it would have *sold* those thirty-five hundred drills even if it had made them. The McSherry Company, in fact, did make them and it did succeed in selling them to its customers. But how do we know that those same customers would have bought those same drills from the Dowagiac Company? How do we know that if the business had not been grabbed by the McSherry Company it would have been occupied by the Dowagiac Company?'

Apply that notion of the patent law to real estate. You own a house. Another man, without your knowledge, has been occupying it. You want him to pay. ***But how do we know that you would have occupied it if he hadn't?*** Perhaps you were in Europe.

'Further,' the Court went on (in effect), 'we are really inclined to believe, from the evidence before us, that if the persons who bought these thirty-five hundred drills from the McSherry Company had not bought them from that company, they would have given their patronage, not to the Dowagiac Company at all, *but to some one of the many other companies which have been making drills infringing on the Dowagiac Company's patent!*'

In other words, if that uninvited tenant of yours hadn't been occupying your house, we think it would have been occupied by some other neighbor who appreciated a good roof.

'So,' said (in effect) the Court of Appeals, 'instead of forty-six thousand one hundred and twenty-two dollars and twenty-six cents, let the Dowagiac Company have *one dollar;* and let it pay half the costs of this suit.'

The plentiful prevalence of such rules

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MR. JOKICHI TAKAMINE

HE INVENTED THE IMPORTANT MEDICINAL PRODUCT, "ADRENALIN." SO MR. LEARNED HAND, UNITED STATES JUDGE, HAD TO BECOME A TEMPORARY EXPERT ON SUPRARENAL GLANDS. READ HIS PAINED PROTEST.

for the calculation of damages in patent cases is the reason for the kind of legal advice now frequently given to a company planning to infringe on another company's patented property.

"Would it pay you to manufacture this thing for a while," says the lawyer, "and then stop when you finally get enjoined? If so, go ahead. It is very improbable that anything will happen to you except an injunction telling you not to do it any more. And we can keep the injunction from falling on you for four or five years."

The Dowagiac Company would perhaps have approved of a certain little bill now in Congress. It was drafted by Mr. H. Ward Leonard and was introduced by Mr. Oldfield, chairman of the Committee on Patents.

If the patent-owner can make out a preliminary showing of a good case, the infringer shall give him a report every month on all the things claimed as infringements *and shall pay him five per cent. of the selling price of those things* while the suit goes on to its final issue.'

That grubbing, clod-cleaving grain-drill of the Dowagiac Company's was, if you please, a mere regular run-of-mine invention. That is why I mention it. It was just one of the countless individually undistinguished and collectively magnificent offerings of the daily inventive energy of America to America's daily commercial prosperity.

The United States Government issued a patent on it. The courts of the United States found that patent valid and found it infringed. Yet for the protection of it the Dowagiac Company was obliged to work its way through testimony and trial and

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appeal to at least *twenty* separate and distinct decisions by Federal judges.

In the case of the Wrights the distance (in time and in money) between the origin of a case and its arrival in a Circuit Court of Appeals has been indicated. The Dowagiac Company, on behalf of its one grain-drill patent, made eleven trips over that distance. It came to the Court of Appeals in the Sixth Circuit *five* times. It came to the Court of Appeals in the Eighth Circuit *six* times.

The protection of intellectual industrial property in the United States to-day is in the barbarous stage of mere private financial warfare between individual citizens. It is in a feudal or Central American condition. Each citizen, to protect his property, or else to attack the property of his neighbor, assembles his band of professional fighters, his lawyers and his expert witnesses, and fills the country-side with night-marches and surprises and ambushes and personally conducted executions till his purse fails him and he can pay his soldiers no longer. In such a society the mercenary becomes a conspicuous and accomplished figure.

Two expert witnesses were loudly discussing a contemporary patent case in court. Their conversation reached the ears of Dr. L. H. Baekeland, the inventor of Velox photographic paper. "Do you realize," said one of them to the other, "that this case is a good case? It means five thousand dollars a year for each of us for at least five years. *And think what a chance it gives us to learn organic chemistry!*"

III

When young Learned Hand was starting off on the path that was to lead him to the Federal bench, he made one bad mistake. He went to the Harvard Law School. He can now see for himself that he ought to have gone to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

At any rate, he ought to have gone there, too. The patent cases in the Southern District of New York rebuke him sharply every year for his youthful failure to perfect himself not only in the law but in civil engineering, mechanical engineering, electrical engineering, chemical engineering, electro-chemical engineering, and whatever other sundry sorts of engineering may have been devised by man upon this planet.

Judge Hand has made his protest. At the end of the many thousand words of his marvelously industrious and conscientious decision of the chemical case of Parke-Davis *versus* Mulford, he expressed his final opinion of all acids and bases and salts, especially monobenzoylated salts, by saying:

"I can not stop without calling attention to the extraordinary condition of the law which makes it possible for a man without a knowledge of even the rudiments of chemistry to pass upon such questions as these."

For his misery in that case Judge Hand can blame Jokichi Takamine, favorably known among his fellow chemists in his adopted land of America as Jo Tak.

Takamine went and labored with the suprarenal glands of animals. He came back with fresh glory and with a fresh discovery, "Adrenalin." He took "Adrenalin" to the Patent Office and got a patent. But the Mulford Company said he ought not to have been allowed to get a patent. So the entertaining question came to Judge Hand:

"Did Jokichi Takamine, when he first found and made 'Adrenalin,' take an inventive step which no former chemist had ever taken in the whole history of human curiosity with regard to suprarenal glands?"

The answer would have been fairly laborious for a board of scientifically trained men sitting as a permanent central Federal Court of Patent Protection.

There being no such board, Judge Hand submitted to hypodermic injections of chemical knowledge administered by the experts of both sides, and was projected into a fairy world sodded with ammonium magnesium phosphate and geysered with biuret and nitroprusside-sodium tests through which he traveled till, after exploratory toils and dangers of which Peary and Amundsen can have no conception, he arrived finally at a great height from which he saw:

Manifestly that "Benzoylated Compound" of Abel is no anticipation of the "Adrenalin" of Takamine. It contains all the necessary atoms, of course; but anybody can see that it then goes and combines them, within the same molecule, with a "benzoyl radical." Can a product which associates with such a radical lay any claim

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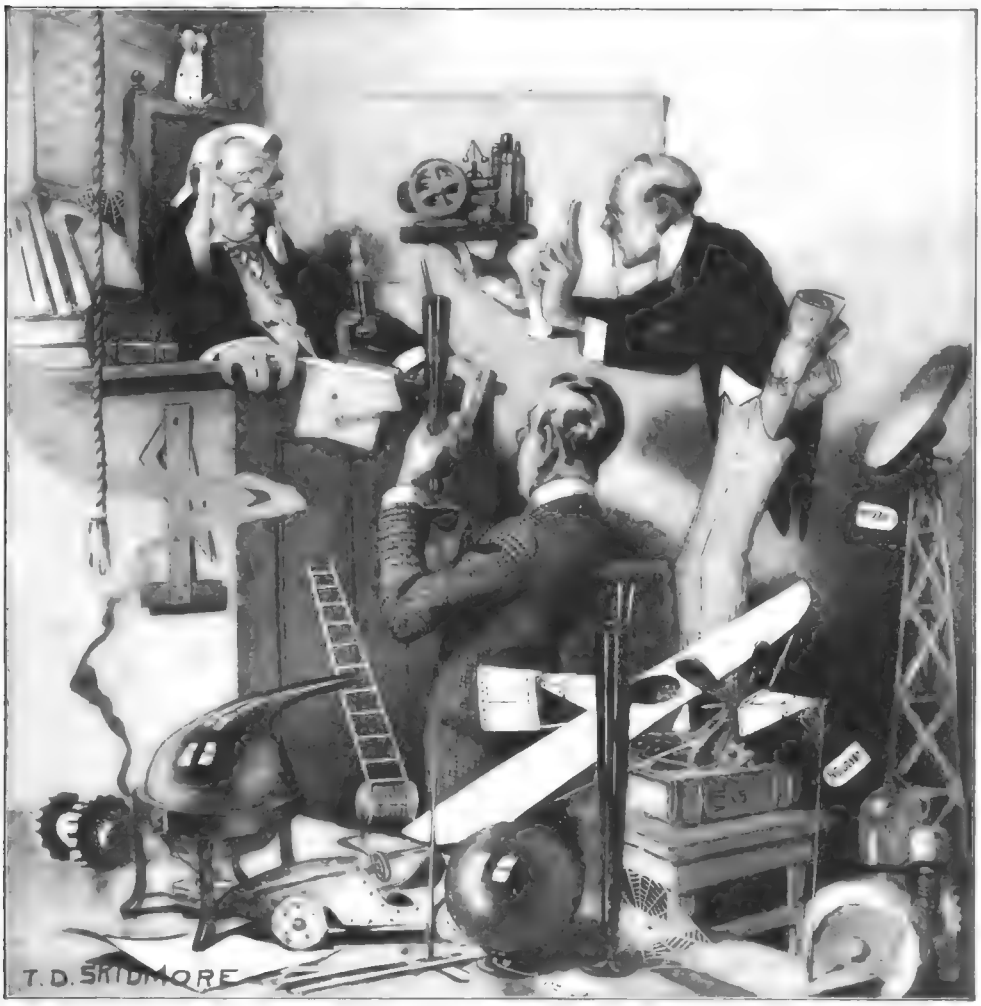

EACH OF THE EXPERTS IS TELLING THE JUDGE A DIFFERENT THING ABOUT A THING THE JUDGE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND ANYWAY. BUT HE IS A GOOD JUDGE, AND HE WILL KEEP ON IN THIS CONVERSATION SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING TILL HE DOES UNDERSTAND. IT IS EXPENSIVE FOR THE MEN WHO PAY THE EXPERTS. BUT NEVER MIND. IT SERVES THEM RIGHT FOR MAKING INVENTIONS.

to genuine exclusiveness? Obviously not.

And so with the "Dialysate" of Moore. And so with the products of all other persons before Takamine. Oliver and Schafer discovered the physiological action of the suprarenal glands. Far be it from us to say we are sorry they did. However, having surveyed those glands from that time to this, "Adrenalin" is an invention; Parke-Davis, representing Takamine, have an exclusive right to it; and the Mulford Company must stop infringing on it.

So much for Takamine's extract of the follicular ductless bodies which cap the kidneys of vertebrate animals. Some slight consequent mental fatigue on the part of the Federal bench in the Southern District of New York might have been excusable. But Federal judges must not pause in their hasty march from one applied-science cram to the next. No sooner does Takamine depart out of the Southern District of New York than in comes Dr. Maximilian Toch, pursuing various gentlemen who are infringing on his important patent on a protective coating for concrete.

Dr. Toch and his experts would a word with the judge. They desire to give him a

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DR. MAXIMILIAN TOCH

HIS FAMOUS COATING FOR CONCRETE, NOW IN LITIGATION, WILL FORWARD THE EDUCATION OF THE FEDERAL JUDICIARY IN A FIELD TOO OFTEN NEGLECTED IN LAW-SCHOOLS—NAMELY, RESINOUS ACIDS.

little course of university-extension lectures on resinous acids.

Their patent is for a technical process of great industrial value. It protects concrete from water and oil. And if you put delicate machinery, as you often do, on concrete floors, it protects that machinery from the concrete itself, which used to rise up all around the contents of the room in damaging dust. The Toch coating makes that dust stay down.

But how does it do it? Your Honor, it does it because of those resinous acids which we were the first to discover the use of, for this purpose; so that if your Honor will but take a highly acid resin such as copal gum and mix it with a vegetable oil such as chinawood oil and then add to it a diluent such as acetone, and compare the consequences with all previous patents and all previous publications of societies learned in paint and all previous public uses of paint in this and in all other countries from——

But there is a knock at the door. Dr. Baekeland has arrived, in a hurry. He has left his laboratory, where he ought to be, and he has a little patriotic contribution of his own to make to the technical education and scientific culture of the Federal judiciary.

Somebody is infringing on "Bakelite," which is one of the most promiscuously useful and one of the most bewildering inventions of our day, quite worthy of the inventor of "Velox."

You can varnish floors with "Bakelite" and apply it as a lacquer to bedsteads. You can make buttons out of it and fountain pens and thousands of other articles, transparent *or* opaque. You can force it, as a

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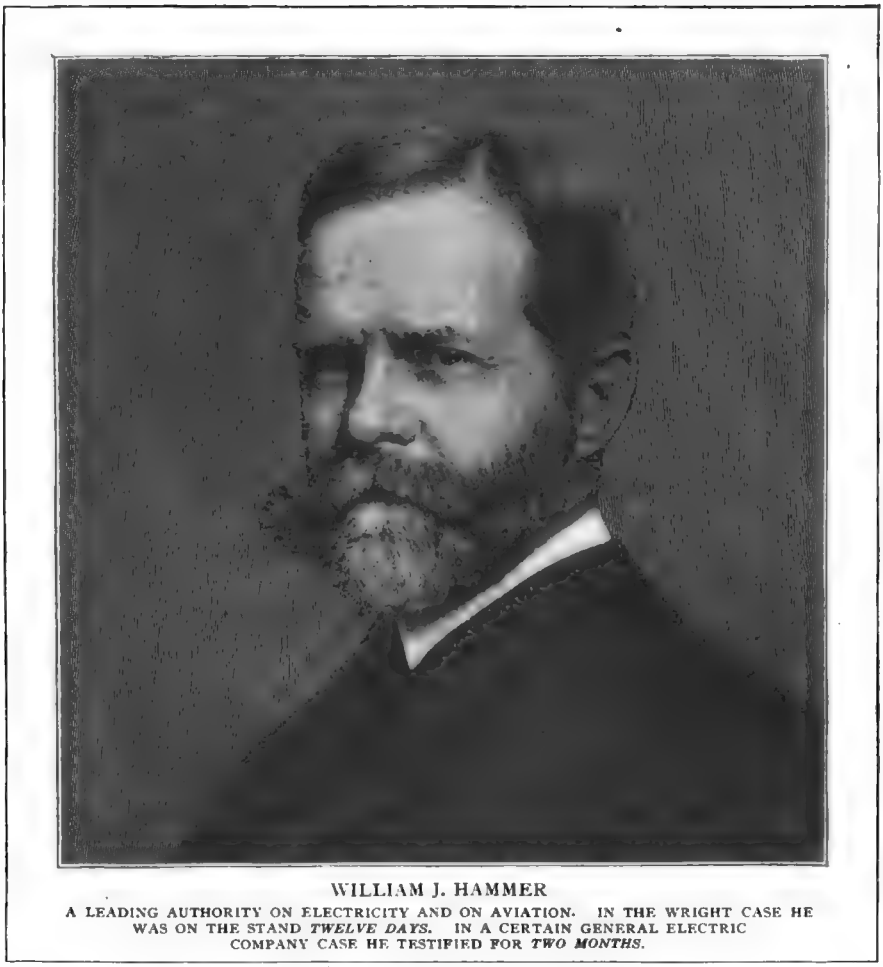

WILLIAM J. HAMMER

A LEADING AUTHORITY ON ELECTRICITY AND ON AVIATION. IN THE WRIGHT CASE HE WAS ON THE STAND *TWELVE DAYS*. IN A CERTAIN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY CASE HE TESTIFIED FOR *TWO MONTHS*.

liquid, to impregnate the coils of magnetos or dynamos. And you can cast it, as a solid, into grindstones.

It is the "Snark" of the industrial world.

You serve it with greens in those shadowy scenes
And it's useful for striking a light.

What is it, plainly? Plainly, it is oxybenzylmethylenglycoanhydride. That's all. And if the judge will dismiss suprarenal glands and resinous acids from his mind and fill it with the first member of the phenol group, he will soon appreciate "Bakelite," which appears in such charming atomic postures as $C_{43}H_{38}O_7$, and he will speedily be able to protect a superb intellectual property against imitative marauders.

"How long," says Judge Hand, "how long we shall continue to blunder along without the aid of unpartisan and authoritative scientific assistance in the administration of justice, no one knows; but all fair persons, not conventionalized by provincial legal habits of mind, ought, I should think, to unite to effect some such advances."

IV

But let bygones be bygones. You've won your decision from your Circuit Court of Appeals. You've got your rights.

Yes, you've got your rights *for one-ninth of the United States*.

There are nine Circuits in the United States and nine Circuit Courts of Appeals. Seldom, very seldom, does the Supreme Court consent to review a patent case. For patents, each Circuit is a principality and each Circuit Court of Appeals is a sovereign.

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Your infringer lives in Texarkana, Arkansas. You've beaten him. He must stop manufacturing that pocket cigar-lighter that infringes on your patent.

But just across the street from him, in Texarkana, *Texas*, there lives and moves a defiant party who manufactures that very same identical cigar-lighter and who says he is going to keep on doing it.

Isn't he the undesirable citizen? Not at all. He is a law-abiding man. He is in the *Fifth* Circuit. And you must sue him, just as you sued your other infringer, all the way from the same slippery start along the same gold-bricked track to the same uncertain finish. Uncertain; for, remember:

He may turn out not to be an infringer at all. Your patent was a good patent on one side of the street, in the Eighth Circuit; but, on the other side of the street, in the Fifth, it may be adjudged no patent at all.

Two of Nikola Tesla's most important patents were contested in many parts of the United States. They had to do with electric motors. They were owned by the Westinghouse Company. In the First Circuit they were valid. In the Second Circuit they were *in*valid.

The invention was an invention in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island. It was *not* an invention in Vermont, Connecticut, and New York.

The patents were issued by the Patent Office of the whole United States. They were property in Newport. They weren't worth pigeon-hole space in New Haven.

The consequence is—but you wouldn't believe it without an actual incident to prove it.

Arthur W. Grant invented a rubber tire. The Court of Appeals of the Second Circuit said it was "the standard rubber tire of today," enjoying an "unchallenged supremacy." The patent on it was valid in the Second Circuit. The people sued by the Grant people were enjoined from infringing on it.

But, exception! The product of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company must not be included in this decree. Why?

Why, because the Grant people had sued the Goodyear Company in the *Sixth* Circuit and there the Grant patent had been declared void. Result:

The Grant patent is valid, all right, in Buffalo, New York. If you manufacture a Grant tire there without permission from the Grant people, it is an infringement. But a Grant tire shipped into Buffalo from a Goodyear plant in Ohio and sold and used in Buffalo is not the slightest bit of an infringement.

You now see your road before you. Beat your Texarkana infringer in the Fifth Circuit. That will make two circuits done. Then do a third. Finally get eight of them done. Win in all eight successively. But get beaten in the ninth. And, out of that ninth, your victorious antagonist can fill all the other eight with *lawful* infringements on your property!

So much for the man who has a pretty good patent.

Now look at the possibilities of this game with the eyes of a company which has a pretty *poor* patent but a good big bank account. If it gets beaten on its patent in one circuit, it is not at all stopped from going on to inflict the intolerable expense of patent litigation on people in other circuits.

"It can continue," as Mr. Robert N. Kenyon, one of the most distinguished of American patent attorneys, says, "to sue other parties in other circuits, one after another, until the whole circuit of nine has been completed, and the greater part of the public would prefer to submit rather than incur the cost of defending."

V

The whole Patent System, from the first move of a patent in the Patent Office to its last turn on the spit of inquiry before its last Circuit Court of Appeals, is a big, vicious governmental subsidy to the large corporation with an invention department, a patent-law department, and a fighting fund.

An English judge, a century ago, was about to send a poor man to prison for bigamy. He pointed out to him the means by which he might have avoided his crime. He should have procured a divorce, which at that time would have cost him several thousands of pounds.

"And, prisoner at the bar," said the judge, with a grim lightness in which the English bench has often indulged itself, "if you venture to remind me that you have not as many pence as a divorce would have cost you pounds, I shall reply to you: '*The law of England makes no distinction between the rich and the poor.*'"

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A PATENT HASN'T EXACTLY NINE LIVES, BUT IT HAS NINE GOOD CHANCES TO GET KILLED. IT CAN BE PERFECTLY HEALTHY IN ONE "CIRCUIT" AND PERFECTLY DECEASED IN ANOTHER, IN THIS ONE COUNTRY.

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The Patent Law makes no distinction between the rich and the poor. But when you let a hundred thousand dollars impartially out of the veins of a rich man and of a poor man, you may give the rich man a financial anemia, but to the poor man you give a financial grave.

And by "poor man" I mean any man who belongs to what Mr. Wilson has called "the originative part of America, the part that makes new enterprises, the part into which the ambitious and gifted working man works his way up, the class that saves, that organizes, that presently spreads its enterprises till they have a national scope and character—the middle class."

VI

Take patents as far as possible out of the field of *private court combat* and project them as far as possible into the field of *public administrative order*.

Many patent-law reforms have come along lately, admirable ones. For instance, judges hear patent cases with their own ears in their own court-rooms now, instead of sending litigants and their experts off to talk interminably to typewriters in lawyers' offices.

Further, in a certain type of patent case the amount of money which the patent-owner can recover from the infringer has become not only adequate, but often actually excessive. Here, again, however, there is too much legal subtlety and too little rough business sense. An infringer who makes a player-piano in which he uses somebody else's patent for a small detail in the action of the instrument is likely to have to pay over to the patent-owner not merely a business-like *estimate* on the value of the detail, but *his entire profits on the whole piano*.

We need a special patent-protecting national administrative body which will develop the special rules necessary for its special field.

We have administrative bodies to-day for railway-rates and for food-stuffs, as well as for many other things.

You can still sue the Pennsylvania Railroad Company personally to prove that the fare between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh is seventy-one cents too high. You can still sue your grocer personally to prove that the jelly he sold you was not wearing its own complexion but had been artificially and injuriously rouged. But you don't. And, in general fact, you never did.

To-day the financial absurdity of such individual law-suits is largely superseded by the economy and universality of administrative decisions made for you and for everybody else at the same time by Railway Commissions and by Pure Food Bureaus.

Less by the litigant and more by the state! Less by amateur quarrels and more by professional inquiries!

Wisconsin took this idea into the subject of safety in factories and there carried it forward to a new administrative adventure. The Industrial Commission of Wisconsin does not merely enforce general safety rules laid down by the legislature broadly for all Wisconsin industries. The Industrial Commission studies those industries, one by one, and issues a special book of safety rules for each of them. Every such book has the force of law—law made by specialists for a special set of circumstances.

So the current flows on—forever away from unspecialized courts of law, forever away even from unspecialized legislatures—forever onward to special judges, special legislators, special administrative officers, dealing with special fields of fact.

Under correction, then, and with submission, let us imagine the administrative idea at work in the field of Patents.

We create a National Court of Patents at Washington. It hears appeals directly from all the lowest patent tribunals throughout the country. Its decision makes a valid patent finally valid everywhere. Its decision makes an infringement finally an infringement everywhere.

This suggestion has been offered to a deaf Congress time and again by many groups of lawyers.

But let the National Court of Patents go further. Let it not content itself with awaiting appeals. Let it organize itself for business. Let it go out after business. Let it look upon the protection of the intellectual industrial property of the United States as if it had a contract for the job.

Let it have an agent in each of the principal cities of the United States. This agent shall travel to other cities, too, in his patrol of his district. You carry your tale to the local agent of the National Court of Patents. I call him an "agent" because he shall work as part of a business organization, in daily

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WILLIAM A. OLDFIELD

CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE ON PATENTS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. HE HAS INTRODUCED THE BILL SUGGESTED BY H. WARD LEONARD TO MAKE INFRINGERS PAY UP *WHILE* INFRINGING. A PRETTY IDEA.

touch with his head office at Washington. But he is in law a judge, so entitled and so empowered. He is the Special Patent Judge of his district. And why is he chosen to be that judge?

Because he is an engineer, too. That is half of the big point about him. He is like all the good men in the Patent Office to-day. He was a first-class student in a technical engineering school at the start of his career, and he has learned patent law thoroughly in the course of his work as a Patent Office examiner. He is an engineer and a patent lawyer—a specialized judge.

He listens to your case. But he does more than listen to it. That is the other half of the big point about him. He is more than a judge—more than an arbiter between contending litigants. He is an administrative officer.

He acts on your report of an infringement very much as a pure-food commissioner would act on your report of a poisonous foodstuff. He makes an investigation of his own, personally or through the employees of his office.

This costs you nothing. Why should it? The United States Government induced you to patent your invention. You published it and revealed it to the world in return for a grant of secure property rights in it for seventeen years. Let the Government give you at least as much assistance now in protecting it as a police department would freely give you in recovering a lost dog.

The Special Patent Judge looks at the cameras of the Flashograph Company. If there seems to be an infringement, he proceeds to try the case. You may have a

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lawyer or you may not. You are not a litigant so much as a "complaining witness." The Special Patent Judge doesn't stand in much need of lawyers or experts on either side. He is in the business, and in nothing but the business, of scrutinizing patents and infringements.

Whether he decides against you or for you, his decision stands for the whole United States unless it is reversed by the National Court of Patents.

There's a dream. But when one looks at the state of invention in America to-day, no thought arises out of it for a change worth the toil of its accomplishment unless some such dream be awakened into reality.

People talk about the "suppression" of invention. It is said that monopolistic corporations buy patents for inventions better than any now in use and then bury them. That is what is said. What is proved, to date, is much less than that.

Many corporations and many individuals have "alternative" patents. They have a group of patents, all for the same general thing. But the patents they bury are the inferior ones. The patents they use are the best ones, the ones that give the public the best goods, the best service.

If there are any individuals or any corporations "suppressing" their best patents and using their inferior ones, the fact has not been dragged out and revealed to be a fact. In the midst of multitudinous inquiries, it remains a mere suspicion.

The real suppression of invention is totally different. It lies in the fact that a patent is defenseless till litigated and that litigation, especially in the case of an important invention, is a delirium of dollars. Therefore, in a crescendo from the petty invention which a storekeeper can steal from a tramp to the momentous invention which a well-to-do inventor can not effectively protect against the infringements of a dominant corporation, we see the products and the rewards of inventorship continuously moving with artificial rapidity to the masters of wealth.

The result is both undemocratic and inefficient. Inventorship advances in a thwarted and narrowed stream among the many; and, especially for certain critical arts, a comparative few become the private trustees of national inventive progress.

In extenuation it is sometimes said that hereafter the Invention of greatest value to the world will be Organized Invention proceeding in the laboratories of the great industrial companies. And it is true that the tide seems to set that way. But how can we be sure that the man who individually produces inventions and who wishes, by himself or with his friends, to found a new business on those inventions is not of enormous value, too?

We know, in fact, that he is, as in the case of Dr. Baekeland and others. Individual independent genius, driving on from technical to commercial success, still persists. And how can we know how broadly that genius would flourish, how can we compare Independent Invention with Organized Invention in any final sense, till we give to the small patent-owner and to the small, growing, ambitious business something like a fair chance—something approaching a true legal equality with the great company which has already filled the field of Invention with the fences of its financial power?

Here, as elsewhere, we can not rebuild the fabric of ancient American Individualism except on a solid substructure of new social collective law. We can never have our old buoyant, wayward, free personality again except through a deep infusion of what its enemies call "Paternalism." Let us not be terrorized by the wavings of words. We can never make the small patent-owner into the full, fearless competitor of the big patent-owner save by *national official administrative protection of patented property*.

And, as we shall see, we shall never win the "New Freedom" in any other field, either, unless we are willing similarly to knock down our old idols in order to retain our old ideals.*

*Among many discussions of the administrative idea for patents, see particularly an address by Mr. Frank Keiper at the 1910 convention of the International Congress of Inventors.

In the next number Mr. Hard will discuss the commercial practises that will be affected by the new legislation now pending at Washington.

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HERE *are* POETS

A Row of Books

by
N P DAWSON

POETS—a plague on them—generally have a perfect genius for woe. They have the knack of dying young. They do it to spite us for not buying their books. They live in attics and starve, and accumulate a cough like *Camille*. Then, when they die, we are uncomfortable and pay conscience-money to the owners of their copyrights. At least this is the way it has been with many poets in the past, when England especially has had so many she could afford to lose a few, and, as the London *Times* once advised, bring them up on the "hardening" process, "savage and tartarly."

FRANCIS THOMPSON

Here is poor Francis Thompson. "Poor," because he is dead, and had the devil's own time while he was alive. Even his good friend Dr. Meynell pigeonholed his first manuscript six months before reading it. Much might happen to a fellow in six months. Editors do better now, and accept or reject manuscripts (especially reject) with all the expeditiousness of a department-store sale and delivery.

If we did not know that a half-dozen years ago Thompson was still living, everything in his life and much in his work would point to a remoter day. "People don't do such things," you quote from the Ibsen lady after reading Everard Meynell's life of Thompson, which the Scribners publish with three volumes of his collected works. But Thompson did. After failing to make a priest out of himself, or a doctor, or a business man, or even a soldier (which would be Shaw's order of climax), he sold his books—all but Æschylus and Blake—and fled to London, where he lost himself in the big city until Dr. Meynell found him.

There is something a little heart-breaking in the description of the poet's first appearance before the Meynell family. Three times a hand was thrust timidly in the door, only to be withdrawn. Finally, a waif of a man appeared, straight off the London streets, where he had been selling matches and calling cabs. He wore no shirt under his coat, and his bare feet showed in his battered shoes. But he carried Æschylus and Blake in his pocket.

In other words, your true poet of tradition. He had the cough, and he took the drug. Like De Quincey, he lived for a time on the bounty of a girl of the streets—a flower, as he calls her—

> Fallen from the budded coronal of Spring,
> And through the city-streets blown withering.

It is hard to keep one's balance in judging a poet like Francis Thompson. In nothing as in poetry is the distance between the sublime and the ridiculous so small. A jargon of words we smile at in Lewis Carroll, we are supposed to thrill at in Thompson. Precedents can no doubt be found for every one of the strange word-forms he uses, and Mr. Meynell is at pains to hunt for them. But common sense tells us that what might be vernacular for Shakespeare and the older poets is grotesque and "literary" in a poet to-day.

Still, we know there are those who compare Thompson's strange and wayward genius with Shakespeare, and with the Shakespeare of the Sonnets, too. But we don't believe agreement with this is actually necessary to one's salvation, and for ourselves are not willing to take Bible-oath that we enjoy all of Thompson's poetry.

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Yet assuredly no one can read the poems, especially the first volume, containing the celebrated "Hound of Heaven," the "Ode to the Setting Sun," and parts of "The Sisters" sequence, without in some mysterious way realizing that here is genius, now flaring up and wavering, and now burning with a steady glow.

When Thompson died, he left a box containing a few pens that would not write, a few pipes that would not draw, and a small spirit-lamp without a wick.

But these four posthumous volumes are sumptuous!

ALFRED NOYES

Now, however, perhaps profiting by experience and in view of the depleted state of the nursery, we seem to be taking better care of our poets. Alfred Noyes, for example. Could a man, even one who was not a poet, hope to be more fortunate? He is only thirty-three, and already he is "collected," in two substantial volumes (Stokes)—a "definitive" edition, if you please, although by definitive we are doubtless to understand what James Stephens would call a "very temporary statement." For Mr. Noyes as yet exhibits no signs of an early taking-off.

In fact, he insists upon upsetting poetic tradition. He has never lived in an attic or gone hungry. His poetry, from the beginning, has sold, as Mark Twain said of "Innocents Abroad," "just like the Bible." The British publishers who sent Keats back to his gallipots coddle Mr. Noyes. They even published his epic "Drake" as a serial in twelve parts, unprecedented testimony of esteem and affection.

And American publishers and audiences are not less fond. The fact that Mr. Noyes is an Oxford man and rowed with the Exeter Eight does not detract at all from the interest in his lectures, especially at girls' schools and colleges. To be sure, his poetry has been made the subject of a prize essay in the English department at Yale. But he can doubtless survive this. For the most part he is lucky. He escaped the Laureateship—by a squeak, so they say; and thus far he has managed to keep out of the way of a Nobel prize. As to this last, however, we would advise Mr. Noyes to keep his fingers crossed. Regarding Nobel prizes you never can tell.

Mr. Noyes deserves all the good fortune he has had. Only the point is, at least the tradition is, that most poets don't get what they deserve. He has a talent for melody and rhyme and color and picturesque description. His poetry is easy and delightful to read. Perhaps he hasn't yet got much of the more serious business of life into it. He never gets far away from London—even when he goes to Kew in lilac-time. He rhymes English heroes and their deeds, and lavishes on England all the praise another poet might give to a lady's eyebrow.

In short, Mr. Noyes writes just the kind of poetry one would expect a healthy, well-educated, right-thinking, talented young Englishman to write. Only this kind have rarely been poets.

JOHN MASEFIELD

John Masefield has distinguished himself by writing poetry that is as interesting as if it were not poetry at all! In the last two or three years he has written four long narrative poems that have been widely read and have made him famous. He is not yet forty, and so far as we know is in good health. "The Everlasting Mercy" describes the spiritual conversion of a prize-fighter; "The Widow in the Bye Street" paints the poignant tragedies of the poor; "The Story of a Round House" is a sea poem, where Masefield is most at home; while "Daffodils" is only an old, old tale of love and woe in Shropshire.

The Macmillan Company publishes all of these, and also several volumes of Masefield's earlier work, verses he wrote when hardly more than a boy, and "A Mainsail Haul," a volume of prose sketches, the fruit of his life at sea. For Masefield has had his experiences. Few poets probably have had more. But they have been of his own choosing. He was sailing before the mast when he was fourteen, and ten years ago he was in New York, rinsing out glasses in a Sixth Avenue saloon.

So there is the stuff of life in Masefield's work. He knows and sympathizes with human suffering. He is modern. He is disillusioned. He is callous in facing certain sordid and ugly sides of life. His language is not always pretty. There is something of the inconsequent slap-dash of "Don Juan" in his work. He has his lyrical moments, many of them, but has the

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disconcerting habit of swooping down from some lyrical or dramatic height, like an airship, and making a bad landing. Byron did this for humorous effect; Masefield seems to do it in token of great earnestness.

Not to know Masefield's work is not to know one of the most widely read of the newer poets. He is not of yesterday, perhaps will not be of to-morrow, but he emphatically *is* right now.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

It will take some time for us to accommodate ourselves to the idea that a man with the name of Rabindranath Tagore could be given a Nobel prize for literature. Even the name doesn't sound real, of this Hindu poet, who makes his own translations from the Bengali into English, getting beauties out of our language that even Francis Thompson never dreamed. Indeed, reading Tagore, we seem to be going back to our Bible-reading days again.

For twenty years, we are told, Tagore has been a popular idol in India. His songs are sung by the children in the streets, even as Tasso's were sung in Naples. And they may be on phonographic records, for all we know. At any rate they are sung in the churches. Carlyle said of Burns that "high duchesses and ostlers at inns gather round this Scottish rustic"—the same may be said of Tagore. In India they speak of the "Epoch of Rabindranath."

His family has been great and learned and cultured for generations. Needless to say, he learned his English in England, where he was sent when a young boy. After a gay youth, it is told he had a spiritual conversion similar to Tolstoy's. Now he writes love-songs, but the kind of love-song that is Solomon's.

His first book coming to the attention of English readers is "Gitanjali," or Song-Offerings. They are the love-songs of the soul for God. The lamp is lighted, the mat is spread before the door, the water is fetched from the fountain, the conch-shells are sounded—all for the coming of the Beloved, the Darling, the Bridegroom, the Stranger, who is God. Repetitions are effectively used, and the lines sing themselves to a music of their own.

Too much at one time of Tagore may become monotonous. In "Gitanjali" we read: "Let all my songs gather their diverse strains into a single current and flow to a sea of silence in one salutation to Thee." And this is what they do. The Macmillans publish three books of Mr. Tagore's songs, and one book of philosophical and religious papers, called "Sadhana."

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Personally we don't care for "Collected Works." We prefer "Selections." But here we have in six thick, pudgy volumes the complete works of our own James Whitcomb Riley, collected, arranged, annotated, bibliographed, and all the rest, by his nephew and secretary, Edmund Henry Eitel (Bobbs-Merrill).

There must be thousands of the poems. Newspaper files have been ransacked and yellowing scrap-books brought to light to find Riley's early work, much of which was written for that insatiable monster, the daily press. No less than four hundred of these fugitive pieces were found, and half of them retained for this collected edition.

If some of this early and "occasional" verse hardly reaches Mr. Riley's later standards, it is probably because, as Frank Colby would say, occasional verse so seldom does rise to the occasion.

It is embarrassing to say anything about Riley. It is like talking about a member of your own family in his presence. He is one of us. He is Home Folks. He is the common poet of our common selves. Many of his verses about Orphant Annie and Aunt Mary and the Old Man and Jim and a host of others, the very cats in America know, as Mark Twain (again) said of Heine's "Du bist wie eine Blume."

Riley has been, in fact, our laureate poet for many years, and has celebrated again and again such typical American institutions as Fourth-of-July celebrations, Old Settlers' picnics, church sociables, speaking pieces at school on Friday afternoons; and particularly has he sung the virtues of the "hired girl" and the "hired man."

If England coddles Alfred Noyes, and India reveres Tagore, how should it be with Americans and a poet like James Whitcomb Riley? Bless you, Jim. Take keer of yourse'f!

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ON THE MINUTE

Being a Leaf from the Annals of Fate

by

GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

AUTHOR OF "GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. HERBERT DUNTON

FATE DOES A MORNING'S WORK

JACK PEPPER leaned his back against the wall to sun himself, because the only eyes he had were in front. Joe Canocci could scarcely shoot through a wall. However, no member of the Canocci "mob" was likely to be over on Third Avenue and Tracy Street, particularly in broad daylight; so Jack, with a mind fairly at ease, stood resplendent in his natty brown suit, and waited for his "lobbygow" to bring him a taxi.

"Morning, Jack," greeted Officer Cassidy. "I see somebody got Dago Gus last night."

"Those Canocci crabs are always fighting among themselves," suggested Jack, his inward satisfaction betrayed by the glint in his eyes.

He was a broad-shouldered young man, with remarkably thin lips and nose for so square a face, and with the pink cheeks of facial massaging and daily shower-baths. Cleanliness had been proved to be of athletic value. Young Pepper had small, thick ears and a thick neck, and his blue eyes had a habit of shifting quickly from dead center to extreme right, extreme left, dead center again. Beneath his hat protruded a curl of yellow hair exactly in the middle of his forehead. Jack affected to regret that curl; but he took good care of it.

"There wasn't any knives used on Gus," grinned Cassidy significantly. "Whoever it was, got him with a forty-four; three punctures; in the back. That wasn't any Wop job. Jack, one of these days the new district attorney'll make up a list and shock some of you guys to death."

"That's no solitaire game," laughed the gunman, who was a craven in his heart, and knew it, but played brave as only a craven can.

Cassidy passed on, and the laugh faded from Jack Pepper's lips. He felt a strange uneasiness these days, and was particularly restless this morning. A slight contraction crossed his brow. He was aware of a vague new sensation—something resembling a chill.

He had good reason for this, because at

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that moment Fate, seated high up in her nebulous interspace, and rushing through the morning's work in preparation for a holiday, plucked Jack Pepper's name from the Past Due index, and wrote on the card, at random, "May 10, 1913, 10:37 P. M."

This item accomplished, Fate grabbed from the Agency index a handful of other cards. These bore the names of "Turtle" Petsch, Mrs. Taylor Turner, Marie Lanoir, a curly-haired spaniel by the name of Darling, "Sport" Pinsky, President Gather of the Knickerbocker and Hub Railway, M. Coan, lawyer, Joe Canocci, Martin Cavanaugh, and The Man Higher Up. There were three or four others; minor folk.

Fate hesitated. This seemed an unnecessarily thick hand of cards; but Fate was in a hurry, so she tossed them all down with Jack Pepper's slip, snapped a rubber band around them, and sent them down to Department G; after which she patted the waves of her hair, and arrayed herself tastefully in the flowing outer garments so well known to students of Mythology and Allegory, stepped on a pink cloud, and was scudded away. Turtle Petsch immediately altered his course, and shuffled across diagonal Tracy Street to Third Avenue.

II

GREAT DEEDS FROM LITTLE ACTIONS SPRING

The aptness of Turtle Petsch's nickname was uncanny: a low, sloping forehead, sharp brows projecting over wide-set, beady black eyes, a beaked nose, an enormously stretching mouth, a sloping chin. The crown of his head ran with an outward curve down his back, which was broad and rounded like a huge shell; and the man walked with a bow-legged shuffle which was almost a waddle, though this took away nothing from his apparent huge strength.

He approached the resplendent Jack Pepper with cinder-reddened eyes and a lugubrious bend on his wide lips.

"Brother, help a hungry laboring man out of a job," he invited, with the whine erroneously supposed to convey an impression of faintness.

Jack Pepper scarcely needed to estimate the "panhandler": first, he was a stranger; other reasons were superfluous.

"Brush by," he advised the Turtle, with a wave of the well-manicured hand on which there flashed a large diamond.

"I ain't had a bite to eat for three days," urged the Turtle, the resentment which he felt for all mankind glowing in his eye.

"Fade away, you cheap bum, or I'll bat you," ordered the ruler of that district, rather grateful for the appearance of the irritating intruder. It was good to have some concrete object upon which to fasten the abstract uneasiness Fate had carelessly cast upon him.

"I guess this is a free country, Bo!" indignantly remonstrated the American citizen.

Jack Pepper's argument in refutation was the most humiliating insult one man can heap upon another. He did not smash the Turtle with his fist, in token that he was to be considered worthy of combat, but slapped him on the cheek with an open palm; and then, restored to good humor by the diversion, he laughed, and strode across to the taxi which had just drawn up to the curb, jumped in, and was whirled away; while the Turtle, who was sluggish of thought by reason of his rudimentary cranial cavity, held his cheek, and gathered slow rage.

Too late, he made for the curb, with awkward, spraddling strides, his broad hands swinging near his knees. He seemed resentful that the taxi was no longer there. Laughter aroused him from the purely physical instinct which had moved his body. The laughter was from Officer Cassidy and Jimmy Kent and "Red" Tumpkin, the last-named Jack's despised lobbygow or messenger.

"I'll croak him!" declared the Turtle, showing his uneven teeth; and his neck poked forward from his wide shoulders.

That was a more hilarious joke than the slap. Red Tumpkin laughed louder than anybody else. He was a flabby-fat object, whose creased and wrinkled, colorless and shapeless clothes gaped on him everywhere; and he had one of those round-eyed, round faces which betoken, in his type, weakness too general for contempt.

"Go down to Kelly's, and tell that to the boys," he advised.

"Who was it?" demanded the Turtle.

"Oh, nobody. Just English Jack Pepper," laughed the lobbygow.

The Turtle's neck drew in. He had heard the name of New York's distinguished gunman. No wonder they had laughed. Killing the supposedly highly protected Jack Pepper, even in self-defense, would be a certain warrant for the electric chair.

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"What's your name?" inquired Officer Cassidy, picking up one of the Turtle's broad, thick palms and inspecting it.

"Tony Petsch."

"Where you from?"

"Chi."

"Chicago, hey?" And Cassidy dropped the palm, which swung like a pendulum. There were callous spots on it, but they were not fresh. "What's your trade?"

"Bricklayer."

"That mitt looks more like a lead-pipe juggler's to me," grinned Cassidy. "I think I'll look you up in the Bertillon room. Got any coin?" And while he asked, he "frisked" Anton Petsch to see if he had any concealed weapons.

"Three bucks." And the stranger, after displaying the money which would prevent him from falling under the vagrancy ordinance, shoved it hastily back in his pocket.

"I know him, Cassidy," observed Jimmy Kent. "He's all right. Hello, Turtle."

The Turtle looked doubtfully at the under-sized Jimmy. He was slow of memory. "I got your mug, but not your monicker," he puzzled.

"Jimmy the Dip," grinned Cassidy, by way of introduction. "You was cell-mates, I guess." And he lounged on.

"Much obliged, Bo," said the Turtle. "Show me to Kelly's, and I'll buy."

The lobbygow was at his other side in an instant. They took him down to Kelly's "place," which was so dirty as to seem homelike, and introduced him to such members of Jack Pepper's "crowd" as happened to be loafing about, and spent two dollars of his money in warm beer on the top of which was a watery foam. He was well received in Kelly's. He had come with excellent credentials; better than if he had brought letters of reference. He had served two terms in the Joliet State Prison, one for house-breaking and one for highway robbery; and he had never implicated a pal!

Jack Pepper scarcely remembered the man when he came in that afternoon.

"He's a good Buddy, Jack," urged Jimmy Kent, who was long-nosed and addicted to jockey-caps and sweaters. "We know his record, and he's safe."

"All right, Jimmy," agreed Jack easily. "Let him stick around." And Department G entered a check-mark on the Turtle's card.

III

ENTER—AND EXIT—DARLING

Mrs. Taylor Turner was not one of those ladies who are most beautiful when unadorned, but she had the distinct advantage of knowing it. She spent hours in softening her hard features, and in smoothing away, from around her thin nose, the wrinkles which betrayed her disposition; but she expected her dressmaker to render her irresistible from the neck down.

When she tried on the new afternoon gown, black-haired Marie Lanoir threw up both hands in ecstasy; for, being of her race and nation, she saw, first, ensemble.

"Ah, madame, it is charming!" she cried, her plump little hands fluttering rapidly about the waist, touching a tuck here and a frill there.

"The blouse is too full," said Mrs. Taylor Turner.

"It is made so for effect," declared Marie, plucking at it to accentuate the fulness. "See, madame!"

"The corsage rose is too far to the side."

Marie stepped back to survey it critically. A pucker came in her brow. "Ah, pardon, madame!" she exclaimed, and in an instant she was all lithe agility—head, body, tongue, hands, feet. "I have it not on quite straight." And she gave the entire costume a dexterous twist at the belt.

"The skirt is too narrow; the lace is too heavy; the neck is too round," harshly voiced Mrs. Taylor Turner, giving free sway to her disposition.

Marie knew precisely when to follow the line of least resistance. "It is abominable, madame!" she shrilly agreed, dancing around the discontented lady to jerk and tug and rip off the atrocious failure. "I shall telephone the *tailleur* to send for it immediately!"

"You will do nothing of the sort!" sharply reproved Mrs. Taylor Turner. "She would send some stupid person who would not understand what I wish done. I am surprised that you should take so little personal interest in my difficulties. You will return the gown yourself."

"Yes, madame," and, removing the gown, Marie tossed it in its box, dressed her mistress in her favorite morning robe, and hurried to the door.

She had almost succeeded in getting away, but Fate, having the card of the

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JACK PEPPER'S ARGUMENT IN REFUTATION WAS THE MOST HUMILIATING INSULT ONE MAN CAN HEAP UPON ANOTHER. HE DID NOT SMASH THE TURTLE WITH HIS FIST, BUT SLAPPED HIM ON THE CHEEK WITH AN OPEN PALM.

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spaniel in hand, was insistent about the case of Jack Pepper.

"Marie!" snapped Mrs. Taylor Turner.

"Yes, madame."

"Take Darling with you for a thirty-minute walk in the park. Put on the white shoes."

So Marie laced the white shoes on Darling, and, taking that silken-haired pet under one arm and the big box under the other, she climbed into the big, brown limousine, left the gown at the dressmaker's, and stopped at the quiet little park near by; and the chauffeur went for a drink.

Marie Lanoir was of a petite figure. She had coal-black hair and coal-black eyes, and an olive-tinted skin which needed no rouge; and if the well-dressed loungers in this exclusive old park paid no attention to her, she was annoyed. For two minutes her piquancy was lost. There was no one on the benches but a fiercely mustached old man, who was reading his paper with avidity because there was a war somewhere on the other side of the world.

Then, in obedience to Department G, "Sport" Pinsky, who had been about to board a street-car, took a sudden notion to enter the northeast gate.

Sport was not tall and handsome. His eyes were too near together and his nose was too big and his thick lips were perpetually glistening, as if he had just come from roast goose; but he carried himself with an air of the insolence which always comes when oppression is removed; he was dressed in the height of American-basement fashion, from tan shoes to lavender necktie; and he very obviously noticed the piquancy of Marie Lanoir!

Marie's deft hand adjusted her fetching little maid's bow. She shot at the American "swell" a glance at once bold, coy, alluring, repelling, jolly, languishing; and Darling, seizing the opportunity, slipped its collar and darted away, across the street and down toward the wonderful new world of push-carts, which was only one block distant from the avenue of electric coupés.

Marie Lanoir and Sport Pinsky saw the bobbing white ball at the same moment, and set out in pursuit. They could have overtaken the absurd little gallop of Darling in no time at all, except for the tangle of push-carts and trucks under which Darling dodged. It was an anxious and an excited ten minutes before Sport finally rescued the woefully soiled spaniel; but the incident served to make the chance acquaintanceship a very friendly one indeed, and Sport Pinsky secured an invitation to call some evening when madame was away; after which Fate tore up Darling's card, without even marking a date on it.

IV

A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS GATHERING MOSS

President Gather, of the Knickerbocker and Hub Railway, had back of him the most accomplished railroad men in the world. They had no apparent connection with the Knickerbocker and Hub, but they watched its treasury very carefully, and every time the K. and H. had two or three million dollars to spare, they bought a competing traction line for a half or a third that amount, and sold it to the K. and H. for all the money there was in the treasury, thereby saving the stockholders from the sin of gluttonous overwealth. The K. and H. now had an accumulation of three million dollars, so President Gather sent for the company's business attorney, M. Coan.

"We'll open negotiations for the purchase of the Knickerbocker Traction Line," observed Mr. Gather, who was a plump-looking man with side-whiskers. They were so luxuriant that it seemed as if he must have fattened himself deliberately in order to grow out to meet them.

"Very well," agreed M. Coan, rubbing his palms softly on his knees and smiling in pleasant anticipation. "What price do you want to pay?"

"Oh, a million and a half," returned Mr. Gather carelessly; "that is, a million and a half covering all expenses. It's owned by the city, you know."

M. Coan smiled with all his nose, and hurried away. As soon as he reached his office he sent for Joe Canocci, a shriveled, sunken-cheeked young man with sharp eyes and a hollow chest; and the American lawyer held some rather important conversation with the American municipal statesman.

Joe Canocci went immediately to see a very great and powerful person; none other, in fact, than The Man Next to The Man Higher Up! This genius was a dictator in the affairs of New York, one of the most potent voices in the morals and welfare of that great and progressive city. It was a

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noble position, and one of vast responsibility, and the man who so capably filled it was a heavy and red-faced American, husky of voice and glowering of eye. His name was Martin Cavanaugh.

"Well, what's doin', Joe?" he inquired.

"City deal," reported Joe, the softly shrill trace of Naples in his accent. "The K. and H. Railroad wants to buy the Knickerbocker Traction."

"What's in it?" immediately asked the First Assistant Guardian of the city's moral well-being, laying a hairy hand on the edge of the rich mahogany desk which was never opened.

"All you can cop out of a million and a half."

"Come again tomorrow," husked the eminent patriot.

As soon as Joe was gone, the First Assistant went to see The Man Higher Up, who can not be described, because no unordained eye has ever beheld him. Some say that he is a majestic being with the brow of Jove, who sits on a great white throne with the scales of justice on one hand and an admiring recording

HE FAINTED AS SPORT HELPED HIM INTO A TAXI; AND THAT IS WHY JOE CANOCCI WAS NOT ON HAND TO DELIVER THE MONEY ON MONDAY MORNING.

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angel on the other; but those who say this are possibly mere dreamers.

Be that as it may, when Joe Canocci returned on the next day the First Assistant nodded his heavy head. He was able to hand down the decision as to what was best for the welfare of his great ward.

"It's on," he announced. "Bring me a hundred thousand."

"Sure," promised little Joe. "Do I take out my one per cent. or do they add it on?" And his sharp eyes glistened.

"Add it on," directed the First Assistant, in whose dull gray eyes there was never any change of expression, as befitted one so near the shadow of Jovian power.

Joe Canocci hurried away to M. Coan.

"It's on," he stated. "The chief says a hundred and one thousand."

"Very well," accepted M. Coan, smiling with all his nose. It was so round on the tip that it gave the impression of baldness. He hurried over to President Gather, who was anxious to have this little matter arranged quickly, as he wished to make some investments in his old home of Glasgow.

"The matter is arranged," stated M. Coan, tapping his double chin with his finger-nails. "We shall need a hundred and ten thousand dollars for preliminary expenses."

"Prompt work," approved the American railroad expert, stroking his side-whiskers. "You will want cash, I presume." He looked at the clock. "Come Monday morning," and he entered a note on one of his expense slips for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars!

Joe Canocci followed his bent and waspish shadow back to his own fiefdom, with no other immediate occupation in view than the delivery of this money on Monday morning; but Department G inserted two incidents in his plans.

Somebody, presumably one of the Canocci "mob," took a chance shot at Jack Pepper that night, in Scrap Alley; and Jack Pepper, deciding that he needed a bodyguard, conceived the happy idea of appointing a safe, reliable stranger with a good record, as being less likely to personal grudges of old standing; and he chose Turtle Petsch, remembering also that Turtle, a good, submissive worker, had been suggesting the idea for some time.

The other incident required a watermelon and a lobster for its beginning. Pietro Giovanni fell violently ill, and the only person competent to take the place of that worthy American cracksman in the delicate Taylor Turner job, was Joe Canocci himself.

Meantime, Anton Petsch, a non-communicative man, sat, by preference, in the dimmest corner of Kelly's place, and brooded, his beady eyes fixed on the sawdust-covered floor, or else straying, now and then, to loud-voiced Jack Pepper, with his picturesque felt hat at a rakish angle, and that yellow curl on his forehead. If a turtle, after three or four days of deep thought in the mud of a river, decides to crawl up on the bank and waddle across to a pool, you can throw logs in its way, stone it, or cut off a flipper, but it goes straight on to the pool, because it is incapable of a second thought until the first one has been carried out. Arrived at the pool, it can take under consideration the matter of the missing flipper.

V

BECAUSE GIOVANNI ATE LOBSTER

"A wire!" whispered Joe Canocci, pausing in the dark, on the back stairway. His fleshless hand ran deftly down the baluster and across to the stair-mat, following the thread of a wire so attenuated as to be invisible by day, and almost intangible by night.

"It ain't connected," whispered Sport Pinsky, mouthing his words so that the aspiration could carry no farther than Joe's ear. "The girl had me up this back stairway three times. The wall-safe——"

Joe hunched him with his elbow! Both solidified instantly in the thick darkness. The Taylor Turner house was supposed to be entirely empty. The two men stood with wide eyeballs, tensed, strained, listening; listening with their very flesh! The rush of the blood through their temples and the beating of their own hearts was all they heard, and yet upon them was an eery sense that there was some living thing in the house! They stood five minutes—ten! No sound! Sport Pinsky had been motionless, with one hand clutched on the baluster and one stretched rigidly up against the side wall; now he took a stealthy step upward.

A distant bell rang! The door of the rear stair hall opened above. There was no light; but nevertheless the two men on the

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stairway could distinguish the rectangular opening of less solid blackness.

Two shots rang simultaneously, a third one an instant later! It was as if they had all been in a vacuum and were part of a deafening explosion. The hot air surged about them compressively. The smell of the smoke was nauseating. Something heavy and soft toppled at the head of the stairs, clutched at the balusters, and held. There was a gasping groan, accompanied by a queer sound like the air intake of a small water-pipe.

Sport Pinsky and Joe Canocci ran down the stairs, jumped out of the dining-room window into the little rear yard, and crossed the fence to number forty-eight, which fronted on the next street up. Three minutes later, they walked out of the basement entrance of the deserted number forty-eight; but Joe Canocci was staggering!

"He got me!" huskily said Joe. He was holding his hand to his breast, clutching his clothing tightly against him; and between his fingers were lines of red! He fainted as Sport helped him into a taxi; and that is why Joe Canocci was not on hand to deliver the money on Monday morning.

Meantime, Turtle Petsch sat in the far corner of Kelly's place, and brooded.

VI

THE GREEN CAT ON THE WALL

M. Coan, with a hundred and ten thousand dollars cash in his possession, waited until long past the hour, and then Sport Pinsky came to take Joe's place.

"What's the matter with Joe?" frowningly asked M. Coan, who had been cautious for many centuries.

"He had a little accident," reported Sport. There were three razor cuts on his face. Pinsky was in the habit of shaving himself, but without cuts.

"Hunh," observed M. Coan, growing a trifle pale. His double chin had changed to a fish color. A nephew of Mrs. Taylor Turner had been badly wounded during an attempted burglary in that lady's city home, and a non-partizan detective bureau, inaugurated by the new district attorney, had declared that job to bear traces of the workmanship of the Canocci "mob." They were prone to leave jimmy-marks on a window, whereas the experts of the Pepper organization used glass-cutters by preference. M. Coan did not like the looks of Pinsky.

"Did Joe tell you what the errand was?"

"He didn't, believe me!" emphatically stated Sport, the hand which dangled from the arm of his chair quivering a trifle. He looked as if he had put in a nervous and sleepless night. "Joe's tongue's between his teeth."

"Good," approved M. Coan, tapping his double chin with the backs of his nails. "We shall not have any errand. Tell Joe the green cat is on the wall."

As soon as Sport Pinsky had returned to his sick chief, M. Coan sent for Jack Pepper, and gave him a hundred thousand dollars, plus five hundred, and told him what to do with it. He thereupon deposited nine thousand five hundred dollars in his own bank, while Jack Pepper, attended by his bodyguard, delivered the hundred thousand to The Man Next to The Man Higher Up!

VII

THE WHEEL REVERSES

The City of New York suddenly found out that the Knickerbocker Traction Line was a nuisance, and it decided to sell that cumbersome piece of property at a round million dollars, to a syndicate of unknown gentlemen not unconnected with those same philanthropists who were interested in preventing the stockholders of the Knickerbocker and Hub Railway from committing the sin of acquiring gluttonous wealth!

Three days after this action had been accomplished for the welfare of the great and populous city, the new district attorney, who was a young man devoted earnestly to the people and to his ideas of becoming governor one day—who knows what next!—received an anonymous communication conveying the interesting information that Jack Pepper had been instrumental in securing the sale of the Knickerbocker Traction by bribery!

It was a curious communication, printed in a scrawling hand and with many misspelled words; but the new district attorney had no eye for literary excellence in such communications, because the only eyes he possessed were fixed rigidly on that object known as the main chance!

If this information were only true—and he hoped that it might be—he had the most glittering opportunity of his still young career to do something glorious for the people, particularly for males over twenty-one years of age! It would be a radiant

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achievement to bag so great and powerful a personage as a man able to dispense so much bribe money; and he put the whole force of his newly organized detective bureau on the case!

It was a big detective by the name of Tiernan who did the cleverest bit of work on that remarkable mystery. Disguising himself with a new straw hat, he went to Alderman Schoenberg, and asked:

"Say, Otto, what was your bit for putting across the Knickerbocker Traction thing?"

Otto Schoenberg was a two-hundred-and-forty-pound American whose cheeks were broader than his forehead and whose neck was broader than his cheeks, and he laughed with a heave.

"I got nothing!" he declared.

"Well, whatever it was," stated Detective Tiernan, "you can pull down twice the amount if you'll turn up the right information to a certain party."

"Who pays it?" And Otto leaned his heavy hands on the arms of his chair.

"A certain party," promptly replied the American detective. "The same party will see that your name is kept under cover. Every other guy in the deal gets pinched, and enough'll turn state's evidence to send the rest over. Take your choice, Otto. Get this piece of coin or go to Ossining for a two-stretch."

Otto heaved from his waistline up. "I ain't any fool," he laughed. "I rather have the money." Then he shook his head. "Somebody will shoot that new district attorney," he sagely guessed.

"Nothing doing!" growled Tiernan. "No crook ever guns a district attorney. It's too dangerous."

This ingenious little bit of sleuthing brought the new district attorney sufficient evidence to start a scandal which lasted the newspapers six months. He secured bribery indictments against all the guilty aldermen, and capped this with the brilliantly daring feat of clapping into jail The Man Next to The Man Higher Up!

The new district attorney, as yet, was only a tall young man with a fuzzy mustache. Even so early in the race, however, he had prepared himself thoroughly for the great contingency. His strongest beverage was buttermilk, and he did not smoke at all! Governor? President! He subpœnaed Jack Pepper as a witness.

VIII

THE MAN HIGHER UP—FATE'S MEGAPHONE

It would not be fair to call the thing a flurry which so agitated President Gather and the gentlemen who kept such a philanthropic eye on the treasury of the Knickerbocker and Hub Railway; and the effect on M. Coan was little short of devastating! That legal gentleman was too nearly bald to show much change in the color of his hair, but he almost lost his double chin in a single night; and he went to President Gather with a countenance of deep green.

"Something must be done immediately!" he declared. "The new district attorney says that he will indict everybody he gets an ounce of proof against!"

President Gather, who had already secured accommodations on an early boat, but was not telling about it, stroked his luxuriant side-whiskers with an air which was intended to seem full of confident repose.

"I don't know what you are talking about," he stated, enunciating the words very clearly and distinctly. "What indictments, and against whom?"

"That Knickerbocker affair," explained M. Coan, mopping his round head with a continuous circular motion. "No previous operations are in question as yet."

"Oh, yes," acknowledged President Gather, still stroking his right-hand side-whisker with a movement so regular and an attention so strained that he might almost have been waiting to hear them purr. "I did read something of an alleged bribery in the sale of that traction line to some syndicate or other. I hope that you are not implicated in the deal."

M. Coan stopped mopping his head, and gazed at President Gather fixedly, holding his handkerchief just above his ear.

"Implicated!" he gasped.

"Exactly." And President Gather's greenish-yellow eyes were very severe. "I hope that you are not, because the K. and H. Railway would be compelled to take its legal business away from you at the first public mention of your name."

M. Coan took down his handkerchief and folded it with trembling fingers.

"The K. and H. Railway has been most careful to keep its skirts free from contamination," went on President Gather, his mind struggling with the problem of

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M. COAN STOPPED MOPPING HIS HEAD, AND GAZED AT PRESIDENT GATHER FIXEDLY, HOLDING HIS HANDKERCHIEF JUST ABOVE HIS EAR.

whether to shave off his whiskers, or not, before embarking for Glasgow. "No proof of wrong-doing can ever, by any possibility, be traced to this office, and I bid you good-day," and, leaving M. Coan in the little consultation office to battle for air, President Gather went away.

M. Coan presently rose and toppled to the window. How bright and fair were the sun-bathed roofs of New York, with the free air circulating around them in all directions! The Man Next to The Man Higher Up was over yonder in a cell. To be sure, he had a silken coverlet on his cot, and his meals were brought in from the Hotel Nabob; but there was no free air there!

M. Coan, repressing a strange inclination to trot around and around the walls of the little consultation room, hurried over to his office and ordered his broker to transfer all his bonds into cash; then he sat in his inner room and thought most dismally. President Gather was an ingrate! It was perfectly true that no proof could be brought against the K. and H. The bribed aldermen did not know the K. and H. was in the deal, nor did they know M. Coan, for that matter; but Joe Canocci did, and Jack Pepper did, and the man in the cell did, and The Man Higher Up did; possibly Sport Pinsky also knew; but him M. Coan did not regard, for Pinsky was safe, unless he should happen to be arrested!

The eminent American railroad attorney debated a long time whether to send for Jack Pepper, but he dismissed the thought. He did not dare to be seen in company

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with Jack Pepper; and the greenish hue of his countenance deepened!

At last, in desperation, he went to see that mysterious being visible only to the initiate, and his importunities and his need were so great that he finally found himself in the very presence of The Man Higher Up; but The Man Higher Up was not a majestic being with the brow of Jove, sitting on a great white throne with the scales of justice on one hand and an admiring recording angel on the other. To M. Coan, who had seen him before, though seldom, he was merely a potent Voice.

"I was just goana send for you," declared the Voice. "Is Jack Pepper the only evidence in this Knickerbocker case? Joe Canocci is paralyzed; he can't either speak or write."

"I hadn't heard it!" replied M. Coan, smiling with all his nose. "Pepper is the only man who handled money, anyhow."

"Enough said," pronounced the Voice, which had been carefully shod with alcohol.

"What am I to do?" demanded M. Coan, producing his handkerchief preparatory to mopping.

"Go home and sleep it off," advised the Voice. "Pepper carried the splits of the money from the party that got it from you to the parties that voted for the ordinance, so he's the only evidence, from your end of it and from this other party's. Well, all we got to do is to get rid of the evidence." And he had Officer Cassidy sent for. He wished to ask Officer Cassidy a few questions about the parties who loafed around down at Kelly's place.

One now begins to wonder at the fantastic elaborations of Fate. They are amusing.

IX

MAY 10; 10.37

Jack Pepper spent a particularly uneasy tenth of May. The sun was shining brightly, Jack had plenty of money in his clothes, and he possessed stronger friends than ever in those mysterious recesses where Influence is enshrined. He was of special importance now, on account of the unfortunate incarceration of The Man Next to The Man Higher Up, and he expected to earn quite a competence by the trifling labor of keeping his mouth shut. He fancied that he would return to Liverpool, and go into some respectable business in which the mortality risk was not quite so high as in his present occupation; say loan-sharking.

In all these reflections there seemed no real reason for uneasiness; and yet all that day he insisted on having his bodyguard close behind him.

The Canocci "mob" was disorganized since the partial paralysis of little Joe, and there was some talk of burying the feud and consolidating the two mobs under the able leadership which Jack Pepper had won by shooting the previous leader in the back. That afternoon Jack met Pietro Giovanni, otherwise known as Ravioli Pete, and they discussed the details of the consolidation with great friendliness, the Turtle keeping watch at the door of the neutral-ground saloon, his circular back pivoted against the doorjamb, his neck outstretched, his wide-set little eyes glistening, his hard, beak-like nose drawn down a trifle over the smile which curved the corners of his wide lips like the upward twist of a snake's mouth.

Officer Cassidy, marching off duty, passed the door, but he merely glanced in the general direction of Turtle Petsch, and stalked erectly on. The Turtle's eyes followed him down the street until he was out of sight, and the snake-like smile distended the Turtle's countenance still more widely. He and Officer Cassidy had talked quite earnestly that morning, and Cassidy had handed him a thick envelope.

Jack Pepper, after a friendly parting drink with the eminent American cracksman whom a stomach-ache had saved from the distressing end of Joe Canocci, came out on the street and went over to Kelly's, his bodyguard following at the proper distance behind to cover any attack from that quarter. To Jack Pepper, Turtle Petsch was a great comfort, waddling along back there with his broad hands swinging down at his knees. He was so steady, so reliable. True, he was a little morose, but there was a quality almost of fierceness in his devotion to Jack Pepper! He was sure to be in sight, Jack had found, even when his services were not required.

The Turtle went with Jack to dinner this night. He stood guard while Jack played a game of billiards. He even accompanied Jack to the house of a favorite lady friend, and stood outside the door while Jack made a brief call. On their return to Kelly's, they passed through a little courtyard, a hallway entrance on both streets permitting the saving of a block's walk. On

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both sides of the little court, which was dark and dismal, there were old, tumble-down tenements, now condemned and soon to be torn away for the erection of warehouses. Jack Pepper whistled, and, in the darkness, smoothed the curl on his forehead.

"Stick 'em up!" commanded a hoarse voice.

Jack Pepper did not recognize the voice, but he understood the command, and he jerked both hands swiftly high above his head! Turning, he beheld the face of the Turtle, contorted out of all human semblance. The eyeballs were glaring, the tops of the cheeks were twitching, the wide mouth was distended until it displayed every uneven tooth; and between the reptilian lips stood the tip of a red tongue!

"PEPPER, JACK." TEN THIRTY-SEVEN.

"That's rough joshing, Turtle," protested Jack, pretending to laugh; but his own square face went white as wax, except for his thick red ears, which by some strange stoppage of the blood retained their color, heightened absurdly by the contrast. For all his assumption that this was a joke, however, Jack Pepper did not attempt to lower his hands.

"Slapped my chops, didn't you!" wheezed the Turtle in that strange, new voice which Jack had not recognized, and he thrust the nozzle of his big revolver directly against Jack's stomach. Leering up into Jack's face, with eyes which gleamed of insanity, he clasped his finger on the trigger; but he was surprised to find that he did not pull it! Some power, which he could not understand, held him from shooting. The explanation is very simple. He could not. It was, at that moment, only ten thirty-five!

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"Thought I was a dummy, didn't you!" snarled the Turtle. "Thought you could bat me around like you do your lobbygow, didn't you! Well, now you know better! I'm the guy that took a shot at you in Scrap Alley! I'm the guy that listened at the keyhole when you talked to M. Coan! I'm the guy that turned you up to the district attorney! I fixed it, all by myself, to gun you, so that if I got pinched I got protection! I done it myself!" And he believed it.

"Do you know who sent out the word to croak you?" he grated. "The Big Chief!"

Jack Pepper felt a trifle of relaxation in the revolver held against him. He detected a slight wavering in the Turtle's eyes, and he made a swift movement!

At that moment Fate, happening to glance toward the tickers in the Completion Department, saw one of them in the "P" row flash out the words:

"PEPPER, JACK."

Arranging her draperies into the proper classic folds, she looked up at the clock.

Ten thirty-seven.

WAYFARERS ALL

CHARLES BUXTON GOING

SING hey! for the joy of awaking,
The glamour and thrill of the start
On the trail that shall be of our breaking.
Sing hey! for the courage of heart
That laughs at the long leagues of travel,
Lithe-bodied, light-footed, and free
As the river that sings o'er the gravel,
Or wind leaping over the sea!

Balm of bloom on the song road,
Sun and wind in the way;
For the day road is the strong road
That leads to the far-away!

Sing low for the goal of road's ending—
The last weary miles of the track,
Ere the shoulders are lightened from bending
Or the burden is eased from the back.
Sing low for the camp we are nearing;
For the trail has grown dim in our sight,
And we long for the glow of the clearing
And the silence and peace of the night.

Dusk, and dew in the gloaming;
Stars in the sky's great deep;
The hush of the night-road's homing—
The night road, leading to sleep!

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SOCIALISM:

PROMISE *or* MENACE?

■

A Debate between
MORRIS HILLQUIT
and
JOHN AUGUSTINE RYAN. D·D·

Editor's Note—*Here is the final phase—and the one most personal and important to you—of the general subject, Socialism. Will the acceptance of Socialism compel you to reject your faith? Will it modify your beliefs? Or is Socialism entirely detached, something you can maintain despite, or in pursuance of, your religious convictions?*

On these points Mr. Hillquit and Dr. Ryan are absolutely irreconcilable. The cleavage is sharp. And you are on either one side or the other. Here are all the considerations involved. Weigh them carefully.

The last instalment, next month, will present a review of the whole debate, by each contender, assembling the main arguments on each point.

VI

SOCIALISM AND RELIGION

BY JOHN AUGUSTINE RYAN, D.D.

TO THE charge that their movement is irreligious, Socialists frequently reply that no support for this contention can be found in the party platforms. In a general way the reply is true; it is also for the most part irrelevant.

In 1891 the "Erfurt Program," probably the most authoritative of all the party declarations, demanded that religion "be declared a private concern." In the national convention of 1908 the Socialist Party of the United States proclaimed itself to be "primarily an economic and political movement . . . not concerned with matters of religious belief."

With regard to the first of these declarations we must bear carefully in mind that it is merely a "demand for the present," a statement of the attitude which the Socialists desire to see maintained by *existing* governments.

It is not placed among the *fundamental principles* of the platform, and consequently does not commit the party to the belief or conviction that such a policy of toleration should or would prevail in the Socialist State.

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Hence its importance is not paramount.

Moreover, both declarations need to be interpreted. The platforms are not a complete expression of the teaching and tendencies of the movement. All that they can attempt is to set forth briefly the most essential principles and the practical proposals.

In the words of Liebknecht, a platform "can not be a commentary. The agitators, the journalists, and the learned of the party must give the commentary" ("Socialism: What It Is, and What It Seeks to Accomplish," p. 35; Kerr & Co.).

One of the most enlightening and exhilarating illustrations of this rule will be found in the "Official Proceedings" (pp. 191-205) of the Chicago Convention of 1908. More than one of the "agitators, the journalists, and the learned of the party" furnished a very helpful commentary on the religious-neutrality plank.

To avow the true scientific Socialist position on the subject of religion would, they pointed out, be decidedly bad tactics in a presidential campaign.

The evidence that the Socialist movement (as distinguished from the contemplated Socialist State) is unfriendly, if not actively hostile, to religion, and that the Socialist philosophy is incompatible with religious convictions, is overwhelming.

Let us summarize this testimony gathered from prominent Socialists under a few of its most important heads.

SIGNIFICANT UTTERANCES OF SOCIALIST LEADERS

Karl Marx: "The religious world is but the reflex of the real world. And for a society based upon the production of commodities, . . . Christianity, with its cultus of the abstract man, more especially in its bourgeois developments, Protestantism, Deism, etc., is the most fitting form of religion" ("Capital," I., 32; Humboldt edition).

Frederick Engels, the co-founder of modern Socialism: "Now religion is but the fantastic reflection in men's minds of the external forces which dominate their everyday existence, a reflection in which earthly forces take the form of the supernatural" ("Landmarks of Scientific Socialism," pp. 256, 257; Chicago, 1907).

August Bebel, whose authority is second only to that of Marx and Engels: "Religion is the transcendental image of society at any given period. The religion of society changes in the same manner as society changes and as its development increases. The ruling classes seek to preserve it as a means of upholding their supremacy" ("Woman," p. 146; San Francisco, 1897).

Joseph Dietzgen, also associated with Marx, and perhaps the most philosophical writer of the movement: "Yet Socialism and Christianity differ from each other as the day does from the night. . . . Indeed, all religion is servile, but Christianity is the most servile of the servile" ("Philosophical Essays," p. 122; Chicago, 1906).

Paul Lafargue, son-in-law of Marx, and leading thinker of the Socialist movement in France: "The victory of the proletariat will deliver humanity from the nightmare of religion" (*International Socialist Review*, Nov. 1903, p. 293).

Emile Vandervelde, the ablest of the Belgian Socialists: "For the Roman Church religion is not merely a metaphysical doctrine, but a political and social doctrine whose dominant ideas are diametrically opposed to the Socialist ideas" (*Le Mouvement Socialiste*, No. 113, p. 201).

Enrico Ferri, perhaps the most learned and widely read of the Italian Socialists: "Socialism knows and foresees that religious beliefs . . . are destined to perish by atrophy with the extension of even elementary scientific culture" ("Socialism and Modern Science," p. 63; Chicago, 1909).

Robert Blatchford, who has been more widely read than any other English Socialist: "The greatest curse of humanity is ignorance. Religion, being based on fixed authority, is naturally opposed to knowledge" ("God and My Neighbor," p. 195; Chicago, 1904).

CHRISTIANITY AND SOCIALISM WILL NOT MIX

Belford Bax, also an Englishman, who has written on religion and ethics from the viewpoint of Marxian Socialism: "Lastly, one word on that singular hybrid, the Christian Socialist. . . . The association of Christianism with any form of Socialism is a mystery, rivaling the mysterious combination of ethical and other contradictions in the Christian divinity itself" ("Ethics of Socialism," p. 52).

George D. Herron, at one time a Congregationalist minister: "The church of to-day

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sounds the lowest note in human life. It is the most degrading of all our institutions, and the most brutalizing in its effects on the common life. For Socialism to use it, to make terms with it, or let it make approaches to the Socialist movement, is for Socialism to take Judas to its bosom" (*The Worker*, March 30, 1902).

The evidence that the Socialist movement is unfriendly, if not actively hostile, to religion, and that the Socialist philosophy is incompatible with religious convictions, is overwhelming.

John Spargo, likewise a former Protestant clergyman, the author of more Socialist productions than any other man in the United States: "The ethics of Christianity, like its practises, are characterized by a monstrous disregard of the common life. Christianity and tyranny have for ages been firmly allied. The ethical teaching of Jesus even was not Socialism; even His pure spirit had no clear concept of that great common-life standard which the race was destined to reach through centuries of struggle and pain" (Editorial in *The Comrade*, May, 1903).

William English Walling, a very able American Socialist author: "We may slightly paraphrase Bebel's statement above given, and say that the majority of Socialists are firmly convinced that Socialism and modern science must finally lead to a state of society where there will be no room whatever for religion in any form" ("The Larger Aspects of Socialism," p. 381; N. Y., 1913). Moreover, Mr. Walling declares in the same paragraph that the overwhelming majority of Socialists believe that religion will disappear without any violent attack, and are working to "hasten that day."

THE STANDARD BOOKS OF SOCIALISM

Now, the leaders just cited, and others who take the same attitude toward religion, are the makers of Socialist literature. They have written books which are everywhere recognized as authoritative, which are read by the more intelligent Socialists, and which through newspapers, magazines, and speeches filter down to the rank and file.

Consult, for example, the list of works advertised by the chief Socialist publishing house in America, C. H. Kerr & Co., in the pamphlet, "What to Read on Socialism" (Chicago, 1911); and the books recommended in Socialist meetings, and by Socialist writers, lecturers, and lecture bureaus.

The prominence of anti-religious statements and theories in Socialist books naturally varies according to the class of readers for which they are primarily intended. In popular works like those of John Spargo, the shock to the religious believer is reduced to a minimum. In the more scientific and fundamental treatises, such as those of Marx, Engels, Bebel, and Lafargue, the irreligious implications of Socialist doctrine are presented in all their repulsiveness. Speaking summarily, we are justified in saying that practically all standard Socialist books contain, explicitly or implicitly, some quantity of irreligious materialism; that the most authoritative and systematic of them (mostly from the German) are saturated with it; and that the average religious believer who reads sympathetically many of these books, is in imminent danger of either losing his faith or perverting it into something quite "undogmatic" and meaningless.

SOCIALIST PERIODICALS AND SPEECHES

"Unless it retires to one of the poles of the earth, ecclesiastical hierarchy, like all other despotism, will soon be crowded off the earth" (*The International Socialist Review*, August, 1912, p. 118).

"For us, we fear the enmity of the Church less than its friendship, and this we should say equally of any other church, or any other organization accepting the capitalist ideal" (*The Worker*, May 1, 1902).

"The very word Socialism embodies an ethical concept infinitely higher than anything that organized religion has ever known. Nothing could well be more dangerous than the no doubt well-meant attempts to prove Socialism true by an appeal to religion" (*The Comrade*, April, 1902).

"To be sure, scientific Socialism has certain

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aspects with which the Church must of necessity disagree" (*The Call*, Jan. 5, 1910).

"It is characteristic of the Roman Church that it keeps the masses in ignorance and bigotry, and thus in submission to the ruling class" (*The Social Democratic Herald*, August 12, 1912).

Practically all Socialist magazines and newspapers publish something of this sort occasionally. The more popular periodicals contain less of it than those which are designed for the educated and for persons confirmed in the Socialist faith. Witness the difference in this respect between the *Appeal to Reason* and the *International Socialist Review*. Moreover, the newspapers present anti-religious doctrine in a more indirect and diluted form than the books. Nevertheless, the spirit of all of them is quite other than the spirit of religion.

The oratorical expressions of the Socialist movement seem to be irreligious in about the same degree as the newspapers. During political campaigns the party speakers refrain, as a rule, from utterances which are specifically offensive to religious persons. At other times statements of this character are fairly frequent, both from the "soapbox" and from the lecture platform.

THE IRRELIGION OF THE AVERAGE SOCIALIST

The great majority of Socialists seem to be either unfriendly to religion, or at least to have severed their connection with the church and the synagogue. While this statement is from the nature of the case incapable of mathematical demonstration, it is so well established by universal observation that no Socialist seriously attempts to call it in question. So far as Catholics are concerned, I am certain that only an insignificant fraction of those who become identified with the Socialist movement remain loyal sons of the Church. Except in an infinitesimal number of cases, they can not truthfully assert that they have been "driven out of the Church by the priest." They have been driven out, or drawn out, by the irreligious teaching and influences pervading the movement. In America, as in Europe, the normal result of Catholic affiliation with Socialism is that noted by the editor of *Justice* (London, Sept. 30, 1909): "Roman Catholics, I gladly recognize, have become very good Socialists, but only on condition of becoming very bad Catholics."

It is occasionally asserted by Socialists that the irreligious utterances of the movement should not be charged against the Socialist organization, any more than similar expressions from prominent Democrats and Republicans should be set down to the discredit of their respective political parties.

But the cases are not parallel. In the first place, there is a very great difference of proportion. Only a small minority of the distinguished members of the old parties are avowed atheists or agnostics, while practically all the leaders of Socialism must be so classified. James Leatham, a well-known English Socialist, writes:

"At the present moment I can not remember a single instance of a person who is at one and the same time a really earnest and intelligent Socialist and an orthodox Christian. . . . Marx, Lassalle, and Engels among the earlier Socialists; Morris, Bax, Hyndman, Guesde, and Bebel among present-day Socialists—are all more or less avowed atheists; and what is true of the more notable men of the party is almost equally true of the rank and file the world over" ("Socialism and Character," pp. 2, 3; London, 1897).

This statement is substantially applicable to the United States.

In the second place, the Socialist leaders deliberately connect their irreligion with their Socialism, and propagate it in books and periodicals which are primarily intended for the discussion of Socialism. Their agnosticism and their Socialism go hand in hand.

IRRELIGION IN THE AMERICAN SOCIALIST MOVEMENT

We are sometimes told that Socialism in the United States shows very little of that antagonism to religion which prevails on the Continent. This is a mistake. Both the leaders and the literature of the American movement are in harmony with the International Socialist position on this subject. Whatever minor differences exist are of method, not of substance or spirit. The opposition of American members of the party to religion is apparently less outspoken, less crude, and less direct than that of their European comrades; but it is not less positive, insidious, and menacing. A striking and conclusive proof of this view is found in the latest book of Professor Rauschenbusch.

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Speaking of American conditions, he declares that men who draw their "democracy and moral order from Jesus" have difficulty in cooperating with party Socialism. In Socialist meetings they "find an almost universal attitude of suspicion and dislike against the Church, which often rises to downright hate and bitterness, and expands to general antagonism against religion itself. The materialistic philosophy of history, as the average Socialist expounds it, emphasizes the economic and material factors of life so exclusively that the spiritual elements of humanity seem as unimportant as the coloring of a flower or the bloom on the grape. In large parts of the party literature the social and economic teachings of Socialism are woven through with a web of materialistic philosophy, which is part of 'Scientific Socialism.' The party platform declares religion to be a private matter, but that declaration of neutrality does not exclude persistent attacks on religion by official exponents of the party" ("Christianizing the Social Order," pp. 397, 398; N. Y., 1912).

In the view of the Marxian Socialist, Christianity will go out of existence with the downfall of Capitalism and private property.

Such is the experience and observation of a man who desires *economic* Socialism, and the reconciliation of the Socialist movement with religion, and whose conception of the Christian Church would enable him to make very liberal concessions of religious tenets in order that these ends might be attained. If *his* religious sentiments are shocked by the spirit of the Socialist movement in the United States, it is certain that no orthodox Christian, surely no genuine Catholic, could feel at home there.

ECONOMIC DETERMINISM MAINLY TO BLAME

The explanation offered by John Spargo of this constant association of Socialism with irreligion is not at all adequate ("The Spiritual Significance of Modern Socialism," pp. 95, 96). While the founders of Modern Socialism did attempt to erect it upon the teachings of science, which in their time was supposed to be atheistic, this fact does not fully account for the irreligious attitude of the Socialist leaders of to-day, when genuine science no longer puts itself in opposition to religion.

Not science but economic determinism must shoulder the greater part of the responsibility. Thousands and thousands of men who have been drawn into the Socialist movement by its economic proposals sooner or later have found that their religious faith was incompatible with a theory which reduces all social forces and changes *ultimately* to economic and material causes, leaving no place in the universe for the *original* and *independent* action of spiritual forces, or for the existence of that distinct entity called a spiritual soul. The Socialist newspaper, the New York *Call*, stated the situation exactly when it said: "The theory of economic determinism alone, if thoroughly grasped, leaves no room for a belief in the supernatural" (March 2, 1911).

The materialistic view of the universe and of life which is implicit in this theory has not remained merely implicit. It has been made quite explicit by the leaders and scholars of the Socialist movement. They have applied it specifically to the phenomenon of religion. They have expressly declared that religion is a product of economic conditions, that it changes with the changes in these conditions, and that the present forms of religion will disappear with the disappearance of the existing economic system. Kautsky, Labriola, and Engels have given considerable attention to this phase of economic determinism.

According to Kautsky, Christianity arose as a movement for social reform among the slaves and the proletariat, but in response to changes in economic and political conditions became a bulwark of the capitalist class (*"Der Ursprung des Christentums,"* pp. 481, sq.; Stuttgart, 1910). Engels tries to show that medieval Catholicism was but the religious reflex of feudalism; that Lutheranism arose when feudalism fell; that Calvinism was the outgrowth of republican ideas in Switzerland, Holland, and Scotland; and that freethinking responded to the economico-political conditions in France on the eve of the Revolution (Feuerbach: "The Roots of Socialist Philosophy," pp. 121-124).

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Finally, Christianity will go out of existence with the downfall of Capitalism and private property. "If our juridical, philosophical, and religious ideas are the more or less remote offshoots of the economical relations prevailing in a given society, such ideas can not, in the long run, withstand the effects of a complete change in these relations" ("Socialism: Utopian and Scientific," Introduction, p. xxxvii).

How could a movement whose literature is permeated by such explanations of, and such an attitude toward, religion be otherwise than irreligious?

AN INVITATION AND A CHALLENGE

If there be any intelligent student of Socialism who honestly thinks that it is merely an economic theory, or who hopes that the Socialist State is likely to be instituted and maintained in conformity with the traditional principles of religion and morals, he will be constrained to accept the following suggestions as entirely reasonable from the viewpoint of the Christian and the Theist:

Let Socialists eliminate from their postulates, principles, and propaganda every element which is contrary to the traditional teaching on morals and religion. This will mean repudiation of the theory of economic determinism in so far as the theory implies materialism in philosophy, relativity in ethics, and in religion agnosticism.

It will mean that they will no longer defend confiscation and "love-unions," nor make the working class and the Socialist State the supreme standard of morality, nor teach that the principles of morality are essentially variable.

It will mean the rejection of their antagonism toward religion, and of their attempts to explain the origin and development of religion on social and economic grounds.

It will mean that capitalists whose property is to be taken by the Socialist State are to receive full compensation, and that no industry which is not a natural monopoly is to be operated by the State until experience has proved that the latter is more efficient than private enterprise.

How can Socialists accomplish this task of elimination, expurgation, and purification? By a method that is elementary in its simplicity. Let the Socialist party in national convention formally repudiate all the printed works which contain teaching contrary to the doctrines and proposals advocated in the last paragraph; or, let it appoint a committee charged with the duty of relentlessly expurgating from the approved books and pamphlets everything but the *economic* arguments and proposals of Socialism. Let the convention solemnly condemn beforehand all periodicals, writers, and speakers who refuse to conform to the new policy; and let it commit the party to a program of "socialization" by a gradual process, through the method of competition in all competitive industries, and with full compensation to all capitalists whose property is taken over by the Socialist State.

Only through formal action of this kind can the Socialist movement purge itself of responsibility for anti-religious and immoral teaching, or become a purely economic organization and agency. When this has been done, and the new policy in good faith enforced, religious opposition to Socialism will probably cease. Until it has been done, no such result can be expected by any intelligent man who is honest in his thinking.

SOCIALISM AND RELIGION

BY MORRIS HILLQUIT

DR. RYAN in substance charges the Socialist movement with irreconcilable hostility to all forms of religion and maintains that a Socialist order of society would be incompatible with the observance of true religious practises.

To what extent, if any, can the charge be sustained?

At the outset it can not be too strongly emphasized that the organized Socialist movement as such is not hostile to religion. Nor is it friendly to it. It is entirely neutral in all matters of religious belief.

"Religion is a private matter," proclaims the "Erfurt Program," adopted by the German Social Democracy in 1891, and the Socialist Party of the United States as late as 1908 made the still more specific declaration: "The Socialist Party represents primarily an economic and political movement.

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It is not concerned with matters of religious belief."

That these party declarations mean precisely what they say appears abundantly from the testimony of the most authoritative spokesmen of the Socialist movement.

SOCIALIST TOLERANCE TOWARD RELIGIOUS BELIEFS

Dr. Anton Pannekoek, an influential and accepted modern writer on Socialism, states the proposition most tersely and cogently when he observes:

"We Socialists consider religion as a private concern of each individual, and we demand that the state shall take the same position. This demand proves clearly that the assertion of the clergy that we wish to abolish religion is simply a deception and slander. The platform plank—Religion is a private matter—clearly expresses that fundamental character of our movement by which it may be distinguished from all earlier revolutionary mass movements. We do not inquire into personal views; we do not demand any profession of faith; we insist only on cooperation in our practical aims. *Our aim is a definite, material transformation of society, a different regulation of labor, the substitution of the Socialist mode of production for the capitalist system. Nothing else.* Anybody who wants to cooperate with us for the attainment of this aim is welcome as a comrade-in-arms, regardless of his philosophic, religious, or other personal views. Our aims bear no relation to religion—they move in entirely different spheres" (*"Die Abschaffung des Eigentums, des Staates und der Religion"*).

Wilhelm Liebknecht elucidates the party declaration of neutrality in the following instructive language:

"Socialism as such has absolutely nothing to do with religion. Every man has the right to think and believe what he will, and no man has the right to molest another in his thoughts or beliefs or to place him at a disadvantage on their account. * * * Opinions and beliefs must be free. We, as Socialists, must respect them, and those Socialists who respect the sincerity of the beliefs of their fellow men will also avoid scoffing at them."

The absolute tolerance of the Socialist movement toward all religious beliefs makes it possible for many of its adherents to combine deep religious convictions and even devout Church practises with whole-hearted participation in the practical struggles of Socialism. "One may well be a good Christian, and still feel the warmest sympathy for the class-struggle of the proletariat," attests Karl Kautsky, the foremost living exponent of Marxian Socialism. And he adds: "The organization of the militant working class, the Socialist party, has not the slightest ground to reject such elements, if they are able and willing to fight the class-struggle in our way" (*"Die Sozialdemokratie und die Katholische Kirche"*).

But these explicit statements do not satisfy Dr. Ryan. Following the example of most clerical opponents of Socialism, he goes "behind the record," and seeks to palliate the force of the unambiguous Socialist declarations by ingenious interpretations and arguments. He contends that the accepted Socialist philosophy, and particularly the Marxian doctrine of economic determinism, are inherently incompatible with religious beliefs, and that a large majority of Socialists are agnostics or atheists.

THE INDIRECT BEARING OF SOCIALISM ON RELIGION

These conclusions are based on aprioristic reasoning, unverifiable general observations, alleged but unrecorded speeches, and fragmentary utterances of Socialist writers. They are rendered plausible by a somewhat indiscriminate use of terms.

Throughout the discussion my opponent employs the expressions *Religion*, *Christianity*, and *Church* interchangeably and without any attempt to define or differentiate them. But such a differentiation is very essential for a fair and just statement of the Socialist attitude.

Probably no other word in our language is so vague and elastic as *Religion*. In the attempted definitions of the term the most authoritative dictionaries and standard theological works present an almost hopeless confusion of ideas, through which, however, two main conceptions may be roughly distinguished. The first, which we shall designate as the *idealistic* or *philosophic* conception, defines religion as any belief in a universal and superhuman force; any acceptance of a great ethical principle, and even any faith in a high social ideal.

The second or *dogmatic* school of theology is much more concrete in its conceptions and defines religion as the belief in and

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ritualistic worship of a personal God, as the conscious and intelligent creator of the universe and the deliberate guide and judge of our individual actions and destinies.

The term *Christianity* is somewhat less vague than *Religion*, but like the latter it also stands for two widely different meanings. As a general belief in the moral doctrines and practises of Jesus, Christianity is a branch of what we have designated as idealistic religion; but as a literal belief in the rigid body of Church doctrines attaching to the term it is but a particular form of "dogmatic" religion, one of its many other similar forms, past and present.

The term *Church* is not synonymous with either *Religion* or *Christianity*. It is a concrete and material institution with an organization, history, and policy of its own, and must be judged by different standards than either religion or Christianity.

SOCIALIST PHILOSOPHY IS NOT ANTI-RELIGIOUS

There is obviously no antagonism or inconsistency between the Socialist philosophy and the various ethical and philosophic systems which we have designated as idealistic religions. In fact, Socialism has itself often been called a religion in that sense. But even the rigid Catholic conception of religion does not always seem to be incompatible with the doctrine of Marxian Socialism, including the much-maligned theory of economic determinism.

One of the best works in English in defense of the economic interpretation of history comes from the pen of a prominent and orthodox Catholic priest. This scholarly book is entitled "History of Economics, or Economics as a Factor in the Making of History," and its author is the Reverend J. A. Dewe, late Professor of the Catholic College of St. Thomas in St. Paul. It is published by Benziger Brothers, "printers to the Holy Apostolic See," and its fly-leaf bears the indispensable "*Nihil Obstat*" of the Catholic book censor as well as the official *Imprimatur* of Archbishop, now Cardinal, John M. Farley.

The summary of the author's economic and historical views, contained in his introduction, reads like a page from Frederick Engels. "It is evident," says the Reverend Dewe, "that economics must have an almost unbounded influence on human conduct, both public and private. For the great majority spend the greater part of their time either in producing or distributing wealth, and, from the point of view of extension, the time that an ordinary man has to employ in earning his daily bread is greater than that which he can possibly expend in explicit acts of religion. This all-pervading activity of economics is still more apparent in the state or commonwealth. In the whole course of ancient and modern history there is scarcely any single important political event that has not been caused, either directly or indirectly, by some economic influence. *Religion* and physical causes *may also have been present, but the economic factor seems to have been the most constant and the most pervasive.*" (The italics are mine.)

Evidently Professor J. A. Dewe disagrees with the assertion of his colleague John A. Ryan that the theory of economic determinism contradicts the belief of every Christian, and, what is particularly interesting to note, Professor Dewe's views seem to have the official sanction of the Catholic Church.

Still I am inclined to believe that the majority of Socialists find it difficult, if not impossible, to reconcile their general philosophic views with the doctrines and practises of dogmatic religious creeds. In that sense my opponent is perhaps justified in asserting that the Socialist party contains a larger proportion of "agnostics" than either the Republican or the Democratic party.

Many adherents of Socialism combine deep religious convictions and even devout Church practises with whole-hearted participation in the practical struggles of Socialism.

But Dr. Ryan is entirely in the wrong when he points to the Marxian philosophy, and particularly to the theory of economic determinism, as the specific source of the non-orthodox religious views of the average Socialist. Orthodox and dogmatic religious beliefs and formalistic religious practises are as inconsistent with any other scientific system of social or philosophic thought as they are with Marxism, and the "irreligion" of the Socialists is neither greater nor

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less than the "irreligion" of the average enlightened person who has been trained in the methods of contemporaneous thought and who accepts the conclusions of modern science. The only reason why the type of the "agnostic" occurs more frequently in the Socialist movement than in the ranks of the old political parties is that the average Socialist is better instructed and more independent in his thinking than the average Republican or Democratic voter.

The "irreligion" of the Socialists is neither greater nor less than the "irreligion" of the average enlightened person who accepts the conclusions of modern science.

Dr. Ryan assures us that to-day "genuine science no longer puts itself in opposition to religion;" but unfortunately he fails to specify the sciences which he considers "genuine," or to define the term "religion" in this bold sentence. If he has in mind the more modern and rather vague idealistic conceptions of religion, then I repeat that Socialism also does not "put itself in opposition" to it; but if he refers to the more orthodox and cruder forms of religious belief, I know of no pact of reconciliation between them and modern sciences.

"Genuine" modern science shows no inclination to compromise with traditional dogmatic theology, and the conflict between the two world-views is sharpest where the latter exerts its strongest sway. Thus Italy, Spain, and France, the strongholds of Catholicism, are also the seats of the most aggressive and militant atheism. The Socialist movement in those countries likewise presents a much larger proportion of agnostics than it does in the United States and in other countries of modernized liberal creeds. In this it merely reflects the general state of the enlightened public mind in precisely the same way as any other advanced section of the population—no more and no less.

SOCIALISM AND THE CHURCH

The attitude of the average individual Socialist toward Religion and Christianity may thus be said to be identical with the attitude of the average non-Socialist of similar state of general enlightenment. What are his relations to the Church as an organization distinct from the general institutions of Religion or Christianity?

As a rule, these relations must be admitted to be rather strained, and I believe Dr. Ryan's observation that the majority of Socialists "seem to have severed their connection with the Church" contains a large element of truth. Not alone the Socialist movement but organized labor all over the world seems to develop an ever-growing sentiment of distrust and suspicion toward the Church. And the responsibility for that attitude rests entirely with the Church, and particularly with its social and economic attitude and activities.

For the Church has undergone very radical changes within the nineteen centuries since its original foundation. Born as a revolt of the lowly and disinherited against the oppression of the rich and powerful of the world, for several centuries it remained the true and class-conscious organization of the proletariat for their mutual economic protection and social salvation. The primitive Christian community at Jerusalem was, in the testimony of St. Luke, a purely communistic institution, in which all members "who were possessed of land or houses sold them, and brought the price of the things that were sold, and laid them down at the apostles' feet; and distribution was made to every man according as he had need"!

Throughout the first centuries of our era the fathers of the Church, following the example of their Master, condemned the wealthy as "robbers of the poor" and championed the right of all human beings to the earth and the fruits thereof. It was owing to this proletarian and revolutionary character of the primitive Christian Church that it grew and expanded into a world-power, and when it had attained that power, it fell. The Christian Church never had a concrete social and economic program. Its teachings were purely abstract, purely ethical. Its sole social significance lay in its negative expression of revolt; and when the shrewd ruling classes of the Roman Empire, under Constantine, turned persecution into favor, and elevated Christianity to the dignity of a

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state and court religion, they drew the fangs from the dangerous movement. The meaningless form was preserved, but the living substance was destroyed.

Official Christianity was reduced to a set of formalistic practises and deprived of its great social significance. And the Church as the material representative of dominant Christianity became itself a dominant and oppressing social and economic organization. In the Middle Ages the social position of the clergy is quite akin to that of the nobility. It is an exploiting class. It owns lands and costly edifices and untold treasures. It employs laborers and armies and taxes the people. It vies with kings and princes for temporal power and often outdoes them in worldly splendor. Of the spirit and traditions of its early teaching and practises remains nothing but the dry skeleton of formal almsgiving.

When the ruling classes of the Roman Empire elevated Christianity to the dignity of a state and court religion, they drew the fangs from the dangerous movement.

In modern times the Church has been shorn of much of its temporal power, but it has remained the steadfast ally and the loyal apologist of the classes in power, and the determined foe of the common people. Every form of political tyranny and social and economic oppression has invariably had its spiritual support and pastoral blessing. Every effort of the downtrodden to lift their heads has infallibly met with its stern rebuke. Serfdom and slavery were sanctioned by the Church as God-ordained institutions. The brutal and rapacious feudal lord was acclaimed by it as the "soldier of Christ," and the autocratic tyrant as the "anointed of God." The struggles of the nations for political liberty in the eighteenth century and the American anti-slavery movement in the earlier half of the nineteenth century were combated by the Church as wicked, and so, on the whole, are the modern struggles of the workers for economic justice.

The Church can be relied on to take the employer's side in every important labor struggle. It counsels "Christian" resignation and preaches to the exploited workers the paralyzing and immoral gospel of servile submission. It hates and execrates all revolts against the ruling classes, and that is the true reason for its embittered war against Socialism, the most radical and potent expression of the modern working-class revolt.

It is not true that the strenuous anti-Socialist agitation of the Catholic Church was inspired by the alleged "immorality" or "irreligion" of the movement. The Catholic Church remains indifferent and inactive in the face of the most shocking spread of prostitution, white slavery, and all forms of moral degeneracy, as well as to the rankest manifestations of atheism, so long as they do not endanger the material power of the dominant classes. The Catholic Church cares little for morality *per se*. Its active and aggressive attacks are always directed against liberating movements, and the charges of immorality and irreligion are its invariable weapons of warfare in such cases.

Of course, this rule, as all rules, does not operate without exceptions. All modern movements for human uplift have had the active and enthusiastic support of some, often many, high-minded ministers of the Church. But they have been the exception; and, particularly in the case of Catholic priests, the exceptional and anomalous position of clerical champions of popular liberty has often been accentuated by severe discipline from the Mother Church.

And still I should advise my good Catholic comrades in the Socialist and labor movement not to take the attacks of their Church too much to heart. For just as the Church has ever opposed every progressive and revolutionary movement, just so has it uniformly reconciled itself with those movements in the hours of their triumph and victory. The Catholic Church seems quite loyal in its support of republicanism, personal liberty, and even religious freedom in all countries where these privileges have been won, although it had bitterly opposed all these institutions before their establishment, and still opposes them in countries of monarchical form of government and backward social organizations. It is therefore quite within the realm of the possible that when the Socialist movement shall have attained its object, and the Socialist commonwealth shall be an

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accomplished fact, the Catholic Church will confer on it its belated blessings, and proclaim it the only God-ordained social order.

I have thus met the attacks and answered the arguments of my opponent as fully and frankly as I could. But there still remains one phase of the subject, upon which Dr. Ryan has scarcely touched and which to my mind is vastly more important for a proper evaluation of the Socialist attitude toward religion than all the points heretofore discussed. I mean the religious toleration of the organized Socialist movement and the probable effect of the Socialist order on religious liberty. For, after all, the private religious beliefs of individual Socialists are of no greater importance or significance than those of any other persons. The agnostic, the man of philosophic religious beliefs, and the orthodox Catholic face each other with different and conflicting views. Who is right and who is wrong?

My beliefs differ from those of Dr. Ryan. I think I am right. Dr. Ryan is convinced that he is right. The absolute or relative truth of our positions can only be established by a free interchange of arguments and by our respective ability to persuade the greatest number of persons. Hence the important question is not, whether and what the individual Socialists believe, but whether the Socialist movement manifests an inclination to interfere with religious organizations and propaganda, and whether the "Socialist State" is likely to suppress or curtail the freedom of religious beliefs, teachings, and practises.

THE SOCIALIST MOVEMENT AND RELIGIOUS TOLERANCE

The organized Socialist movement has at all times actively and consistently defended the absolute freedom of religious beliefs and practises not only within its own ranks as a matter of tactics, but within the community at large as a matter of principle. The first definite test presented itself to the young Social-Democracy of Germany, when the government of the newly founded empire under the reactionary leadership of Prince Bismarck undertook to suppress the Catholic Church. Three bills were submitted to the Reichstag. One to limit the freedom of expression from the pulpit (1871); another, to expel the Jesuit order from the country (1872); and the third, to remove the education of priests from the Church (1873). The Socialist deputies in the Reichstag and the Socialist press and speakers outside of it, fought consistently and energetically against each and all of the measures.

The Catholic Church is still one of the "religious communities" officially recognized by the German Government, but that does not always protect it from molestation and persecution on the part of several constituent states of the empire. In order to put an end to such molestations and at the same time to preserve all privileges arising from the official state recognition, the Catholic Church through its representatives in the Reichstag (the "party of the Center") introduced the so-called "Toleration Bill" in 1900. The bill provided for "freedom of religious beliefs" in general terms, but demanded very specifically the entire independence of the religious communities *recognized by the state*. To this the Socialists opposed an amendment calling for the absolute freedom of convictions, beliefs, and religious practises for all persons. In the final vote the Catholics cast their strength against the Socialist proposal, while the Socialists unanimously voted in favor of the Catholic measure.

A still more recent test of the Socialist sincerity in the matter of religious tolerance presented itself toward the close of 1912, when the German Government renewed its attack on the Jesuit order in the shape of a rigid and hostile interpretation of the anti-Jesuit laws of 1872, known as the "May laws." The attitude of the Socialists on that occasion is best told by some of the American Catholic publications.

The Church can be relied on to take the employer's side in every important labor struggle. It hates and execrates all revolts against the ruling classes.

The *Catholic Telegraph* of December 12, 1912, reports: "In the situation which has arisen from the break between the Government and the Catholic Center over the decision of the

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Bundesrath in a case affecting the anti-Jesuit law, for which Dr. Spahn, the Catholic leader, denounced the Imperial Chancellor in the Reichstag, the ministry has resorted to the unprecedented step of inviting the Social Democrats to make common cause against the Catholic Center, which was formerly part of the Government *bloc*.

"The Center, with the aid of the allied (*sic*) Socialists, have 200 votes [the Socialists 110, the Center only about 90.—M. H.] or a full majority of the Reichstag, and can obstruct the voting of the supply bill and clog all other wheels of legislation. * * *

"The Government's appeal to the Socialists will apparently fall on deaf ears."

"'It would be a mésalliance and is not to be dreamed of,' says Edward Bernstein, the Socialist writer and one of the leaders in the Reichstag. 'All our traditions exclude such a combination.'"

The *Catholic Tribune* of the same date informs its readers that "a Socialist speaker assured the Center of his party's support."

From all of which it follows not only that the Socialists are absolutely consistent and sincere in their profession of religious tolerance, but also that the Catholic Church may occasionally find them highly reliable and desirable political "allies."

RELIGION UNDER SOCIALISM

The modern Socialist movement has thus demonstrated its broad-minded religious tolerance by word and deed. Is there any good reason to apprehend that an established Socialist State would be less tolerant or that its existence would be incompatible with the continuance of religious practises?

Socialism, on the one hand, demands the complete separation of State and Church, and, on the other, it stands for absolute religious liberty. These two fundamental principles determine the attitude which the Socialist State must take on religion and worship. It is safe to predict that a Socialist administration will confer no special rights, privileges, or exemptions on the Church, nor will it give it official sanction or recognition. On the other hand, it will not interfere in the slightest degree with its existence, teachings, and practises.

Socialism, on the one hand, demands the complete separation of State and Church, and, on the other, it stands for absolute religious liberty.

The Church will thus be a free and voluntary association of persons entertaining similar religious beliefs, and will be supported and maintained by the private contributions of such persons. The extent of its strength and influence will depend entirely on the measure in which it satisfies the spiritual requirements of the population. Will the Church stand that test? Will Christianity survive under those conditions?

Dr. Ryan asserts that in the conception of the Marxian Socialist "Christianity will go out of existence with the downfall of capitalism and private property." This prediction may be quite plausible from the point of view of those who consider Christianity as a mere "bulwark of the capitalist class." But surely the forecast can not be accepted by true believers, who hold that Christianity is an independent and absolute force capable of surviving all political and economic changes. There is, therefore, no reason why a good Catholic should have any misgivings about the fate of Christianity under a Socialist régime—unless his faith is not as strong as it might be.

A COUNTER SUGGESTION

Dr. Ryan concludes his able article with what he terms an "entirely reasonable" proposition to the Socialist movement. The proposition is indeed quite "elementary in its simplicity." All my opponent requests is that the Socialists forswear all views contrary to the "traditional" teachings of morals and religion; that they abandon the doctrines of Marxian philosophy, and a substantial part of their practical program. In return for these slight concessions he holds out the promise, or rather prospect, that "religious opposition to Socialism will *probably* cease."

I regret my inability to accept the friendly invitation on behalf of the Socialist movement. Socialism has succeeded exceedingly well with its present philosophy and methods.

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Since the days when the movement ceased to represent a mere pious and philanthropic sentiment and now that it has become a militant organization of the working class based on the radical social and economic philosophy of Karl Marx, it has grown from a handful of ineffective dreamers into a potent international army of many millions, a modern social factor more powerful than the powerful Catholic Church. It has grown in spite of political persecution and "religious opposition," perhaps even to a certain extent on account of them. It is therefore quite unlikely that the Socialist movement will at this time change its philosophy and tactics to suit my amiable opponent.

But if suggestions are in order, I may in my turn offer one to Dr. Ryan, which is likewise "elemental in its simplicity":

Let the Catholic Church dissolve its un-Christian partnership with the rich and powerful of this world; let it abandon its persistent opposition to all organized efforts of the poor for social and economic betterment; let it cease to interfere with political and class-struggles, to which it is not a party and on which it is not competent to speak; let it cast aside its pomp and splendor, its mundane ambitions and greed for power; let it return to the spirit and practises of the lowly Nazarene; in a word, let it limit itself to its legitimate functions within the spiritual sphere of life, and I can assure Dr. Ryan in positive terms that when this has been done, all antagonism between the Socialist movement and the Church will cease forever.

REBUTTAL BY DR. RYAN

IN HIS reply to my main article, Mr. Hillquit complains that I "go behind the record" of the Socialist platforms in order to get the attitude of the movement toward religion. Yet he does that very thing himself. Of the three writers whom he cites in his vain effort to show that "the party declarations mean precisely what they say," one, Kautsky, is a rather unfortunate selection. My opponent has omitted an important qualifying sentence which intervened between the two that he quotes from Kautsky; stranger still, he has neglected to inform us that in the second edition of the pamphlet from which the quotation is taken, the great German Socialist corrected his statement thus:

"As many letters addressed to me have shown that this sentence has been misunderstood, I do not think it out of place to remark that I do not view as possible the union of Christianity with Social Democracy as a political party in the sense that it is possible to arrive at a full understanding of Socialism from the standpoint of Christianity. . . . The acceptance of a personal God (and an impersonal God is a meaningless word) and of personal immortality is incompatible with the present stage of scientific knowledge in general, of which scientific Socialism is a part which can not be severed from the whole." (See "The Larger Aspects of Socialism," by W. E. Walling, p. 389.)

The other two authors, Pannekoek and Liebknecht, do assert that religion is not among the concerns of Socialism. But how can we know whether they are not moved by purely "tactical" considerations, quite as Arthur Morrow Lewis and other delegates to the Chicago convention of 1908 finally voted for the religious-neutrality plank, although they had in the course of the debate denounced it as a lie?

At any rate, Mr. Hillquit's "abundant testimony" comes from only two persons, while the contrary expressions that I have cited represent more than a dozen authorities. Mr. Hillquit, indeed, calls these expressions "fragmentary utterances," but he probably will not deny that they reflect adequately the mind of their authors. Any reader who may be disposed to question their value should consult the contexts from which they have been taken.

ORTHODOX RELIGION *vs.* ECONOMIC DETERMINISM

My opponent introduces an elaborate but wholly unnecessary discussion of the different meanings of religion and its cognate terms, Christianity and Church. I never denied that the Socialist philosophy is compatible with what he calls "idealistic religion," which may mean merely "an ethical principle," "a philosophical system," or even "Socialism itself"! Throughout the discussion I have, quite obviously, employed the

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term religion in its ordinary and easily understood sense: belief in and submission to a personal God, the Creator and Moral Ruler of the Universe. To religion in this proper acceptation, and not in the sense of some colorless ideal, I have maintained, and still maintain, that the Socialist movement is antagonistic.

TRUE ECONOMIC DETERMINISM INCOMPATIBLE WITH CHRISTIAN BELIEFS.

The two paragraphs which my opponent quotes from a book by the Reverend J. A. Dewe, to prove that this excellent and able priest does not find the theory of economic determinism incompatible with his Christian beliefs, are not at all to the point. Father Dewe merely says that economic factors exercise "almost unbounded influence on human conduct," and have been "the most constant and most pervasive causes" of events in the particular field of politics. Neither of these statements is equivalent to the assertion that economic factors *ultimately* determine all social conditions, institutions, and beliefs, or that such non-economic factors as religion, ethics, law, etc., are merely derived and instrumental causes of social events and changes. This is economic determinism as described by my opponent in his paper on Socialist Philosophy. This, and nothing less than this, is economic determinism as understood by orthodox Socialists.

Father Dewe does not deny the original and independent activity and causality of religious and ethical factors, nor the existence of the distinct spiritual entity called the soul. Therefore, he is not correctly classed as a believer in the Socialist theory of economic determinism. Indeed, if allowance be made for his somewhat unprecise and hyperbolic language, his view of economic causality does not differ substantially from mine, as stated more than once in the last two articles. Yet my opponent has not honored me with a place among the adherents of economic determinism.

After all, it seems that Mr. Hillquit has been merely exercising his dialectic skill and indulging his sense of humor; for he immediately faces about, and admits substantially that my position is correct. Here are his own words: "Still I am inclined to believe that the majority of Socialists find it difficult, if not impossible, to reconcile their general philosophic views with the doctrines and practises of dogmatic religious creeds." In the interest of strict accuracy, I should like to amend this sentence by introducing the word "vast" before the word "majority."

"SCIENCE" AS A CAUSE OF SOCIALIST IRRELIGION

According to my opponent, the irreligion of the Socialist is not greater than that of the person who "accepts the conclusions of modern science;" consequently it is not due specifically to the Marxian philosophy.

I repeat that genuine science is not in opposition to religion, to orthodox, dogmatic religion. By science I mean the group of natural, empirical disciplines, such as chemistry, biology, physics, physiology, experimental psychology, astronomy, geology. When we inquire whether science, thus understood, is consistent with religion, we may have in mind either the principles and conclusions of science, or the religious attitude of the scientists.

Inasmuch as science deals only with those facts that come under the observation of the senses, and with the uniformities or laws which are disclosed by such observation, it can not as such know anything of or assume any attitude toward ultimate causes or supra-sensible realities. The latter lie entirely beyond the field of science, and constitute the province of philosophy and theology. From the very nature of the situation it is evident that there can be no conflict between religion and science objectively considered.

The great majority of the ablest and most authoritative men of science have found no inconsistency between their scientific opinions and the principles of orthodox religion.

Nevertheless some scientists have gone beyond their proper field, and have attempted to interpret as philosophers the ultimate meaning of the phenomena that they have observed and the laws that they have formulated. They have speculated about God and immortality. Have their

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opinions on these ultra-scientific problems tended to support the assertion or assumption that the *scientists* are irreligious?

The great majority of the ablest and most authoritative men of science have found no inconsistency between their scientific opinions and the principles of orthodox religion. Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Galvani, Volta, Ampère, Cuvier, Pasteur, Herschell, Maxwell, Dana, Lossen, Mendel, Saint-Hilaire, Romanes, Kelvin, Virchow, Wallace, Wundt, Lodge, and a host of others, were or are believers in God and in the theistic interpretation of the universe. Among scientists of the first rank, that is, the men who have made important discoveries and enlarged the bounds of human knowledge, the deniers of God constitute an extremely small minority. Mr. Hillquit will find these statements supported by a great mass of positive and detailed evidence in a book recently published in London, entitled "Religious Belief of Scientists," by Arthur H. Tabrun.

There is not a country on the Continent in whose parliament the Socialists have shown themselves willing to allow the Church that measure of religious freedom which she enjoys in the United States.

To be sure, the *popularizers* of science, the men who have themselves investigated little and discovered nothing, have been in a considerable proportion unbelievers. Hence they have contrived to create the impression in the superficial and uncritical part of the reading public that religion and science are mutually opposed. But they are not scientists, nor are their irreligious speculations within the field of science.

Had my opponent merely declared that Socialist irreligion was due in great part to the general irreligion and skepticism of the last century and a half, he would have been on safe ground. A very large proportion of Socialists had adopted the views of the atheistic popularizers of science, and the opinions of other skeptical writers, before they became Socialists. Once within the movement, however, they found their previously acquired irreligion quite in harmony with Socialist philosophy. Hence the latter constitutes the main reason why the average Socialist can not be other than an agnostic or an atheist, so long as he remains in the Socialist movement.

SOCIALISM AND THE CHURCH

Mr. Hillquit admits that the relations between the average Socialist and the Church are "rather strained," but puts the blame for this entirely upon the latter. In the attempt to substantiate this contention, he pronounces a somewhat lengthy and virulent tirade against the Church.

I shall refrain from a formal reply. First, because the explanation of Socialist antagonism to the Church is sufficiently obvious in Socialist antagonism to religion. There is no need to look for an additional cause. Second, because Mr. Hillquit correctly stated the policy upon which we had agreed when he declared in his first paper that "the Catholic Church is not at issue in this debate." Third, because the space at my disposal is insufficient for an adequate reply to a series of assertions which cover nineteen centuries of history. Fourth, because such a reply would be in one sense useless, and in another sense superfluous. It would be useless as addressed to prejudiced persons, and to all persons who are satisfied with aprioristic history. It would be superfluous in the eyes of all those readers who try to get their historical views exclusively from a study of facts; for these will realize that of the thirty-five sentences in my opponent's attack, twenty-one are the direct reverse of the truth, twelve are a caricature of the truth, and only two are unadulterated truth.

SOCIALIST TOLERANCE

The instances which Mr. Hillquit cites from the history of the German parliament prove nothing more than that the Socialist party defended freedom of association in Germany. This was elementary prudence in a country in which their own associational liberty was constantly endangered by the government. It proves nothing with regard to the *general* attitude of the Socialist movement toward adequate and genuine religious freedom and religious toleration. "Separation of Church and State" and

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"absolute religious liberty" are beautiful shibboleths, but we desire to know just how they are interpreted by the Socialists before we accept them as guarantees of fundamental religious rights.

We know that they have been interpreted in the "Erfurt Program" as excluding the right to maintain religious private schools. (See Liebknecht's observations on this subject in the very paragraph in which he declares that Socialism is not concerned with religion: "Socialism: What It Is and What It Seeks to Accomplish," p. 58.) We know that they were interpreted by the Socialist groups in the French parliament as permitting active and militant assistance to the government in its work of despoiling the Church, driving out the religious congregations, and attempting to enslave the Church by the odious "law of associations." We know that there is not a country on the Continent in whose parliament the Socialists have shown themselves willing to allow the Church that measure of religious freedom which she enjoys in the United States.

THE SERIOUS CONSIDERATION ABOUT SOCIALISM

Mr. Hillquit is quite right in assuming that good Catholics have no "misgivings about the fate of Christianity under a Socialist régime." Christianity has survived much greater perils. However, that is no reason for being indifferent to the oppression of Socialism. All good Americans know that we could subdue Mexico, but sensible Americans do not contemplate with complacency the prospect of a war with that country.

After all, the probable attitude of a Socialist régime toward religion and religious liberty is a question of quite minor importance. No such régime is going to be set up by any enlightened nation. What is of serious consequence is the fact that the Socialist movement of to-day is an active and far-reaching influence for the spread of irreligion among large sections of the population in many countries.

This is the phase of the situation which gives genuine concern to all friends of religion.

When I suggested that Socialism purge itself of its non-economic elements, I had no idea that the plan would prove acceptable to my opponent. My only object in offering it was to demonstrate the bad faith or the gross ignorance of those members of the party who assert that Socialism is a "purely economic system." Since Mr. Hillquit refuses to countenance the elimination of a single one of the philosophical, ethical, or religious doctrines and implications of the movement, he can not reasonably expect a discontinuance of opposition from the Church. The doctrines in question do not lose their pestiferous character merely because they are propagated in connection with Socialism.

SOCIALISM AND CHRISTIANITY IRRECONCILABLE

Obviously the Church can not accept the "counter suggestion" made by my opponent at the close of his article. In the first place, she can not recede from positions which she does not occupy, such as "partnership with the rich," and opposition to social betterment. In the second place, the defense of religion and morality against attacks made under the guise of "political and class struggles" is a very important part of her legitimate spiritual functions.

From Mr. Hillquit's own pages, then, it is abundantly clear that Socialism and Christianity are irreconcilable. In the name of truth and honesty I thank him for this service.

No Socialist régime will be set up by any enlightened nation; but the Socialist movement of to-day is an active influence for the spread of irreligion among large sections of the population in many countries.

About the outcome of this irrepressible conflict, the Christian, at least the Catholic Christian, has no misgivings. If I may be pardoned for adapting the overworked forecast of Macaulay, I would say that the Church will be still flourishing when the last unregenerate Marxian shall lift his melancholy countenance from the dry and dusty volumes of "Das Kapital" to survey the wreck of the "dialectic method," "economic determinism," the "class struggle," "surplus value," and all the other stage properties of the tragedy-comedy called Socialism.

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ANSWER BY MR. HILLQUIT

ON ONE important point, at least, my opponent and I seem to be in perfect accord. We agree that there is little likelihood of a hearty understanding and active cooperation between the Socialist movement and the Catholic Church so long as both remain what they are. And this is practically all that Karl Kautsky says in the passage which I "neglected" to quote in my main article, and which my opponent has so triumphantly resuscitated in his rebuttal.

Dr. Ryan's efforts to explain away Father Dewe's views on the laws of historical development seem to me as unnecessary as they are unsuccessful. The distinguished Catholic divine accepts the theory of economic determinism without reserve or quibble, and says so as clearly and plainly as the English language can make it. Moreover, Dr. Dewe is more consistent in the acceptance of the theory than Dr. Ryan is in his opposition to it.

For, after all, why should a good Catholic consider the belief in economic determinism incompatible with the orthodox creed of his church? In the preceding instalment of this debate Dr. Ryan contended with much emphasis that the moral laws are "the rules of conduct which God necessarily lays down for the guidance of beings whom He has made after the human pattern, *just as physical laws are the rules by which He directs the non-rational universe.*" . In other words, my opponent's contention is that God does not rule the universe from day to day by direct, arbitrary, and changing methods, but that He has laid down certain permanent and immutable rules which govern life and existence and which, when discovered, constitute the "laws" of science. If this theory be true, why does it exclude a divinely ordained and universally valid rule of social and historic development?

If the law of gravitation, discovered by Newton, is the rule by which God directs the movements of the planets; and the process of natural selection, discovered by Darwin, is the rule by which He directs biological development; why may not the law of economic determinism, discovered by Marx, be the rule by which He directs the course of social progress? If the purely mechanical conceptions of the operation of gravitation and natural selection leave room for the belief in a personal Creator and Ruler of the universe, why not the theory of economic determinism? It seems to me the distinction is quite arbitrary and illogical.

Nor is my opponent happier in the selection of his arguments to support the alleged harmony between modern science and dogmatic theology.

Dr. Ryan names twenty illustrious men of science, beginning with Copernicus and Galileo and ending with Wallace, Wundt, and Lodge, and claims that they "have found no inconsistency between their scientific opinions and the principles of *orthodox* religion." My opponent would find it a somewhat difficult task to prove that the religious opinions of any considerable number of the men named by him were "orthodox" within his own definition of that term. But assuming that they were, the fact would prove as little in favor of Dr. Ryan's contention as a list of irreligious scientists would disprove. The method of drawing general conclusions from specific instances often leads to curious results.

PERSECUTION OF SCIENTISTS BY THE CHURCH

Take the case of Alfred Russel Wallace. He was an eminent scientist and a believer in God. Dr. Ryan therefore considers his case one of those that go to prove the alleged harmony between science and religion. But Wallace was also an outspoken and enthusiastic Socialist. Would my opponent consider this fact as tending to prove that Socialism is both scientific and religious?

But the more serious flaw in the argument lies in its utter one-sidedness. To establish the alleged harmony between science and orthodox belief, it is not enough to show the inclinations of men of science toward religion; it is also necessary to prove a friendly attitude of the Church toward scientific truths and their discoverers and exponents. It takes two to make an agreement.

And here is where my opponent's difficulty becomes unsurmountable. The history of the Church is one of undying hostility to, and relentless persecution of, all scientific progress.

Nicholas Copernicus, who heads Dr. Ryan's list of religious scientists, made the

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great discovery that the earth revolves about the sun, in the early years of the sixteenth century. Yet his fear of theological persecution was so strong that for more than thirty years he did not dare to publish his discovery. His work on "The Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies" was printed in 1543, and a copy of the book was put into the hands of the great scientist as he lay on his deathbed. That the fears of Copernicus were well founded was amply demonstrated by subsequent events.

The history of the Church is one of undying hostility to, and relentless persecution of, all scientific progress. She meets every new advance in science with stern rebuke.

The first great popularizer of the Copernican system, the original thinker and philosopher, Giordano Bruno, was held in prison by the Roman inquisition for two years, and was burned at the stake as a heretic in 1600. Galileo Galilei, one of the most powerful minds of his time, who corroborated and perfected the discovery of Copernicus by telescopic observations, was harassed by clerical opposition in all his works. Twice he was summoned before the tribunal of the Roman inquisition, and in his seventieth year the feeble and broken-down savant, under threats of inquisitorial tortures, was forced upon his knees to publicly "abjure, curse and detest the heresy of the movement of the earth." Nor did the persecution of Galileo end with his death. The clergy did not permit his body to be buried in his family tomb or a monument to be erected in his memory. In 1616 the Church prohibited "all books which affirm the motion of the earth."

The works of Kepler, Descartes, Newton, and Saint-Hilaire were viciously attacked by the Church, and as late as the middle of the eighteenth century the great French naturalist, George Buffon, who was the first to lay a scientific foundation for modern geology, was compelled by the theological faculty of the Sorbonne to recant: "I abandon everything in my book respecting the formation of the earth, and generally all which may be contrary to the narrative of Moses."

When the epoch-making discoveries of Darwin were published they shared the fate of all earlier scientific achievements. Cardinal Manning voiced the sentiments of the Catholic Church when he characterized Darwinism as a "brutal philosophy, to wit, there is no God, and the ape is our Adam," just as Bishop Wilberforce spoke for the Protestant Church when he rejected the new theory as a "tendency to limit God's glory in creation." Pope Pius IX. emphatically condemned the Darwinian theory as a heretic "aberration."

When the compelling force of scientific truth ultimately broke down the thick walls of clerical opposition and the new discoveries established themselves definitely and ineradicably in the minds of men, the Church had to abandon the Canutian task of forcing the rising tide back into the river in each instance. In 1757 the decree "against the motion of the earth" was formally annulled by the papal court, and to-day even Darwinism is freed from the ban of the Church.

But the Church learns nothing from the past, and continues to meet every new advance in science with stern rebuke. If it is no more the "infidel" Copernican or Darwinian against whom it is arrayed, it is the "agnostic" and "materialistic" Marxian who is made the target of its attacks.

Dr. Ryan concludes his rejoinder with a clever paraphrase of a passage from Macaulay in which he predicts the triumphal survival of the Church and the speedy oblivion of the heresies of the Marxian philosophy. Such pious forecasts were made by my opponent's predecessors with reference to the heliocentric theory in the days of Copernicus, Bruno, and Galileo, and with reference to the theory of natural selection in the days of Darwin, Huxley, and Wallace. What assurance does he have that his joyous predictions about the fate of Marxian Socialism will be treated with greater respect by history, the court of last resort of all theories and movements?

In the April number, Dr. Ryan and Mr. Hillquit will each present a summary of his side of the debate, with his conclusions.

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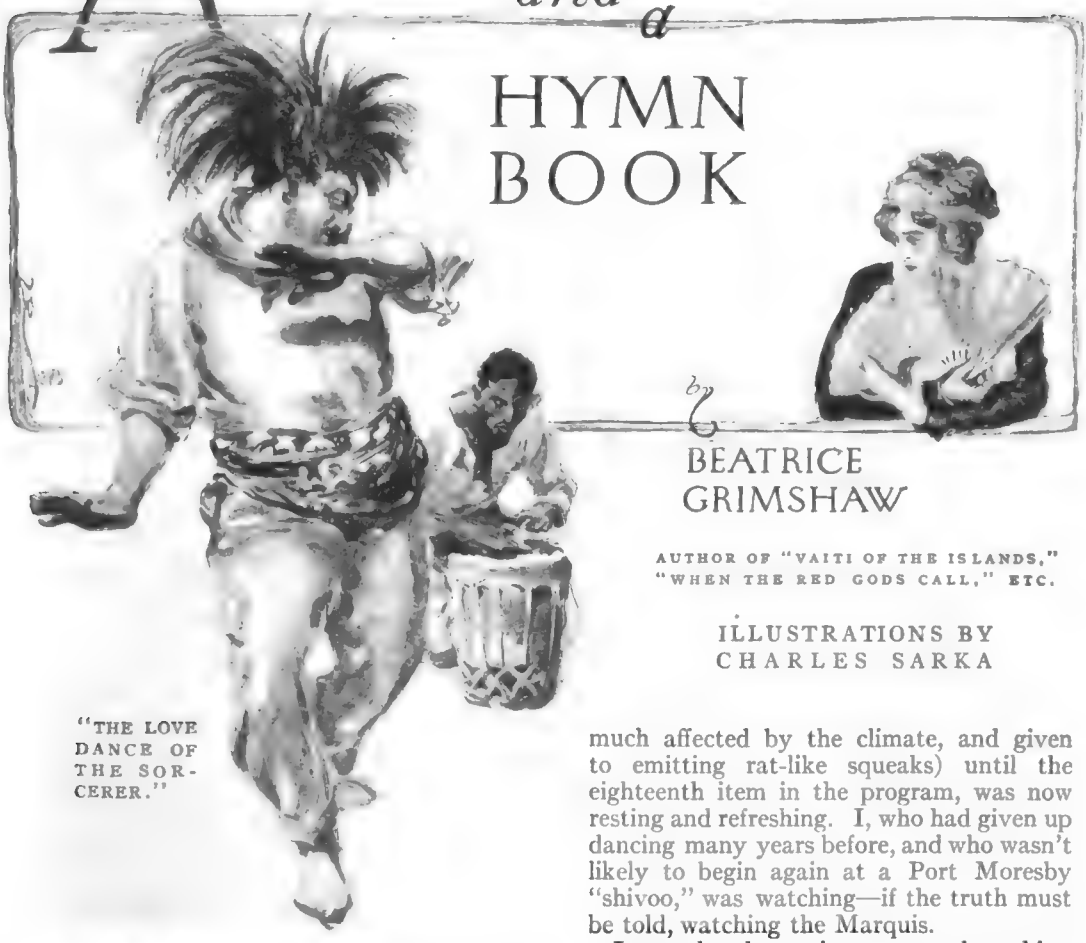
A Cassowary and a Hymn Book



"THE LOVE DANCE OF THE SORCERER."

by
BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

AUTHOR OF "VAITI OF THE ISLANDS," "WHEN THE RED GODS CALL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES SARKA

"IT'S a wise child that knows 'tis folly to be wise," said the Marquis.

He was sitting at ease in the supper-room, enjoying trifle, floating-island, tipsy-cake, and the other items of a somewhat sticky and gassy supper. His partner, Mrs. Vandaleur, a very fascinating little widow in a demure black dress, and the most scarlet of scarlet silk stockings, had just been carried off by the fluffy and indignant young Government officer to whom she rightly owed the supper dances.

The Marquis, who had danced without intermission from the first striking-up of the band (one piano, out of tune, one violin, much affected by the climate, and given to emitting rat-like squeaks) until the eighteenth item in the program, was now resting and refreshing. I, who had given up dancing many years before, and who wasn't likely to begin again at a Port Moresby "shivoo," was watching—if the truth must be told, watching the Marquis.

I was already getting uneasy about him, though we had returned to the comparative civilization of Port Moresby only the week before. We had a good ten days to wait for the next steamer to Sydney, and Port Moresby has nearly three hundred inhabitants, being a good deal the largest settlement in Papua. What were the chances of some one of the three hundred finding out in the course of those ten days that we possessed the second biggest diamond in the world, if the Marquis went on as he was doing now?

It was his turn to wear the stone, and nothing would induce him to give it up to me for the night, even though it was much

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harder for him—being fat—to hide it about his person, than for me. There it was, perfectly visible to me at all events, sticking out like a small tumor under the front of his shirt; and unless I was much more stupid than I supposed myself to be, it had already attracted some attention from little Mrs. Vandaleur.

Mrs. Vandaleur—Daisy Vandaleur, as most people called her: she signed herself "Daisie," in her numerous letters—was always referred to as "little;" she was, as a matter of fact, about the average height of womankind. But she had a small head and very small hands and feet, and a way of looking little and forlorn. And she was fond of calling herself a "poor little widow." I needn't go on describing "Daisie"—every one who has reached the age of thirty has met her and knows her by heart.

She had a puggy sort of little dog and a catty sort of companion, and she was a little pious, and more than a little musical, and knew how to put on her clothes (I said as much to a lady at the dance, and she replied that, in that case, it was a pity Mrs. Vandaleur didn't use her knowledge more liberally; also that at all events she knew how to put on her hair. Which gives you the attitude of feminine New Guinea toward "Daisie" in a word).

The little widow, of course, had set her cap at the Marquis from the moment of our return. That did not trouble me or the Marquis either. "Many dear women, they have done so, and I love them for it," he explained to me. "I find it altogether natural." Nor did it trouble me much from any ordinary point of view, that she should have sprained her ankle—just a trifle—when they were coming back from a stroll on the grass outside the hall—because Daisie was given to spraining her ankle at appropriate times. But when the Marquis lifted her up the steps of the veranda and carried her to a long chair to rest her foot for the next dance—why, then I saw Mrs. Daisie's little hand, as it slipped down from the Marquis's huge shoulder, pause for a moment at the odd lump under his shirt, and feel it with the dexterity of a pick-pocket.

The Marquis did not notice; he was gazing into her eyes, which were blue eyes, and went prettily with her Titian-red hair. I began to wonder, however. And when the supper-dances came, and I saw Mrs. Vandaleur walking in with the Marquis, as lightly as he walked himself, I concluded that it was time to offer him a hint. Which I did.

He answered with the mangled proverb I have already quoted, and filled himself another glass of ginger-ale, with the roistering air of a gallant in a Christmas number supplement.

It was the southeast season at its worst; in Port Moresby, that means that you live in the midst of a roaring gale day and night for months. Up here on the hill where the dance-room was built the veranda trembled like the hurricane deck of an Atlantic liner; the flags in the ballroom tore at their moorings on the walls; down the long tunnel of the supper-room the wind went yelling like a lost soul on its way to hell. The tablecloth flapped and slatted; the crackers flew about.

Mrs. Daisie, dancing beyond the doorway with the fluffy boy, clutched at her woeful black skirts, and twinkled the scarlet stockings that so piquantly contradicted them. I could see she was keeping an eye on me. For some reason or other, Mrs. Daisie did not like me—much.

"Look, Marky," I said (the howling of the southeaster isolated us from the other guests in our corner, as much as if we had been in a room by ourselves), "I want you to think for a moment what it means if people get on to the fact that we have a diamond worth the whole island of New Guinea in our possession. From that moment any peace we have—and Lord knows we haven't had much—ceases. In a small place like this one is safe enough from robbery; but once on a liner or in Sydney, we'd want a corps of detectives to guard the stone—if we can't keep it dark. And of course it doesn't matter where or how the news gets out—it'll run all over the world in a week, just the same."

"All over the world!" said the Marquis thoughtfully. "You have reason. We shall be famous, me and you. Flint, I love to be famous. It is the glory of our adventures that has already made that little flower of the tropic, Dai-see Vandaleur, love me as the poor little one loves. It is true, she also thinks me beautiful. But handsome is who tells no tales!"

"Will you let me keep the stone till the steamer comes in?" I asked, dropping the vexed subject. When a man of forty-odd

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begins to tell you about the women who admire his beauty, you had better get off that line of rails as quick as you can.

"On my conscience, and my honor as a peer of the ancient regiment of France, I will—NOT," said the Marquis. "I have the heart of a child, as the little Dai-see tells me, but a child I am not. To-morrow you will guard our property; the day after, I, and so on to the end. To the end, my friend." He drank another bottle of ginger-ale in two gulps, and waved his empty tumbler in the air. "And even if the end shall be death, then, my friend, a dead man is out of the wood. I love your English axes."

"Saws, I suppose you mean," I said.

"I knew it had to do with tools; it is altogether the same. Now I will show this little beautiful some species of dancing that will make her ready to die of love, there on my feet."

I really think the amount of ginger-ale he had drunk must have gone to his head a little; or else it had so inflated him, mentally and physically, that he was a trifle above himself. At any rate, he volunteered to give the company an exhibition of solo dancing; and, the offer being promptly accepted, started to do—of all things—Queen Elizabeth dancing before the Scots ambassador, Melville.

"It is to please your English sentiment, and at the same time to warm the heart of the little Dai-see by laughter," he explained to me. "This is comic: a frolic idea."

What a scene it was! The dancers, in their odd mixture of day and evening dress,

THE MARQUIS WAS GAZING INTO HER EYES, WHICH WERE BLUE EYES, AND WENT PRETTILY WITH HER TITIAN-RED HAIR.

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gathered round the walls under the slatting, tearing flags; the wild southeaster yelling along the veranda, so that the music, despairingly pitted against it, sounded starved and thin; in the midst of the cleared space, the Marquis, beneath a row of guttering hurricane lamps, dancing Queen Elizabeth. . . .

He had a scarlet table-cloth about his waist and a fan in his hand; he had rouged his cheeks with a scrap of red cracker-paper dipped in water; he had borrowed a pair of high-heeled shoes (big man though he was, his foot was amazingly small), and in spite of his bulk, and his pink fat face, and his twinkling trouser-legs showing below the drapery, he was the ancient coquette of England to the life. You could even see the sour face of Melville looking on, as the dancer stepped and pirouetted "high and disposedly," watching eagerly for the ambassador's approval.

At the end he laughed a high-pitched, cackling, old woman's laugh; struck the imaginary Melville coquettishly on the shoulder with his fan, dropped the table-cloth, and became instantly a dignified nobleman of the ancient peerage of France.

Mrs. Vandaleur ran forward impulsively as he finished, and begged for more. The room applauded. The Marquis danced again.

"Let a Papuan with a drum be brought," he ordered.

A boy was fetched from the grass slope outside the hall, where a number of natives had been looking on. He beat his iguana-skin drum as if for a native dance, with the throbbing, intoxicating beat of the New Guinea drummer. The Marquis snatched a native feather crown off the wall where it had been hung as an ornament, put it on his head, and danced "The Love Dance of the Sorcerer," looking at Mrs. Vandaleur all the time.

I must say he had used his Papuan experiences well. The dance was New Guinea, yet something more. It had sorcery in it, mystery, magic, and sinister, wicked charm. You felt the sorcerer loved the lady and meant to win her; but you were not quite sure he did not mean to roast her on the fire and pick her pretty bones by and by. . . . The lookers-on applauded violently, and Mrs. Daisie, whether truthfully or not, declared herself faint when he had done, and had to be supported to a chair.

"Oh, you terrible man—you dangerous sorcerer!" I heard her murmur as he gave her his arm. "How many trusting little women's hearts have you charmed away? Do you know the power you have? I think you must be very cruel."

"No, for I make my spelling gently: 'fair and softly is always to be blest,' " he answered, through the yelling of the wind.

Mrs. Daisie put up her hand anxiously among her curls, to see, I think, that nothing was breaking away from its moorings, and, being assured of this, fainted a little more, in the corner to which the Marquis had conducted her. Her head grazed his shirt-front, as she sank back in her chair.

"Ah! you have hurt my little face! Is it your heart that feels so hard and sharp?" she asked.

The Marquis, instead of answering, lifted her on to her feet again as lightly as if she had been a baby, and swung her back into the dancing-room, where now the music was beginning again.

"What happened to the wife of Bluebeard, little wicked?" he said, as they dropped into the waltz.

I do not know that I have the best temper in the world. Some of my friends say I have the worst when you rouse it; but that is an exaggeration. Anyhow, I could not stay in the ballroom any longer and see our fortune swinging over a gulf of disaster, on the frail thread of the Marquis's amorous folly. I went out to smoke and to swear.

The next day it was my turn to wear the Sorcerer's Stone, and I was ready enough to claim it. We had cased it in a piece of silk and sewn that up again in a piece of chamois leather, safely attached to a strong cord. No one wears waistcoats in Port Moresby, but I took care to select a shirt some sizes too wide for me, when I wore the stone, and, with a coat on, the loose folds concealed it effectively.

I was feeling a little easier about the Marquis since I had succeeded in extracting from him a solemn promise that he would not on any account or for any reason betray to any person the secret of the diamond. At the same time I managed to persuade him into altering his clothing a little, so that the stone could not be noticed unless some one went actually feeling about after it. More than this I could not do.

There is very little in the capital of Papua

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to occupy the mind of any reasonable person. When you have been out to see the native village, gone for a walk to Koki, where the native servants employed in the town hold nightly dances, and taken a boat across to one or two of the islands, you have about exhausted the interests of the place. It is barren and rather ugly; the white people are more civilized and therefore less interesting than those of Samarai; the natives speak English, wear trade clothing, and cheat the tourist over curios. To any one recently returned, like the Marquis and myself, from the mysteries, horrors, and adventures of the unknown interior, nothing could be more flat and tiresome than the silly little capital town.

All the more was I uncomfortable over my companion's evident fascination by Mrs. Vandaleur, whom I frankly took for an adventuress. Her very name was against her: it savored too much of stage posters to be natural. She was clever enough, I could see, to keep free of scandals; the dead or missing Vandaleur had not divorced her; cards were religiously left at her door by the ladies of the capital, who seemed to find a weird delight in playing at a strange imitation of the strange game called Society, away here in the wilderness of New Guinea.

"Like your Israelites of the Bible," said the Marquis, who always spoke of the Old Testament as if it were the exclusive property of the English race, "these dear ladies make brick in the desert without no straw; it is for that reason, I observe, that their bricks do not hold together the one with the other." And, indeed, the inhabitants of Port Moresby love each other scarcely better than do those of Samarai.

But though Daisie Vandaleur was quite respectable, according to the canons of the card-tray, and though in any case there was no risk of the Marquis's historic coronet descending upon her well-dressed head, I thought her none the less dangerous; perhaps rather the more.

"That dear little one, she desires quite simply to marry herself with me. I find that very touching, though I can not accord her her desire," he said sentimentally. "Flint, I can't tell you how much pity I have for all those beautiful women who so desire to marry with me. Of course, the day shall come at last when one of those lovely ones shall—what do you call it?—yank me in. But the rest, my heart is bleeding for those!"

He took out his embroidered silk handkerchief, and looked lovingly at the coronet. I knew he was minded to tell me the history of the lady who had worked it for him, so I got away before he had made a start. That was where I made my mistake. He went right off to Mrs. Vandaleur's, and told her.

They invited him to join the tennis-club after this. I never had time or inclination myself to learn how to throw balls at a man who doesn't want them and work hard trying to get them back when I don't want them myself—so I didn't see very much of the Marquis at this period, although for want of room we were sharing our quarters at the hotel.

After all, I had not been brought up at the court of France; I did not know half the kings of Europe, and I did not possess even a shanty in New Guinea, let alone a castle on the Loire. These things had not seemed to matter, when we were away in the wilds together, getting chased by cannibals, or being shipwrecked, or having snakes set on us by sorcerers—going ragged and hungry sometimes, and at all times not being quite as sure as we could have wished that we were ever going to get safely back again. But here in the little tin-pot capital, the kings and castles and things began to crop up again. And—as they say in sentimental novels—the Marquis and I drifted apart.

The days passed very slowly before the steamer's call. In the afternoons when the southeast was howling harder than ever and almost laying flat the little eucalyptus trees that stand up all over the many hills on which Port Moresby is built, I used to climb the heights above the town and wander idly about, holding my hat on and thinking what I'd do with my share of the price of the diamond—if we ever got it safe away to civilization. And down below on the flat the Marquis would be playing tennis with Mrs. Vandaleur, or squiring her about on the beach.

I never felt inclined to watch him on the days when it was my turn to guard the Sorcerer's Stone. But on his days I don't mind admitting that I shadowed him like a detective. In a town that is all small hills, with every house overlooking all the others, there is not much difficulty about that. And I grew more and more uneasy, as the time went on, to see the increasing number

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of hours he spent with Daisie. Every second evening, when he handed over the chamois-leather case in the privacy of our own room and said, "All right, my Flint!" I felt as if another barrier between our fortune and its realization had been painfully passed over; another cast of the dice fallen in our favor. For I knew now that Mrs. Vandaleur had her suspicions; and I trusted her—well, not half so far as I could have thrown her supple, eel-like little body.

Sometimes, from my aerie among the rocks above, I saw amusing scenes on the tennis-ground and the flat. The most amusing was on the day when Daisie persuaded the Marquis to dance on the tennis-court with a cassowary, a pet of some one of the residents, which used to hang about the grounds, begging humbly for cake, and if refused instantly turning vicious and jumping up into the air to kick with both feet at the person who had repulsed it. The players used to tease the creature a good deal in order to see it fly into a rage; it was a young bird, and not half grown, but it was very active, and went into the most amusing frenzies of stamping, whistling rage.

Cassowaries, as most people know, are extremely fond of dancing; and Mrs. Vandaleur incited the Marquis first to dance with the bird and afterward to give an imitation of its style. I do not think I ever saw anything funnier than the tall, thin bird and the tall, fat Marquis setting to partners on the green grass court, the cassowary taking its part quite seriously, and sidling, chasséing, springing, like a girl in a theatre, the man craning his neck in imitation, stepping stiff-legged as it stepped, and using his arms exactly as it used its wings.

Afterward, the Marquis improvised a "Dance of the Cassowary," and it was one of the very best things I had ever seen him do. I have heard since then that it has met with much approval in his castle on the Loire.

It was my day for the Sorcerer's Stone, so I looked on with an easy mind. After all, it seemed to me, I had been making too much fuss. The Marquis was not a fool, and even if the little widow succeeded in worming out of him the secret of the diamond, it was only what would probably happen sooner or later somewhere. We had been through so many risks with the Sorcerer's Stone that I had nearly come to believe there was something supernatural about it, for it always seemed to work out right in the end.

Next day I was suffering from a touch of fever, as most New Guinea residents do at times, and I did not go out at all, but stayed in my room and took quinine till the walls spun round me. The attack passed off toward evening, and I was lying on my bed, feeling weak, but better, when the Marquis came in.

"Had a pleasant day?" I asked. He did not answer, but went over to the wash-stand and began washing his hands, with his back to me. I was feeling almost too tired to talk, so I lay silent for a while, watching the eastern sky-line, through our little square window, turn pink with the reflected glow of the sunset in the unseen west, and the green-gray eucalyptus trees streaming before the ceaseless thrash of the "trade" that blew up strong and stronger as the night came on.

. . . It occurred to me that the Marquis was a very long time washing his hands. The room was getting darker; the people of the hotel were clashing plates and clinking glasses down below. It was nearly the dinner-hour. . . . What could be the matter with my companion?

"Say, Mark!" I called out from my bed, "have you been murdering any one, like Lady Macbeth, and are you trying to wash the 'damned spot' away, or what?"

The Marquis turned round so suddenly that he flung the tin basin rattling on the floor, and the water rushed in a deluge across the room. He did not take the slightest notice of it. He came up to the bed, and even in the twilight I could see that his face was white.

I knew what had happened before he spoke.

"Flint," he said, beating his pink, soapy hands up and down in the air, "I can not tell you. I can not tell you. O God, what have I done!"

He sat down on the floor—we had no chair—right in the middle of the deluge of water, and began to cry.

"I have betrayed and ruined you, my friend," he said. "I would like to die here where I am. What is the use that I should live? I say that I can not tell you what I have done." He wept again.

"Oh, get out of that water and sit on the bed," I said. "You don't need to tell me: all I want to know is, how it happened and

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I GREW MORE AND MORE UNEASY, AS THE TIME WENT ON, TO SEE THE INCREASING NUMBER OF HOURS HE SPENT WITH DAISY.

what Mrs. Vandaleur has to do with it." I was feeling pretty badly about the affair, for I saw in a moment that he had lost the diamond; but there is never any use, to my mind, in making a fuss.

The Marquis jumped up and tore open his shirt with the air of a man opening his very heart for your inspection. Round his neck was hanging a string, and on the string was a small silk bag—empty.

"Not one confoundable thing has that angel had to do with it," he said. "It is altogether me. I took it out of the chamois case this morning because when I play tennis that chamois sticks, and comes to go out of the front of my shirt; but the silk, it slips and does not come out. So I take away the chamois and I play tennis all the afternoon. And in the end, when it is time to go and they have all gone, all but Mrs. Dai-see and me, I feel my hand into my shirt and there is nothing there! Wildly I tear out the bag, and it is splitted——"

"Didn't you know that no silk will stand in the tropics? It was only a protection for the stone. You might as well trust tissue-paper as silk in New Guinea," I said wearily.

"I did not know, I swear. Well, when I see it is gone, I tell Dai-see that I have lost a something I have the greatest value for, a gem—I do not say a diamond. And she call many native boys. And they look, look, look, till it get dark. And I will swear, if it were that I was dying, we look every inch. But there is no stone."

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"I reckon Mrs. Daisie could tell you," I began.

"Halt!" cried the Marquis. "Dai-see is as innocent as the lamb unborn. When we see the stone is lost, she will not look herself. She sit on the seat and watch. She weep for me, that little one; she is most blooming sorry. But she will not be suspect: she won't touch that searching herself. She can not understand, and I can not understand. It was all razed clean, that ground: there was no gulfs anywhere, and the weeds was not. It should have been finding all right. But, alas it is not!"

He seemed so exceedingly distressed that I could not find it in my heart to say what I thought of him and his carelessness and of Mrs. Vandaleur—whom I could not believe altogether innocent—and of the whole wretched affair altogether. After all, Marquis or no Marquis, the man was my "mate," and we had been through a lot together, and a nicer fighter than he was, when one got into a tight place, I never wished to find. And neither he nor I was worse off than either had been a month or two before: we had lost nothing—except a dream. It was a splendid dream, no doubt, and one that I at least was never likely to have a chance of dreaming again. But I thought I could do without it, on the whole; and if I could, who hadn't done the mischief, so, I reckoned, could he.

I said something to this effect, and the Marquis wiped away his tears. It was with a red silk handkerchief this time, and the embroidery of the coronet, as he told me, had a story attached to it that was written in his heart's blood.

"Has Mrs. Daisie given you a handkerchief yet?" I asked.

"No," he said quite gravely, "she has but given me a hymn-book."

"A hymn-book!" I yelled, choking with laughter. "What, in the name of everything inappropriate, should Mrs. Vandaleur give you hymn-books for?"

"She is very devoted," said the Marquis reprovingly. "She thinks that she will make a Lutheran of me. Of course there isn't any dashed chance that such a consummation could arrive, but it makes the little one happy. Me also. As for the hymns, she sings them to me: I hear her sing them when I come up the road past her little bird-nest of a house."

"Are you going to ask her to help us to look for the diamond to-morrow?"

"I won't do nothing you don't wish," said the Marquis with sudden meekness. "I can not forget that I have ruined you."

"No fear," I told him. "Are you going down to dinner, or aren't you? Tell them to send me up a bit: I'm getting better. I rather think you and I are going to have a busy day to-morrow, Marky."

We had. I got up a bit before daylight and had a dozen natives helping me to search the tennis-ground before the sun was well up. We hunted for a good hour and I came to the conclusion that, if the diamond had ever been on the tennis-court, it certainly was not there now.

I came back and reported the result of my labors to the Marquis. He was sitting in our room, and looked very gorgeous in a marvelous pink silk kimono embroidered with green and gold dragons; but his hair had not been brushed up into its usual fierce bristles; his mustache was as limp as a walrus's, and his general aspect suggested a pink cockatoo that has been out in the rain.

"Don't lose heart," I told him. "The stone is somewhere. It's been picked up, you take my word for it. It must be in Port Moresby, and you can leave me to find out where."

It was in my mind, and I could not get it out, that if I wanted to know where the Sorcerer's Stone had gone to, I had better keep as much in Mrs. Vandaleur's company as possible. So, without giving vent to any suspicions I had, I allowed the Marquis to think that I had got the better of my prejudices against the little widow. I even accompanied him to tea with her when he went there to call a day or two after the loss of the stone.

It did not strike me that Daisie was overjoyed to see me, but she greeted me prettily and made tea for us. I don't know whether it was by accident or design that she made mine cold and weak and left out the sugar; if so, she did a foolish thing, for it set me wondering just why the little lady disliked me as much as she did. I am not, and never have been, unhappy in women's society; nor have I had occasion to observe that they are unhappy in mine—to take a leaf out of my companion's book.

But Daisie didn't want me, didn't like me, was more or less afraid of me. . . . Why?

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I watched her, sitting on the sheltered veranda, with the southeaster roaring ceaselessly outside, slamming at the blinds and lifting the long mats nailed on the floor. It was a wild day—a day to make any one restless. Most Port Moresby folk find the southeast season trying to the nerves, by reason of the unending uproar of the persistent "trade," and I judged that the wind —or something—was affecting Mrs. Vandaleur's nerves. She dropped a cup. She snapped at the boy who was bringing the tray. She started when one spoke to her suddenly—as I confess I did. Her color did not pale, but there may have been reasons for that.

She looked pretty enough, with her floating black draperies and her wicked little scarlet shoes, and her daintily dressed red-brown hair, to have turned almost any man's head, and I was not surprised to see the Marquis more devoted than ever. But as for me, I mistrusted her from the crown of her expensive curls to the sole of her little red shoe.

I drank my ill-tasting tea in silence, listened to the roar of the wind, and watched the lady and her noble lover. And I thought.

She could not have picked up the stone on the court—by what the Marquis said, it was clear she had not known of the loss until he told her. It seemed that she had questioned him shrewdly then concerning what it was that he had lost, and had managed to extract from him a pretty accurate description of the gem. He had not actually said it was a diamond, but, from what he told me, he must have allowed her to guess that it was.

She knew, then, that he had had a diamond of remarkable size; that he had lost it in a small, easily searched area. She had not picked it up and she had been careful—too careful, I thought—to avoid all possible suspicion of having done so.

Did she know where it was?

These were the thoughts that ran through my mind, while the Marquis flirted with the little lady, leaving me to talk to the uninteresting elderly companion in the background.

I think he began to feel sorry, before very long, that he had asked me to accompany him to "Dai-see's," for the little lady seemed in a fascinating mood and looked as if she would not have been sorry to have the drawing-room and the piano left to herself and her friend. Doubtless even the Marquis's self-possession shrank from picking out sentimental-sounding bits of hymns and reading or singing them in her company, before a couple of more or less unsympathetic observers.

Mrs. Daisie gave me a look or two that were certainly meant to be taken as hints, but I was astonishingly stupid that afternoon, and could not understand her. Even when the Marquis proposed going out to the little back garden to look at Mrs. Vandaleur's plants, I was so stupid that I couldn't see they did not want me, and I got up to go too, protesting that nothing in the world interested me so much as the selection and care of roses in the tropics.

"I never knew you were an amateur of the garden," observed the Marquis somewhat ruefully. "You are then interested in culture? Don't put out yourself to please us, my friend, if you would rather love to stay in the house."

"It doesn't put me out worth twopence," I assured him.

We went out through the sun and the wind to the back of the house, a rather gloomy party of four, all trying more or less to be cheerful. I fancy I succeeded the best. Mrs. Daisie, making great play with the care of her black draperies in the wind, yet found time to glance at me, I thought, unpleasantly, and the Marquis was pulling his mustache. But I was determinedly stupid.

The two got away in a corner of the garden before long, shamelessly deserting me and the companion, and I could see that Mrs. Daisie was talking religion again: a thing that disgusted me and inclined me to have no mercy on her, if ever she should need it at my hands. I can't say I am particularly religious myself, but any decent man hates to see piety used as a cloak. They had got out the hymn-book she had given him —a tiny, fancy little white-leather thing, the size of a match-box—and were looking up something or other in it, their heads very close together. . . .

"Would you like to see the cassowary?" asked the companion suddenly. I had almost forgotten her existence; she was one of those gray, dusty women of no particular age, whom somehow or other one always does overlook.

"What cassowary?" I asked.

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"Ours. It's such a funny thing. It dances, and fights, and does lots of queer tricks of its own. We have it shut up in the fowl-house."

"What for?" I asked, yawning. The companion certainly did bore me.

"Because Mrs. Vandaleur says it's sick. She bought it the other day; the people who owned it wanted quite a lot for it."

The companion was opening the door of the fowl-house as she spoke. Mrs. Vandaleur, hearing the creak of the lock, turned round and, if I did not mistake, her look was very black. It cleared at once, and a sunny smile overspread her face.

"So you are looking at my new pet," she said. "Poor thing, I think it is sick; but it is very amusing when it is well."

"Oh, this is my partner of the dance!" said the Marquis, as the great bird came solemnly out, turning its big brown eyes suspiciously about. He held out his hand to it, bowed, and began to dance toward it, flapping his coat-tails in imitation of wings and singing to an absurd tune the well-known nonsense rhyme:

> I wish I was a cassowary
> On the plains of Timbuctoo,
> For then I'd eat a missionary,
> Arms, legs, and hymn-book too.

"Beautiful missionary!" he said, pausing in his dance, "do you think the savage animal would eat you?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Vandaleur pettishly. "I can't stand this wind: it makes Daisie's little foots too cold. Let's go in."

"If it will not eat the lovely missionary, will it eat the lovely hymn-book too?" asked the Marquis, teasing the bird with the little book he held in his hand.

The answer came suddenly and in a way that he hardly expected. I do not think the Marquis had ever heard that cassowaries are much the same as ostriches in their appetite for strange and seemingly inappropriate food. If he had not, he was enlightened now. The bird stretched out its neck with the darting pounce of a snake, snatched at the gaudy little book, gulped, swallowed, and . . .

"By gum!" cried the Marquis, "she has eat up the hymn-book too!"

"Daisie's little foots are so cold," complained Mrs. Vandaleur, shivering in the wind. "Daisie wants to go to her little own home again."

It seemed to me that she was anxious to pass over the incident without remark, which struck me as odd, considering that it was her own gift to the Marquis that the mischievous bird had destroyed. We all went back to the house, and before very long our hostess began to yawn in an elegant but obvious manner that conveyed an unmistakable hint. The Marquis rose to leave, and I followed him.

He was looking worried and depressed, and I should have been glad enough to say something to comfort him a little, if I had thought it safe. But in the light of past events, I certainly did not. Nevertheless, I was mentally skipping and dancing all the way back to the hotel. For now I thought I saw my course.

When I had left the Marquis in his room I waited for a little while and then went straight back to Mrs. Vandaleur's. I found her alone on the veranda; and this time, all her rouge could not conceal the sudden paleness that crept like a white mist over her pretty face when she saw me return alone.

"I am flattered," she said. "To what do I owe the honor of this—very late—call?"

I looked her straight in the eyes. "What will you take for your cassowary?" I said. "Your cassowary that is sick—though it doesn't look it—and that will probably die in a day or two, suddenly?"

I always said the woman was an adventuress. She never turned a hair, or hesitated a moment. "A thousand pounds," she said.

"You mean fifty," I told her.

"A thousand," she said, opening her eyes very wide, and trying to stare me down. The wind was working up for night; we had to shout at each other in order to be heard.

"Fifty," I said again. "It isn't worth a thousand to you to be driven out of the country by that story."

"Perhaps it is," said she insolently.

"You forget," I told her, "that this is going to be a world-famous stone. You can't go to—Tahiti—or Nouméa—or anywhere and cut loose from a tale that links you up to a thing like the Kohinoor. You'll go with that story chained to you like the ball on a convict's leg, and a thousand pounds in your pocket—or we'll keep our own counsel and you'll keep yours and fifty pounds."

For a moment there was silence in the veranda—silence but for the tearing of the

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"IF IT WILL NOT EAT THE LOVELY MISSIONARY, WILL IT EAT THE LOVELY HYMN-BOOK TOO?"

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wind. The reed curtain in the doorway slashed back and forth. The canvas awning rattled like a sail.

"Give me the money," said Mrs. Vandaleur, without the slightest change of countenance. But I could see that the gauzy, sable laces on the bosom of her dress were heaving like black seaweeds in a storm.

I had brought a check-book and a fountain pen. I wrote a check and gave it to her.

"You might tell me how it happened," I said, as I handed her the paper.

"You know," she said. "He told me what he had lost. I'd seen the cassowary in the corner of the ground, gulping down something a moment before. They always go for anything bright. So I guessed. And when he told me I brought the bird over to the seat, while he was searching for the stone, and I saw the thing going down its neck inch by inch—as you can see, if you watch them swallow anything. Oh, I didn't take any chances. You've spoiled—you've spoiled—the best— Did you ever think what it is to be a woman and not so young as you were and with no prospects—none? You never thought, or felt, or cared about any woman in the world, and yet——"

Her eyes were very, very blue, and they were very soft to see through the tears that were gathering in them.

She looked at me and then looked away.

"And yet——"

I am never likely to know what she meant by that broken sentence. Nor do I very much care. For there is a girl down in Sydney.

I never saw Mrs. Vandaleur again.

The Marquis slept better that night than he had done for some nights past. I had a job to do before we slept; I did it—any man who has been on sheep and cattle stations understands that sort of thing completely. I tidied up before I came into the Marquis's room with the recovered stone; but there was a stain that I had overlooked on one shirt-sleeve. The Marquis saw it.

"It began in dying and blood, and it ends in dying and blood," he said. "Flint, in one week we shall be in Melbourne, and we shall find a syndicate of Jews and they will buy our stone for very many thousand pounds, and by gum, my friend, I shall think we are blooming well rid of this so remarkable treasure trophy of the wilderness!"

"I'm with you there," I said; and I was.

MIDNIGHT OVER THE VILLAGE

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

I LEAN across my window-ledge:
A black, unshaken shadow lies
The street, and huddled at its edge
The houses stand with blinded eyes.

Their roofs are gray in the still gloom,
Their gardens dun and violet;
One pale lamp pricks an upper room—
A late, sad star that will not set.

* *

O God! God! God! the slumbering folk,
Careless amid this mystery!
What if the tranquil heavens broke
With Judgment angels suddenly,

Thy sharp trump shattering their sleep?
Ah, touch them lest they dream too deep!

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"GOOD DAY," SAID THE SCARECROW.

CLOWN *and* SUPERCLOWN

In other words, Montgomery and Stone

by

PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

IS CLOWNING artistry? I pass. Has Fred A. Stone the artistic temperament? — admitting, of course, that artistic has been branded as a bad word, and that temperament is sway-backed from overloading—has he? Well, again I pass, with hands lifted, palms upward, shoulders shrugged, confessing helplessness.

My task is to describe phenomena, to mull about for words that will convey suspicions as well as impressions.

A reporter, after interviewing Mr. Stone upon some subject, wrote of him: "He looked sad. He did it with his legs." Sombreros

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doffed to that reporter. He had the acutest powers of observation.

Given a musical comedy: theme threadbare, lines commonplace, music so-so, chorus the usual twinkling shapeliness, chaste, simple, innocuous—the whole thoroughly in keeping with that innocent appeal which the story of Cinderella makes to the dramatic instinct of childhood, and nothing much beyond—and what should happen? By all predications of this St. Vitus hour, the thing should last four nights or five, and die before the town finds out that it is here. What does happen is that the thing goes for a year on Broadway and another year outside to business in which hard times can put no crimp.

They call the piece "The Lady and the Slipper." They give it three stars:

Elsie Janis, possessing youth, beauty, charm, a too frail voice, and a way with an audience much past the way of a man with a maid: plus the business firm of Montgomery & Stone.

David C. Montgomery is a clown, the prime investiture of whose art is a kind of modest passivity. He sings his songs, he does his dances, he gets his laughs, he is runner-up of his partner, and you like him, and will be a little less than conscious of all his presence means to the performance.

Probably only one man knows that; and he is the other member of the firm, the Superclown, the third and hottest blazing star of the trio, a revolving, kaleidoscopic light, who comes on and off like a human whirlwind, who answers to the call of Fred, whose middle initial is A., which stands for ambition, and who signs pay-rolls with the name of Stone.

Eccentric comedian, grotesque acrobat, drollest of dancers, most accomplished of pantomimists, singer of songs, juggler of feet, shover of the anatomically queer—getting a laugh by the twiddle of a thumb, the twirl of a finger, or the twitch of a cheek; with India-rubber vertebræ, elastic voice, ebullient spirits; with inexhaustible enthusiasms; with poses that interrogate naively, gestures that titter at his own apparent perplexed crudities, and grimaces that scream with infectious self-satisfaction at his own successes; contortion without awkwardness, exaggeration without offense, mirth without meanness, fun without a taint; a mind that is clean, a heart that is kindly, and a personal character that is sound; an athlete! an artist! a husband, father, partner, friend! All these things you may say about Fred Stone and still not bring him into focus.

The first genius of Mr. Stone is undoubtedly physical. Half the charm of his eccentric dances lies in the seeming ease and perfect rhythm with which he does the anatomically impossible. One is tempted to say something perfectly horrible—that in them his feet are feats. And he is very sure to bring some phase of his performance to its climax with a startling muscular exploit, or even a series of them, as in that cyclonic conclusion of the second act of "The Lady and the Slipper."

Stone appears in this act in the white, crimson, and gold of a Russian ambassador, becomes hopelessly entangled on the springing surface of a trick platform, and bounds and bounds, three, six, ten feet in the air, doing flipflaps, wings and backs, a dozen times. Finally, escaping in apparent exhaustion, he hurls himself upon a couch which is also "tricked" and throws him high in the air, from whence the human parabola descends upon a table in the center of the stage, only to rebound upon a trap in the floor which catapults him headlong through a full-length wall-portrait and out of sight into the wings. And while the audience is exclaiming its admiration, Stone appears suddenly, oozing delightfully forgivable self-satisfaction, and announces that he has just been *through* the art-gallery.

There are a few more lines and the curtain goes down. As it rises, in response to the applause, Stone, as if in the thoughtlessness of his ecstasy, clutches the bottom of it and goes sailing toward the proscenium arch, beaming placidly, and while the audience gasps he throws a grimace to remind them he is only clowning.

But this feat is not yet finished. Up goes the curtain again, upon an empty stage. No Stone, and no company posed about to receive admiring plaudits; no acrobat, even, suspended from the curtain; but wait—just as the curtain pauses for the descent there appears from its lower rim, high above the stage, the head of Stone, hair downward, and the grimacing, inverted, clownish face of him radiating boyish delight at the success of his weird prank.

These, confessedly, are the performances of an acrobat, but polished off with the art of the mime and seasoned with the unctuous drolleries of the born clown. And each

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play will have something of this sort from Stone. In "The Red Mill" it was a boxing-match, and a thrilling swing through the air on the arms of a Dutch windmill, a feat in which Mr. Montgomery joined. In "The Old Town" it was an exhibition of skill with the cowboy's rope.

A SKY-SCRAPER BOUGHT WITH LAUGHS: THE PULLMAN BUILDING IN MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK, WHICH BELONGS TO FRED STONE, COMEDIAN AND SUPERCLOWN.

Each of these seemingly unstudied minglings of clownish drollery with athletic skill and daring is the result of an amount of brain cudgeling and a capacity for taking pains which relates Mr. Stone on that side to genius. Take his feats with the rope. It required eight months of daily practise, hour upon hour, to master the simpler features of "rope-spinning," and five years of constant application were necessary to acquire that artistry of the braided noose of which he is now the master.

Nor would he be content with the thing merely as a toy. He went out upon the great cattle-ranch of Irwin Brothers in the Dakotas and learned to rope and throw and tie a steer as well as any cow-hand. Practise, practise, practise, was again the key to his success. He began upon a yearling in a pasture. He roped and threw and tied this unfortunate animal so many times that one day when Stone rode into the field the calf rolled over on its back and held up three feet—so they say out on the ranch!

Although Stone has spent all his days in an artificial environment, he has a passionate love for the open country, and is always thirsting for adventure. A few years ago he went trailing off up to Alaska on a bear hunt with his brother-in-law, Rex Beach. A year or two later he chartered an expedition to Greenland to hunt polar bear. One day, after shooting a mother bear, Stone lassoed first one three-hundred-pound cub and then another as they swam, making plenty of excitement for those in the small boat from which the riatas were cast.

But the past of the man is even more interesting than his present. His public career appears to have begun at the age of nine. Fourth of July is coming in a little Kansas town. It has been announced that a five-dollar gold piece will go to the boy or man who successfully brings down the small American flag from the top of the greased

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STONE IN THE WORK WITH WHICH HE OPENED HIS CAREER. THIS PICTURE IS OF A PERFORMANCE IN KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS, IN 1896.

pole to be set up in the public square. Fred's father is a barber. Five-dollar gold-pieces are not picked up loosely on the floor of the little shop. The boy resolves that the gold piece shall be his. To this end he practises—on posts, trees, and telegraph poles, to the great damage of his clothes and the swift culture of his small legs, so that presently he walks up a pole as if it were a ladder.

Well, to cut the story short, Fred got the flag and the five dollars, and the experience grooved him for life. From it he had his first sniff of the incense of the actor, public applause, the spell of crowd sympathy.

From it, too, he evolved the plan of his whole life: If you want to do a thing, train for it; when you have trained enough, try for it; if you try hard enough, you'll do it. This formula has its weaknesses, I will admit, but not when Fred Stone is working it. Follow him now—and we shall have to follow fast, for whirlwind speed is the *tempo* of his life—and we shall see him work that formula over and over: Aspiration—Application—Attack—Achievement—just as simple as that.

The first employment of the new principle comes quickly. Almost before the greased pole is taken down, a tight-rope walker comes to town and performs upon a rope stretched across the main street. When in the course of this performer's gyrations upon the rope some of the spangles fall from his gaudy trunks, Fred Stone runs out and reverently picks them up, for the lad has watched the acrobat ten minutes and has chosen his career for life.

Next day his father is helping him set up a tight-rope in the back-yard, and his mother is fashioning an odd suit of tights from one of father's old red-flannel undershirts and a pair of her own long pink stockings. Upon the breast of the shirt she sews, bless her heart, the spangles that Fred picked up in the street. You see, Fred Stone was built for partnering. People can't seem to help falling in with him and his schemes. Now his father and his mother and his little brother Ed became his partners, just as later Dave Montgomery became his partner.

The boy had both aptitude and enormous perseverance, and soon was doing on his rope, four feet from the ground, all the tricks of the professional, from standing on his head to lying down and seeming to take a nap. He also became skilful in tumbling and contortions.

Cole's circus was billed for the town, and a bright idea came to Fred. Why couldn't he make some money by carrying a square of old carpet out to the street corner and going through his bag of tumbling and contortion tricks before the crowd waiting to see the parade, taking up a collection from them as he had seen the rope-walker do?

The scheme started out all right. He had the eyes of the crowd, from the moment of the appearance of his wondrous tights upon the highway; but he made one mistake

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and that was fatal. In order to have some music for his performance, he waited for the circus band. When the music began, Fred began. He somersaulted, he contorted, he flipflapped, he cart-wheeled, determinedly, perspiringly, hopefully, but with an embarrassment that prevented him from raising his eyes from the ground until the last trick was done—when, lo, he discovered that he had no audience, for when the band came, why, of course, the parade came, and every eye was bent on that, except for faithful little brother, who was to take up the collection, and now stood twisting his toes in the dust and almost crying.

Later on in the autumn a little three or four wagon show came to town, pitched upon a corner, gave a high-wire "ascension" on the outside, and then lured the public within for an hour, after which it turned them out, and relied upon another "ascension" to refill the tent. This practise was kept up through the afternoon and evening of several days.

Toward the end of the week the manager was called to the door while a performance was going on within, by something unusual outside. Everybody was looking up. He followed the general gaze to see a slip of a lad in the crudest tights he had ever looked upon, walking his high wire. The manager was stunned with surprise. He was also scared cold. Visions of suits for damages if the boy got hurt rose swiftly, and angry exclamations gurgled in his throat; but before he could speak the admiring small boys holding the guy ropes shouted:

"This is the manager, Fred. Show him what you can do!"

"You come down, you little smart Aleck; that's what you do!" bawled the manager.

But Fred's opportunity had come. He refused to let it slip. Before the manager's astonished eye there was successively reeled off every trick of his adult professional performer, to which Fred then added one or two inventions of his own. When he did descend it was to stand before the amazed showman, his chest puffed out, his head conceitedly on one side, as he asked:

"Do I go with the show?"

"You bet you do, kid, if your daddy'll let you," gasped the manager; and that was the beginning of the professional career of Fred A. Stone.

When the circus went away to play the next town during county-fair week, Fred went with it, a professional circus performer at ten years of age. He was so small that the circus management dressed him in girl's clothes, and sent him aloft as *Mlle. Amy d'Arcy, the*

IN 1876, BEFORE FRED STONE HAD CHOSEN HIS CAREER.

FRED STONE AND HIS LITTLE BROTHER ED IN 1886, AS CIRCUS PERFORMERS TOGETHER.

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MONTGOMERY AND STONE IN THEIR MINSTREL AND VAUDEVILLE DAYS.

Human Doll, much to the human doll's disgust. As no one in the company could pronounce the name, Mlle. was promptly interpreted as Millie—a nickname that has clung to him through the years.

"Oh, see that little bit of a girl on that awful high rope," exclaimed a lady to her own little girl, the words floating up to the wire.

"I ain't no girl—I'm a boy," bawled the human doll, glaring fiercely.

When on Saturday Fred's father came over to see his son perform and gloat proudly over his neighbors whose sons were mere corn-huskers, the boy absolutely refused to appear in the hated girl-clothes. In the privacy of the horse tent he tore the skirts to tatters, and thus did *Mlle. Amy d'Arcy, the Human Doll*, to death forever.

But the elements were planning to flat the pride of Father Stone by getting up a wind so high that the management dared not send the boy aloft. Stone *père* was crestfallen. Stone *fils* looked at the

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swaying rope through bitter, rebellious tears.

"Shucks!" he bawled. "Lemme! Lemme! I kin walk it, I tell you, if it ties in knots."

"Yes," bluffed the father, "of course he can!" But all the same he was stricken with terror when he saw the management yielding and announcing that the brother of *Amy, the Human Doll*, would make the high-wire ascension.

The wind was making the old canvas top billow like an ocean. The wire itself stretched and sagged like a tow-line in a sea. Fred, fearing the attempt to turn round in such a gale, went out backward on the rope to the peak of the tent and, coming back, stopped half-way of the line to do his tricks. All were successfully concluded, but as the boy steadied himself for the forward stride a sideshow banner, carried away by the wind, swept over him. For a moment there was a frightful scrambling, high in the air, of gaudy pictures, pink tights, whirling balance-pole, and purple-headed boy, with much sweeping of arms, wriggling of skinny knees, and a few yells that sounded faint and far away to the people on the ground.

Excitedly Father Stone, in plug hat and Prince Albert for the occasion, shouted hoarsely, "I will save you, my boy!"—rushed under the scene of disturbance, and nobly extended his arms just in time for the heavy balance-pole to swing straight downward, crashing the plug hat about his ears and raising a bump as big as a baseball on his head. At the same moment, Fred, who, it appeared, had chosen his position on the rope calculatingly, somersaulted into a sitting posture on the eaves—if that's what you call them—of the circus tent, the fright upon his face quickly changing to a conceited grin.

And now if the reader, with a fillip of his imagination, will give Stone Brothers, Fred and his younger brother Ed, five years of irksome school in winter and wandering circus in summer, through ever-widening circuits, we can speed our story along to a time when Papa Stone has a little barber-shop in the suburbs of Kansas City, and Fred and Ed have branched out into a song-and-dance turn at a little variety theatre. Their effort pleases and the boys realize they are trying the door to a new world. Father, too, catches the infection of this new idea.

Hanging up in the little barber-shop was a lurid lithograph picturing Eddie Foy in his reigning success, and the father, as he cut and shaved and trimmed, used to eye this gay poster and dream that some day his son might be like that. One morning he said to him: "Look at that, Fred. That's what you want to aim to be."

And Fred Stone, fifteen years old, lank, hungry-looking, a scrubby acrobat in scrubby country circuses, playing his first engagement within walls, drank in the lithograph, and said: "All right; I will."

Fifteen years later, almost to a day, when, as the *Scarecrow* in "The Wizard of Oz," Stone had hit the very zenith of possible ambition, he played an engagement in Kansas City. On his first free morning he went out to walk alone, meaning to pick up one by one the old scenes and enjoy the delicious sense of reviving with them, in this hour of his triumph, the memories of those bitter days of skimp and struggle, when in the Stone family they went scant of everything save love and hope.

Far out on Brooklyn Avenue he stopped and exclaimed: "Well, if there ain't the little old barber-shop!"

He crossed the street and stood looking into the window with a kind of yearning. There was something good about those old days, after all. How well he remembered when his father had stood behind that chair where now another man was standing. The shop looked just the same. Even the lithograph was there. Not the old lithograph, however—a new one, but yet familiar. Stone glued his face to the glass. The honored picture was his own—the grotesque, smirking, triumphant figure of the *Scarecrow*.

There is a lot of sentiment in Fred Stone. He turned away from the shop with a tickling sensation in the corners of his eyes. His father's hopes, and the dreams that the seamed fingers of his mother had sewed with the spangles upon that first set of tights, had both been realized.

But, reverting again to that earlier Kansas City day, we can let circuses in summer and variety houses in winter account for six more years in the life of Fred Stone. He is twenty-one now and playing a lone hand in song-and-dance in Galveston, when we see him standing on the curb as Haverly's Minstrels are parading by.

"Hi! Fred!" calls an excited voice from among the marchers. "Come along to the

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theatre. There's a job waiting for you."

The voice was that of an open-faced, light-hearted young fellow of medium height and most attractive personality, whose full name was David Craig Montgomery. Stone had met him first in St. Joseph, where he was then a clerk in a railroad office. Later they had played together for a week or two on a variety circuit in Denver.

"I want you to do a song-and-dance turn with me," said Dave, "and the Colonel wants you to double with a Dutchman in a tumbling act. You can make two salaries."

"I hate to lose you, but go ahead, boy," said Mr. L. Hamlin, Fred's Galveston manager, magnanimously. "You've got the goods."

So Fred became a minstrel in Galveston, and ceased to be one in New Orleans the next week, when the show went to pieces on account of bad business. But Fred and Dave Stone, by the grip of their hands, had sealed a bond of partnership that was to stand the shocks and strains of their world

MONTGOMERY AS *PUNKS* AND STONE AS *SPOOKS* IN "THE LADY OF THE SLIPPER."

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for eighteen years, and gives yet no sign of breaking.

Pawning two small chips of diamonds, the boys got to Chicago, where for the first time the name of Montgomery & Stone appeared on any play-bill. Their first engagement was for three weeks and their joint salary was fifty dollars. But their offerings pleased; the salary climbed, and the engagement lengthened. Montgomery was clever with his feet and attractive in song. Stone worked with the same inventive, unflagging enthusiasms which characterize him to-day, continually fitting his acrobatic ability and his clowning experience into the grooves of a vaudeville act, and adapting them to the tastes of a vaudeville audience.

Years danced along. They dared Boston, and were a frost; they dared New York by way of a roof-garden, and were another, until one day a storm drove the show downstairs, where it and they immediately scored an enormous success.

Montgomery & Stone became swiftly persons of consequence, and booked their engagements far in advance. Along came the Vaudeville Trust and told them in what houses they could play and in what houses they could not.

"We sign with the people we like," answered the breezy-souled young men from the West, in all their foolish, cocksure pride.

With one sweep of the pen sixty solid weeks of booking were cut out from before their eyes. The two comedians made jokes as usual that night and danced their rat-a-tat-tats upon the stage, but exchanged sad glances betweenwhiles as each spendthrift thought of what he had to pawn. It was truly terrible—so long a struggle for success, and then, just because they were manly men—— But out of heaven came a message.

Charles Frohman wanted them to go to London in a musical comedy. London! *Musical Comedy!* CHARLES FROHMAN! . . .

Canceled by Vaudeville to be signed by the lord of the world! From knockabout variety to a headliner's place in strutting musical comedy!! From sixty wild weeks in the "tanks," to that highest professional dream, a London engagement!!!

"Fred," gurgled Dave softly, "do you believe in Santa Claus?"

"You bet," chirped Fred; "I always have —except for about three days in New Orleans."

The musical comedy was produced at the Duke of York's theatre, and failed—but not so Montgomery & Stone. Their art had scored another advance.

"Who is the stout party in the box, hammering so hard with his cane?" queried Stone of the stage-manager, one night.

"Sir, it is the King of England," breathed the manager in awed accents.

Stone collapsed into the arms of his partner. "Dave," he whispered hysterically, "have we arrived?"

"Me Lud, we 'ave," affirmed David solemnly.

The team was engaged and reengaged for several music-halls, but at last the time came to go back to America.

"It's too bad you can't play a couple of Jews," sighed a manager one night, plucking at his Dundrearies, while he sat in their dressing-room as they made up for their act. "If you could, I would sign you for my Christmas pantomime."

"Why!" exclaimed Montgomery. "We do Jews better than anything else."

Stone, who had never lisped a line of Hebrew dialect, nor heard Montgomery do so, nearly fell into the pot of burnt cork with which he was lathering his face, and when Montgomery signed up the contract then and there, said to himself:

"This Montgomery is too fresh. All these dukes and drum-majors have turned his head. He will get us put in jail!"

But Dave only laughed.

"The only thing I have that will pass for Hebraic is my nose," urged Stone.

"That's what I bank on," chuckled Montgomery, who is a merrier soul off the stage than on. "Not your head, Fred, but your nose!"

The Hebrew passengers on the ship which took Montgomery & Stone back to England for this pantomime engagement will never know why the two young men cultivated them so assiduously all the way across, and certainly never suspected how many times a day the two sought a secluded spot on the ship, where in the best dialect they could muster they made conversation and invented situations to be used in the new act.

Stone had real trouble with the dialect.

"German! German!" Montgomery would groan. "You're talkin' it German."

"But," insisted Stone, "maybe I am a

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DAVID CRAIG MONTGOMERY—THEATRICAL MIRTH-MAKER AND WIT; EVEN FUNNIER OFF THE STAGE THAN ON.

German Jew. Besides, I depend on my nose. My nose proclaims me a lost sheep of the House of Israel."

"Too long lost!" Montgomery would complain. "Fred! you get back down there and play pinochle with that feller till you can talk like him."

This second English engagement was so successful that the boys were in danger of remaining abroad for life. But one night came a cablegram. Montgomery & Stone were wanted for parts in a new musical comedy, "The Wizard of Oz," which was to open in Chicago. Chicago! How good the name sounded! It smelled of home. It breathed of the West. They accepted.

The part offered Stone was the *Scarecrow*. It was the first real test of his acting ability. For the first time he was called upon to create a character, to submerge all his faculties in the flesh of another man's idea—this time a very whimsical idea indeed, of a scarecrow—a brainless, veinless creature—and bring it to birth in the play.

Stone was not a student. He was untutored except in his legs. He did not know that there was any such thing as psychology. Yet here was a new feat to be performed. He went in training for it, as he had for the greased pole. He read Mr. Baum's book. He studied Mr. Denslow's pictures. He worked carefully for effects at rehearsals, and cudgeled both his body and his brain betweenwhiles, so that when the opening night came he captured play and audience, putting the *Scarecrow* forward as one of the most distinct, original and convincing

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FRED A. STONE—COMEDIAN, ACROBAT, PANTOMIMIST, DANCER, AMUSER OF A NATION.

characterizations that the stage has seen in our day.

With the play of grotesque humor, with the odd, strange note of near-pathos in his voice, with his magnificent capacity for any sort of anatomical exaggeration, and with the occasional effervescence of a quaint philosophy of mood, he made the character one over which children and grown-ups rejoiced together in mirthful ecstasy.

And there was a hit in "The Wizard of Oz" for Montgomery, too. His character was another oddity, the *Tin Woodman*, in which he made his own successes and played up sedulously to his partner for those effects which the two have learned so well how to achieve together.

In "The Wizard of Oz," Stone found both his fortune and his fate. The *dramatis personae* included a character labeled the *Lady Lunatic*. The part was played by a Presbyterian girl with Sapho curves, large eyes that gathered light, and great rolls of hair, all chestnut and gold, together with a ripe and sometimes pouty lip. This was Miss Allene Crater. Her folks had once lived in Denver. Fred Stone's folks had also once lived in Denver. The *Scarecrow* fell to going out with the *Lady Lunatic*, because, he told himself, he liked to talk about Denver.

Next summer Stone bought a piece of real estate down Amityville way in Long Island, only a few miles from where Miss Crater's folks were living. It was odd how Stone happened to buy so near them. And how many times he had to take Miss Crater over to see the house he was building and obtain her advice concerning it. Yet the

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building of a house can be dragged out only about so long. When it was inspected for the last time the *Scarecrow* did a bold thing, for him, for he was shy with ladies.

"Allene," he said, "you seem to have to be over here so much of the time anyway—couldn't you just arrange to stay here always? It would be so much more convenient for both of us."

"You saucy, saucy *Scarecrow!*" snipped Allene. "I'll never, never come to look at your old shack again, nor show you how to set a hen nor anything."

But Charles T. Aldrich, the juggler, happened along about this time. "Are you young people really in love?" he queried.

"We *suspicion* that we are," confessed Stone in the high falsetto of the *Scarecrow*.

Aldrich, in the goodness of his juggler's heart, went off to find a minister. At the first steeple he turned aside and sought the parsonage. A huge, black, butler-appearing person answered the bell.

"I wish to see the Reverend Hannibal Thompson," said the juggler.

"Ah'm de Reverend Hannibal Thompson, sah," was the dignified reply.

"W-w-well," stammered the discomfited juggler, casting about for a means of escape, "could—could I interest you in the purchase of a piano?"

"No, sah, you most certainly could not, sah—" and the door banged haughtily.

But the wedding-bells were chimed, and the ten-year life of the *Scarecrow* and the *Lady Lunatic* has been happy and prosperous.

There is a sky-scraper in New York City, built with the dimes from ten-cent stores. There is another bought with laughs—it is the Pullman Building on Madison Square. It belongs to Fred Stone. Besides which, he owns farms and country homes, and town lots, a shooting-lodge or two, stocks, bonds—and babies, Dorothy, for instance, aged eight, and Paula, aged two.

No roisterer, Fred. For him no paths of primrose and no rivers of champagne. When the curtain rings down and the grease paint is wiped away, he goes home with Mrs. Stone to wake the children and romp with them, then to drink a quart of milk and lie down himself and all but outsleep the babies.

Happy-hearted Dave Montgomery, now, is a horse of a different spot. He is a bachelor and a spender—only he has made so much money that he couldn't possibly spend it all, and so is embarrassed by a cattle ranch, a town house, and other appurtenances. Hard work is foreign to Dave's disposition. He is a luxury lover. The good table and the good time for him, if you please. He is fond of travel.

In those vacations when Fred Stone is down on Long Island breaking his collarbone and peeling the scalp from his skull, practising aerial dips and dives, Montgomery is off round the world, in India or Hongkong, at Port Said or Constantinople, seeing life and enjoying it, or wandering through the galleries and curio shops of western Europe.

Montgomery's New York house is on Seventieth Street near Central Park, and he is very proud of it. The basement is full of dogs, I do believe—British bull and Airedales; or else the few he has are so crammed with energy, so chock-full of the nervous, high-bred essence of dog, that they make you think their name is legion when their number is only two.

On the main floor are bronzes, marbles, tiger-skins, tapestries, bric-a-brac, and many pictures. On the second floor are soft, rich furnishings, and more curios and beautiful odds and ends from everywhere, besides a gymnasium and a den; and somewhere round on this floor David sleeps, he told me, though those who know him best say that this is a mistake, since he is a convivial soul and has small use for beds, roaming Broadway like a pasture from midnight on till morn.

And these wise ones tell me, too, that you have not seen the real Montgomery when you have merely paid two dollars and listened to the lines set down for him in the play. They argue that the real Montgomery is the wit, the *bon vivant*, the *raconteur*, who, in some café, when the dinner has been good and the hours grow small, while the sparkle of the grape comes into his eye, discourses on the joy of life, buttressing his argument with many a spicy instance, or seasoning it with humor and relevant song, piling period upon period, talking better and better, first to the spellbound group at his own table, and then to others who tiptoe round and lean forward with bated breath, their rapt, admiring faces and their uproarious bursts of laughter both

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proclaiming why David C. Montgomery, kindly, sympathetic, and altogether charming, is one of the most popular men in the theatrical profession.

Turning again for a moment to the public work of these men: their method is spiced by a perennial freshness. Stone is doing upon the stage to-day some tricks he did twenty-five years ago, and yet he "pulls" every one of them with as much zest as if he had never done the thing before.

And his ever-brimming resources are at the call of any situation which demands them. He carries a large stock of reserve force upon which he is always able to draw for the final push-over. That is one reason why in his long career no failure has ever been scored against him. An illustration of his ready use of these reserves was afforded in "The Old Town," George Ade's comedy, in which Montgomery and Stone appeared about 1908 or 1909. There was a bad spot in the first act of "The Old Town," at which no amount of fast work on the part

FRED STONE IN HIS LATEST SUCCESS, "THE LADY OF THE SLIPPER," IN WHICH ELSIE JANIS AND MONTGOMERY STAR WITH HIM.

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of the company could keep the performance from sticking. The scene was the inside of a circus tent.

"Shove the tent up stage," suggested Stone; "show the outside of it, and a high-wire 'ascension' going on. I will clown it."

"But who will do the high-wire?" asked the management.

"Ourself," confessed Stone modestly.

The whole change had to be made between midnight Saturday and the performance Monday night. Because there was no room to raise a wire while scenery-building was in progress, Stone was compelled to forego practise, and rehearsed the features he intended to employ on an imaginary line drawn beneath where the wire would be.

When the curtain rose the actor went upon the wire unhesitatingly, though it was the first time in eighteen years, and performed his feats so perfectly that trickery was suspected, while his clowning created a storm of merriment that blew unceasingly till the act was finished.

The author always gave Stone great credit for the success of the play.

"How's the piece going, George?" asked a friend one day.

"Oh, it's safe all right, I guess," he replied, "as long as this fellow Stone's legs hold out."

And Stone's legs did hold out. "The Old Town" went on to a big success, and Stone's share of the profits for one year, over and above his salary, was fifty thousand dollars.

An amusing illustration of the way in which the laugh-makers of an act are sometimes hit upon is furnished by an incident that occurred while Stone was rehearsing, on the imaginary line, for his high-wire appearance. His small daughter, Dorothy, then four years old, was standing by watching papa "work," when Montgomery turned to her jovially and said:

"Dorothy, can you stand on one foot?"

"Yeth," lisped the little girl, and to his very great surprise she calmly lifted one foot and placed it firmly at right angles upon the top of the other.

"Now I'm 'tandin' on it," she cried, making a comical effort to transfer the weight of her body to the upper foot.

"Look!" shrieked Montgomery to Stone. "Look!"

Both clowns saw its comedy value. That night when Stone was on the wire Dave shouted up to him:

"Hey! Can you stand on one foot?"

"Sure!" responded Stone, as, with a clownish smirk of exceeding complacence, he turned him about and exhibited Dorothy's trick. The sight of the huge, angular foot, and the body, awkwardly but grotesquely posed, provoked such a roar of laughter from the audience that the feature was never omitted.

Fred Stone's inventiveness does not run to literature. He will never write a play or song. But he will devise new steps and starts, new thrills and thumps upon the tympanum of your risibilities. His speech is clean. His notions of honesty, virtue, and faithfulness are simple and old-fashioned. His heart is as sound as his wind and his limbs. His object is to amuse.

The line of his descent is honorable and historic. It comes down through Blondel and Wamba. But no cap and bells of king he wears, although kings and queens both have laughed at him. A jester to the Republic is Fred Stone. He has made his success in America, where he wanted to make it.

His success has been the result of no chance. He won it after the world-old formula which he discovered for himself as he swept the little flag from the top of the pole: Aspiration — Application — Attack — Achievement.

And yet, this superclown, this national rib-tickler — do you know what he would rather do than anything else? He would rather play a nice, pathetic rôle with sobs and sighs and slow, mortuary music—say, something like Warfield's part in "The Music Master"—so that he could use his pliable cheeks to twist out tears, and do emotional gymnastics with his larynx.

But, children, have no fear. Mr. Charles B. Dillingham, who seems to have Montgomery & Stone signed up for life, assures me that all the sobbing they will ever do on his stage will be with their legs.

This is the second character study of theatrical favorites that Mr. Macfarlane has written for EVERYBODY'S. In the course of the next few months he will offer other articles about people as well known and as little understood as Cohan and Montgomery and Stone.

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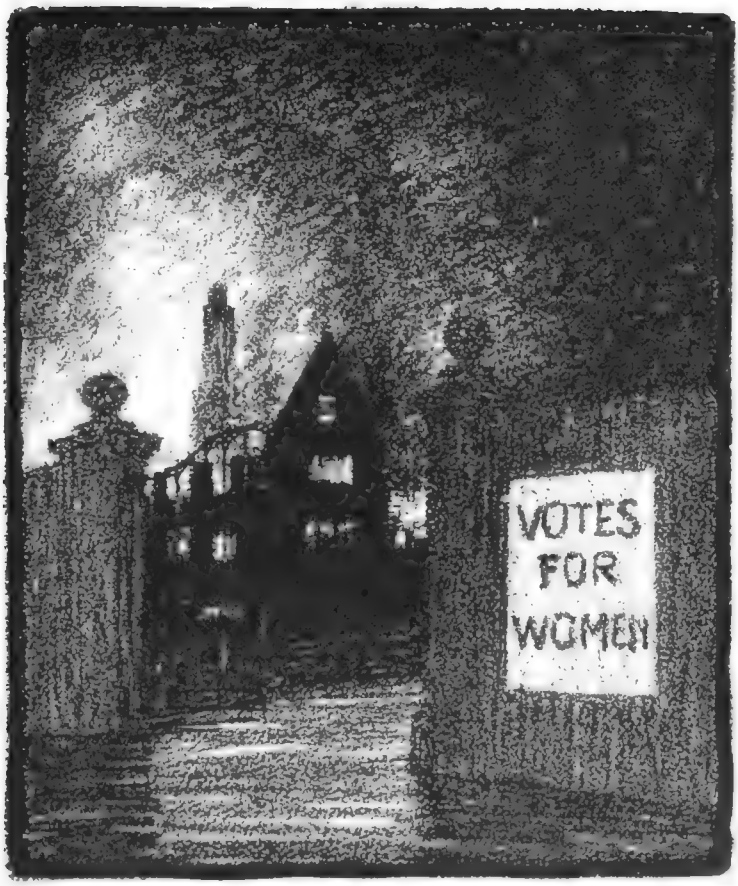

LADY VERA, *Semi-Militant*

THE CRIME DOCTOR GAINS AN ASSISTANT

by

E W HORNUNG

AUTHOR OF "RAFFLES," "WITCHING HILL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

THE doctor was coping with his Sunday meal when the telephone went off in the next room. On his ears the imperious summons never fell without a thrill; in his sighe, the tulip-shaped receiver became a live thing trumpeting for help; and he would answer the call himself, at any hour of the day or night. Back went the Cromwellian chair, at the head of the bare and solitary trestle table. An excited personage, who might have been just outside the window,

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was expeditiously appeased in monosyllables. And Dollar returned with an appetite to what had been set before him.

"Send Bobby round to the garage, Barton, to order the car at once. He can tell Albert I shall be ready as soon as he is, but to take his headlights and fill up with petrol." This was repeated with paternal severity in the wings. "Now, Barton, my little red road-book, and see if you can find Pax Monktons in the wilds of Surrey. It can't be more than a hamlet. Try the Cobham country if it's not in the index."

This took longer—took a survey map and two pairs of eyes before Pax Monktons Chase was discovered in microscopic print and the light green peppered with dots signifying timber three hundred feet above sea-level.

"Never heard of it in my life before," said Dollar, as he laced brown shoes before his coffee. "Or of the man either, or his double-barreled name, for that matter. You might see if there's a Dale-Bulmer in 'Who's Who.'"

But again Barton was unsuccessful; and here his services ended, though through no fault of his own.

"Will you take your flask, sir?"

"Lord, no! I'm not going to the North Pole."

"Or your—or one of those revolvers, sir?"

"What on earth for? Besides, they're not mine; they ought to be in the Black Museum at Scotland Yard." The nucleus of a branch exhibition was forming itself in Welbeck Street. "Don't you give way to nerves, Barton! I'm only going down to see a man who seems anxious to see me, but I shouldn't be going to him if we had anybody up-stairs. You three make an afternoon of it somewhere; never mind if I'm back first; go out and enjoy yourselves."

And he was off as if on a deliberate jaunt; but an involuntary chuckle in the voice over the telephone, the hint of a surprise, and the possibility of a trick, made lively thinking after the doldrums of the dog days; and the fine September afternoon seemed expressly ordered for motorists with time upon their hands.

It was warm, yet delightfully keen at thirty miles an hour; clear as crystal within rifle-shot, and deliciously hazy in the distance; the bronze upon the trees seldom warming to a premature red, often lapsing into the liquid greens of midsummer; but all the way there was an autumnal smear of silver in the sunlight.

Dollar divided his mind between a sensuous savoring of the heavenly country and more or less romantic speculations on the case in store. Some people's notions of a Crime Doctor's functions were so much wider even than his own; ten months out of the twelve he could not have afforded to come so far afield without a distastefully definite foreword about fees.

This afternoon he was prepared to do almost anything for next to nothing; and after twenty sedentary miles he was on his legs as often as not in the next two or three, asking his way at likely lodges, or from strolling bands of shaven yokels, all Sunday collars and cigarettes.

"Pax Monktons Chase?" at last said one, who seemed to have heard the name before. "Straight as ever you can go, and the first lodge on the left. But there's no one living there."

"No one there!" echoed Dollar. "Do you mean the place is empty?"

"I believe there's workmen there on week-days, but you won't find anybody now, unless the chap that's bought it's motored over."

"Isn't he living there, then?"

"Not yet; there's alterations being made; and I don't know where he does live, or anything at all about him, except that he motors over sometimes on a Sunday."

Dollar felt dashed until he remembered to appreciate one of the few possibilities for which he had not come quite prepared. There was promise in a surprise thus early and so complete. But it made Pax Monktons Chase fall a little flat when found. It robbed the dreary lodge of all its value as an eye-opener; it made the chase itself look vast and desolate for nothing, and a noble pile of seasoned stone fling but drab turrets and ineffective battlements against a silver sky, which the sun had ceased to polish in the last tortuous mile.

It was all the pleasanter to find a ruddy, genial, bearded face, mounted on a spotted tie that went twice round a nineteen-inch neck, smiling a welcome under the entrance arch. The man introduced himself as Dale-Bulmer, bolting a mouthful made for rolling on the tongue. Dollar was much taken with the humor and simplicity of his address and bearing. A smart chauffeur waited with a

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"TELL ME ONE THING, DR. DOLLAR. HAVE YOU BEEN FOLLOWING ME, OR IS THIS PURE CHANCE?"

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plutocratic car in the sweep of the drive. And there was no third sign of life about the place.

"It was awfully good of you to come," said Dale-Bulmer, with apologetic warmth. "I thought you might, from what I'd heard of you, and you seemed to jump at it when I rang you up. I haven't known anybody take so kindly to a journey since I left the bush."

"An Australian?" asked the doctor, with all a doctor's readiness to make talk; but he was more curious than ever to learn the secret of his summons.

"Yes! I come from that enlightened land, where Labor rules the roost and Women have the Vote! In fact," the big man added, with the fat chuckle heard over the telephone, "that's precisely why I *have* come from Australia, as I was fool enough to say the other night at a meeting in these parts. But I seem to have jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire."

"I'm sorry to hear that," observed Dollar, with polite forbearance.

"Well, not quite into the fire, as it happens," said Dale-Bulmer, chuckling again in his noble neck. "Come inside, and you'll see." He led the way into a broad central corridor, choked with ladders and builders' tools, pipes, and tubing curtain-rods, and a stack of boards; but a model of order compared with the chaos visible through an open door at which he paused. Here were more bare joists than navigable floor, and a forest of scaffolding therefrom to the criss-crossed plaster ceiling. "Look you here!" said the man from Australia, and pointed to a heap of shavings on a remnant of the floor.

"The British workman's such a careless dog," sighed Dollar, shaking a sententious head, for a box of matches had been spilled about the place.

"British workman be hanged!" cried the other bluntly. "The British workman's got a job here that will keep him in beer and betting-money till Christmas, and as much longer as he can spin it out. This is the little game of another sporting type—the British lady burning for the vote!"

"So that's it! But are you sure?" asked Dollar.

"Certain. I met a flaming brace of 'em, on bicycles, just outside my boundary. This is what I was to get for speaking out about them the other night."

"I don't see their literature, and I can't smell their paraffin."

"It's in that bottle on the mantelpiece. Something must have scared them at the last moment—all but one sportswoman."

"What about her?"

"I've got her," said Dale-Bulmer, with sepulchral excitement.

"Got her prisoner?"

"I should hope so! Why, I caught her on the very point of setting fire to that very heap of shavings—and me without a hose-pipe in the house! Those are her matches on the floor; *she* wasn't going to turn tail till she'd done her job, and didn't till I nearly trod on her. You could hardly expect me to bow her out of the front door after that!"

Dollar could only stare into the jovial face wreathed in rubicund grins, but no longer free from a certain serio-comic compunction and concern.

"But, my dear sir——"

"Don't pitch into me!" pleaded Dale-Bulmer pathetically. "I had to do something. If I hadn't thought of you, and one or two things I've heard about you, doctor, I should only have telephoned to the police. And what's the good of putting these young women in the jug—to be poured out again within a week? I heard you ran a nursing-home for criminals, worth all the prisons in the world!"

"But I don't run people into it," said the doctor. "They've got to come in of their own free will. What have you done with this young woman?"

"I? Nothing; it's her own doing entirely. She chose her cover—I only turned the key."

"You've locked her up in some room?"

"Yes—more or less—rather more." And Dale-Bulmer laughed a rather nervous, guilty laugh.

"Up-stairs somewhere?"

"Yes—look you here! She was picking up those matches when I spotted her from this door, and out she streaked through that one over there. Come and have a look at her line of country, doctor."

It led into an anteroom or inner hall, or the well of some staircase still to come, with a lashed ladder towering in its midst, but not quite reaching a skeleton landing of yawning joists. Dale-Bulmer gazed aloft, wagging a horizontal beard.

"Surely she didn't go up there?" said Dollar.

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"Like a lamplighter, doctor! *I* went the way we'll both go now, if it's all the same to you."

A fine forked staircase bore them from the lower corridor to its counterpart above. And here the leader trod gently, a finger laid across his lips.

"That's the room," he whispered, pointing to a shut door in a side passage. "I—I almost think I'll leave her to you, doctor. It's not locked—not the door."

"I thought she was your prisoner?"

"Yes—but you'll see where she's hidden herself. I did turn *that* key, doctor, but that's all I did. Still, I think I'd rather you let her out."

There was nothing facetious in his droll air of guilt; he seemed really rather ashamed of his impetuous measures, as if long in doubt as to their gallantry, and now convinced of their poltroonery by the unspoken criticisms of the man whom he had brought so far afield on the spur of a flustering moment. But the truth was that Dollar did not blame him in the least, as he turned the handle softly, and heard a pusillanimous step retreating down the corridor.

It was a light and lofty room, with a broad bay-window overlooking the park; and in the bay a window-seat forming a receptacle, which had been broken open from within; and just clear of the splinters, her hands raised to her disheveled hair, hat awry and country clothes begrimed, a young woman risen like Aphrodite from the foam. She had been gazing out as she put herself to rights; but at the opening of the door she turned with a light disdain, and the pair of them stood rooted to the floor.

"Lady—Vera!" he could only gasp.

She made him an abrupt little bow. Then her head went back to the truculent angle necessitated by a jelly-bag hat worn almost as a mask; and her eyes hung under the brim like great blue raindrops, grim and gleaming, but with little of his blank amazement, and nothing of the shame that shook his soul.

"No wonder you would never see me!" he muttered more to himself than to her. "Not a word—even when I wrote—and I wondered what I'd done! I thought of heaps of things—but I never thought of this!"

She shook her head as abruptly as she had bowed; the blue raindrops looked frozen where they hung, but the firm lips parted impulsively. Instinct prepared him for something inconceivable. But her self-restraint was a lesson and a reproof; and, in laying it to heart and listening to what she did say, he for the moment ceased from wondering what it was that she had just kept back—what charge she had deferred against him.

"Tell me one thing, Dr. Dollar." Her voice was all that it had been in other emergencies, only colder by some degrees. "Have you been following me, or is this pure chance?"

"Not chance—pure Fate!"

"Did you dog me down here, or did you not?"

"Not consciously. Do I look as if I had?"

"You look as if you'd seen a ghost," she told him, with a sudden twinkle of the big blue drops.

"So I have!" he cried, in passionate earnest. "I've seen the ghost of everything I held most——"

"Thank you," she said quietly, when he had checked himself on her model. "I know what you must think—what you really have a special right to think—after two years ago. Do be generous, and don't say it! This isn't altogether fun for me, you know, much less after being buried alive for hours!" She turned her head toward the broken window-seat, and his eyes devoured the light upon her profile. "What's going to happen to me? Is my natural enemy a friend of yours? Has he sent for the police?"

"No. For me instead."

"Did he know who it was at sight?"

"He didn't, and he doesn't, and he never shall unless you tell him!" exclaimed Dollar vehemently. "Oh, Vera, when I was longing to see you, to warn you against your enemies, that you should go the way to put yourself more than ever in their power!"

A glitter under the tilted hat had unconsciously rebuked an unconscious liberty; yet once this man had begged this woman to marry him, and once she had practically said she would but for the burden on her soul—a burden for the murder committed during the suffragette raid two years ago, when another paid the penalty of imprisonment in her stead, and Dr. Dollar helped to save any one from paying the full price. Ceremony, at least, they had foregone of old. Was it merely her new lease of error that had come between them of late

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months? He was beginning to ask himself the question, when she broke in:

"What enemies do you mean, Dr. Dollar?"

"We are not to speak of two years ago."

"Croucher!" She shuddered almost like a law-abiding lady at the name that quickened memories never dull—the man whose attempted revenge upon her was no more terrible in her recollection than his suffering in her place. "I haven't heard of him since that night in the train, when you saved me and threw him out."

"I said you wouldn't. But I also said, if you remember, that Croucher was only deadly as a tool. Well, he has fallen into the deadliest hands I know. That's all."

It was not, and Lady Vera knew that it was not. The angle of her hat was all amicable attention now, and her eyes shone clear of the brim, with a softer light that made her all at once incredible in her latest incarnation. Dollar's feelings flew back into his face.

"You think I'm as bad as any of them," she divined aloud.

"I think the crime of arson is worse than most crimes," he made sturdy answer, standing up to the little body with the strangest difficulty, as if he were the culprit and she the man. "It's a thing absolutely nothing on earth can possibly excuse. I think you'd have died rather than descend to it, two years ago!"

He had heard a step behind him, and lowered his voice; but Lady Vera raised hers as a burly form halted shyly on the threshold; and her tone was like none that she had taken hitherto.

"Two years ago," she declaimed, "women had not been treated quite so shabbily as they have been since. Then this miserable Government——"

"Look you here!" blustered Dale-Bulmer, striding out of his shyness into the center of the stage.

"Two years ago," she reiterated for his benefit, "it wasn't war to the handle of the knife! Now it would be fire and sword, if we were any good with the sword; as we are not, it's simply fire."

"You really think you can burn your way to political power?" cried the man of extremes, with ungovernable indignation.

"Political existence is all we ask."

"As a first instalment! I know you! I come from a country where you started like that!"

"As you told your audience the other night, if you are Mr. Dale-Bulmer," said Lady Vera, with an explosive little sigh.

"I am; and for that I'm to have a house like this burnt to the ground; and you ladies think that's the way to advance your cause, to prove your value to the State! Well, I suppose you know your own business best. It's no use reasoning with you; but it really is enough to set one off, after what I caught you doing down-stairs."

"I wish to goodness you hadn't caught me!" cried Lady Vera, with quite extraordinary simplicity.

But neither of them took her up; the doctor could only shake his head in professional despair, while the injured householder recovered his composure, and the little criminal looked as if she were trying not to look the mistress of the situation.

"I only came," resumed Dale-Bulmer, as if he had no right in the room, "to say that a runabout car has been found in the yard behind one of the empty lodges. As I fancy your friends were on bicycles, it struck me that the two-seater might perhaps be yours?"

Was it just the nature of the man to change his whole manner in a moment, or had the quality of the woman something to do with it? He seemed unconscious of the change himself, unaware that he had dropped into a tone of courteous consideration almost apologetic. But the corners of her little mutinous mouth showed that nothing was lost upon Lady Vera.

"It sounds like mine," she acknowledged. "But I hope you don't think, because there's room for two, that there's another of us still concealed about the premises? I came down quite by myself in the car you have discovered, and who's to drive it back to town again I'm sure I don't know!"

Dale-Bulmer glanced defiantly at Dollar, a flash-light in his eyes.

"I do," he cried. "Yourself!"

"Myself, Mr. Dale-Bulmer? In—handcuffs?"

And it was not her worst smile that was subdued in deference to the full glow of his shame-faced magnanimity.

"Don't talk nonsense!" said he gruffly. "Your car is ready, waiting for you at the door."

"Not really?"

"Of course. I buried you alive, didn't I?" His eyes came wincing from the

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THE LITTLE NEW LANDING WAS LIKE A GRIDIRON OVER A FLICKERING GLARE FROM THE WELL BENEATH.

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wrecked window-seat. "Won't that meet the immediate case for martyrdom?" And he managed another twinkle, after all.

It was a last amenity. He had been thanked, but without the smile which had been ready enough when it was out of place. Now that she had cause to smile, the perversity of these women came out, as of course it would! Not that this one took everything quite for granted; on the contrary, she caused an explosion by offering to pay for the damage to the window-seat. The militant party would have wished him to secure ample compensation from his insurance people, she asserted, if the place *had* been burnt down.

"Then I might have built the kind of house I really want, instead of trying to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear," he had retorted in his better manner, as if he had been a fool to interfere.

The released prisoner spent the last minutes looking for her gloves, and, when she failed to find them, held out her bare hand with a brazen air of innocence, and no more thanks than would have become a parting guest.

Even John Dollar felt a new pang of disappointment as the two-seater shrank panting out of sight and earshot, beneath the bronzed timber of the disappearing drive, and Dale-Bulmer turned on his heel under the arch.

"Doesn't that take the cake?" he cried, when he had swallowed his pique with a chastened chuckle. "A real well-bred 'un—if ever there was one—playing the very devil, and carrying it off like a little angel of light! That's what did me—the way she carried it off! I wanted to give her a fatherly word, to tell her not to go on making such a wicked little fool of herself. But she simply wouldn't look the part, would she? I hadn't even the cheek to ask her name—had you?"

"No. I don't know why you let her off!" said Dollar irritably. But at the moment he hated Dale-Bulmer for extorting his common gratitude at the expense of his sacred flame.

"Why?" cried that cavalier. "Didn't you guess how I found out about her car?"

"How?"

"Reported to me by the police!"

"The police? Were there any about?"

Dollar felt as cold down the back as if his sacred flame had never flickered behind iron bars.

"Two blighters," said Dale-Bulmer. "I caught sight of 'em just after I had left you to have it out with her. That's what they had to say for themselves when I went out to let off steam; swore they were from Scotland Yard, and trumped up the two-seater when I pretended not to believe them. And I didn't, either, till I'd run them down to the lodge and found it."

"And then?"

"I swore it belonged to a friend, of course, and sent them both to the devil."

"And—and you were man enough not to say a word about it to—to her?" It was as much as Dollar could do to keep his enthusiastic respect within bounds of discretion.

"Man enough? I wasn't going to have that sort of carrion coming in and spoiling *your* job!"

Then he perceived how he had spoiled it himself—hung his great head like an elderly, elephantine schoolboy, turned his broad back with an inimitable shrug, and stood shaken with sobs of mirth. Dollar joined him with a shout that relieved them both. And they roared together until a gaunt caretaker appeared on the scene, with a face expressive of such crass bewilderment that they quaked with a second shock.

"He lives in the bowels of the house," moaned Dale-Bulmer. "He doesn't know a thing that's happened. If he did, I might have to double his screw. And—and I'd much rather treble your fee!"

He was solemn once more in his remorse, but not so solemn as the doctor had become within a minute.

"I would *pay* a fee to take his place till tomorrow morning! I mean it, my dear sir. If you think you owe me any little amends, let me do this, for my own satisfaction!"

This from Dollar, at whom the other stared as if they had only just met. It was the Crime Doctor come at last.

"Stay here for the night, Dr. Dollar?"

"Yes—alone!"

"But why, my good fellow?"

"I can hardly tell you; only let me stay, if you can trust me!"

"You know it isn't that."

"Then do let me! It isn't so much for your sake—I won't pretend it is—yet what if there should be a second attempt on the house? Then I might even earn the fee you talk about; otherwise, not a brass farthing! I wouldn't have missed the case for anything, even as it stands. And you only

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took my treatment out of my mouth! You did the very thing I was going to beg you to do; but not more earnestly than I beg of you now to leave me in charge here to-night."

"But not without this man of mine to look after you?"

"Especially without that man of yours! He gave me the idea—he's my own height and build—we can change places beautifully. I want him to put on my cap and coat and goggles, and to drive away in my car, so that anybody looking would think they had seen the last of me."

"But who would be looking? Surely not that little——"

"God forbid! But perhaps somebody on her side—or perhaps only somebody on her tracks. Curious about those two detectives; but the whole business bristles with curiosities, which I long to investigate in peace, unknown to the whole outside world. This is the only way it can be done; and this, my dear Mr. Dale-Bulmer, is the one and only thing that you can do for me."

The boy with the beard gave way by inches. As long as there was a dog's chance of any further excitement, he did not see why he should be out of it.

But the man with the stronger will seemed perfectly sincere in his further asseverations that there were features in the case which he wanted to study for his own private and professional ends; that he honestly believed they had no more to fear from their friends the enemy, but that somebody ought to remain on guard, and he was the obvious man.

All this rang true enough; and it was settled by a timely telephone call from the Australian's furnished house at Esher, to ask if anything had happened to him, and was he never going to tear himself away from Pax Monktons Chase?

Thus it was nearly five o'clock before the Crime Doctor was alone at last, with certain plain quarters and plainer fare at his disposal, but with every nook and cranny of a country mansion to himself until next morning. The situation had the intrinsic charm of all lonely vigils: even if nothing was likely to come of this one, it would at least afford that continuous possibility of a thrill which becomes more thrilling than the thrill itself. The whole business was supremely after John Dollar's heart; and yet, though he did look forward to the night, and whatever the night might still bring forth, it was not for the night's sake that he had maneuvered to remain in the empty house. It was for the residue of daylight, and the systematic investigations it would enable him to make.

On these he started, with the precaution of a seaman marooned on a desolate island, not indubitably uninhabited, as soon as the front door shut upon Dale-Bulmer and the two chauffeurs, with the gaunt caretaker, his muffled image, in his own car.

He began by searching the unfurnished room in which the fire would have originated. There could be no doubt about the fell attempt so nearly made. It would have been diabolically certain of success. The scaffolding, like sticks in a gigantic grate; the draft through the joists, where the floor had been taken up; the natural flue formed by the adjoining well, so lofty that an ordinary ladder was too short to reach the landing—all these were as bellows and chimney, and the best of fuel ready laid for lighting. And here were the shavings, all nicely swept together, and the matches spilled at the last moment; as Dollar put them back into the box, his finger-tips ached for all they might have learned from that which they held—for the whole truth about the guilty hand which had let the match-box fall.

It was the whole truth, too, that he was seeking next upon his knees, in the rabble down between the joists; some fresh fact still inconceivable as a concrete discovery, that he hoped against hope to find and to set against the facts beyond dispute. They could not lie, but they might exaggerate; somewhere, surely, there must be something to extenuate, something to redeem even this atrocious attempt, if only the silent walls could speak up for one who never made excuses for herself.

But there was nothing for him in the new bricks and mortar, wanting even their first coat of plaster; nothing under the lofty rafters of a quite baronial hall, where the builder had not been turned loose, nor any intruder left a trace; nothing in the round room, filled with a first instalment of the Dale-Bulmer furniture, nor yet anywhere else down-stairs, in spite of the shrill tale told by the scullery window.

There the Amazons had entered, after breaking a pane like journeymen burglars; they had fled incontinently by the door;

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but what else had they done, and where else had they been, within those sardonically silent walls?

Had they been up-stairs before Vera Moyle ran up the ladder? Dollar returned to that speaking spot, and climbed up gingerly, in an agony of enthusiasm for her misused pluck. The gap between the top rung and the new landing was unpleasant even for him, and he was at least a foot taller than the little fool.

The little fool! A pretty way to think of her, even now; but there was a worse way; and still there was a better, vaguely haunting him all the time, but almost ceasing to be vague in the room where he had found her in the flesh. He could see her there again. She had not faced him like a little fool, but a little heroine, God forgive her! Not so much as a pout about her horrible imprisonment under the window-seat! Not a moment's loss of dignity, even after that; not a moment's loss of temper. Head up, and eyes shining in the shadow of her wicked little hat!

Here, to an inch, he had caught her gazing out of that window, out and down into the chase—rolling right up to the house on this side, beating against a breakwater of a sunk fence just underneath, and dotted with leafy sail. Deer in the distance, and swallows darting across and across the window, like shuttles weaving the scene in silk, brought the picture back to good dry land. But the wide sky was still rather like a sea-sky; and it had lightened again with the approach of evening; there were silver rims to the clouds, as John Dollar tore himself from the enchanted scene.

It was nearly dark when he returned unsteadily, with a face like a cheer—with a face that would have lighted up a tomb. In his hands he clasped a pair of innocent little gloves, that anybody might have found, and somebody might have traced to their beloved little owner. But that was not all. A wall had spoken, in certain handwriting hastily rubbed out, and a whole bathroom had told a yet more eloquent tale!

Hours later they were speaking still, wafting sweet music through the corridors, filling the honored room with strains of joy for the enchanted man on the broken window-seat, all in the dark at dead of night. There might have been a moon; he did not know. There might have been a stealthy advance, in very open order—a taking of cover behind trees wide apart—a joining of forces down there in the dark.

But Dollar had been for hours gazing into his own heart, and that was still so dazzlingly alight that he might not have seen anything if he had looked out; it still sang so loud that he heard nothing down-stairs until there was noise enough to wake a deeper dreamer out of actual sleep.

Even then he scarcely knew what had brought him so suddenly to feet grown numb, but not more numb than the whole outer man in the endless inner joy of that which he believed himself to have discovered along with his dear lady's gloves. Those sacred relics he still clasped in his hands, and that fond belief he was still hugging in his heart when a louder sound pricked his understanding to the quick. It was the sound of voices in the empty house. He tore off his shoes, limped over to the door, opened it as softly, and stood listening in a heavy horror. They were women's voices, accompanied by the scuttle of women's feet!

In an instant, but still with an instinctive stealth, he was out on the landing at the head of the stairs. And there, but only there, his fond dream ended in an awakening as terrible as any nightmare; for one woman stood on the half-landing between the two prongs of the forked staircase; all attention she stood, as if on guard, hair silvered by a shaft of moonshine through the staircase window, shoulders hunched intently, but the head itself just tilted as if in sudden alarm—and full in the moonlight the wicked, unmistakable little hat of Lady Vera Moyle.

Her gloves dropped out of his hands. Did she hear them fall? She looked as if she had; he had not the heart to make sure. He had nothing like the heart to confront and shame her first—at her worst a passive party to the crime—when her guiltier companions were even then at their vile work lower down. The ladder was the thing! Then he could scare those others first, and she and he need never meet at all. Better never again than at this hideous juncture! And, as for him, better death itself than such a death to such a dream!

It was a sheer stampede the man made now, back along the landing with great heavy strides, even shouting as he went to put the she-devils to flight. It was what he

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called them as he ran. And they heard him, and he heard them—scuttling and clucking in headlong flight.

This time they could afford to fly; their second attempt was no failure like the first. The little new landing was like a gridiron over a flickering glare from the well beneath. Dollar flung his full length on the brink—hung dangling from the armpits—hung lashing out for the ladder like a boy on a horizontal bar with a mattress just underneath. The top rung took some finding in his reckless haste, and then his hands had to change places with his feet. And it was all a pretty desperate business, for no light-weight, in a frenzy of excitement, at the tip-top of a tremulous ladder that leaned against thin air. But his very recklessness saw him down somehow with unbroken bones, and on the threshold of the burning room before the fire had really taken hold.

And there he stopped, instead of dashing in; there he stood shrinking from the red light within. For again one of the women had stayed behind the rest; and through a forest of scaffolding poles, and a swirl of smoke and steam, he beheld her in a glow already dying by her hand, under a hissing stream flung right and left in glittering coils and spirals—as coolly as a gardener waters the grass.

It was his very dream, come true in the end!

And Dollar stood there because he was ashamed to look Vera Moyle in the face—after fearing for one moment that it was only a dream!

But last of all the stream played through the darkness and the smoke, upon the threshold even at his feet, and a dry voice cried:

"I see you all right! I saw you up-stairs; come round and tell me why you ran away."

But it was no moment for going round. He went to her through sparks and splinters in his socks, and felt the pain no more than the relief when he stood beside her on the cool flags of the corridor, with both her hands in his.

"I might have known!" he spluttered through the smoke. "I might have known it even from the first!"

"It's jolly bad luck that you should know it at all," said Lady Vera, in the same dry little voice. "I'm not proud of it, I can tell you!"

"Not of stopping an absolutely wanton crime?"

"Not of turning against my own old lot—and I haven't, either!" cried Lady Vera, with more passion than he had ever heard from her. "I feel everything I said up-stairs. I think we've all been treated more abominably than ever. I don't blame them a bit for all this sort of thing——"

"Vera, you do—you know you do!"

"I don't! How can I? Haven't I done worse? I may think they're going rather far, and I may put in my spoke——"

"This is not the first time!" he exulted, still only with her hands in his, and little knowing how he hurt them.

"That's my business," she said, with a sudden laugh that broke her voice. "It's the least I can do—after what happened two years ago."

"And I knew you'd done it!" he was quick to cry. "I knew it hours back, though you did frighten me again just now. I found the hose-pipe in the bathroom with your gloves, and their rotten message rubbed out on the wall! I knew the hose was yours, because I'd just been told there wasn't such a thing in the house. But I was looking for something of the kind. I knew there was something to be found, that the whole thing wasn't what it seemed. And ever since it's been the happiest night of my life, on top of my most miserable hour!"

"I'll motor you back to town for that," said Lady Vera, with another poor little laugh. "I—I'm sorry I didn't tell you this afternoon."

"I'm not!"

"Somehow it didn't seem quite the game by the others; though of course I hoped you would guess that I had only come in after them as a kind of scarecrow. Of course I don't know if it will make you the least bit less miserable—"

But there she stuck.

"If what will?"

And now it was she who held his hands the faster, only across a gulf of darkness like a solid wall—only with a kindness that reminded him it was nothing else—only with a glow more dear than an embrace.

"If it makes you the very least bit happier," she whispered, "why, of course it was only just your own game, doctor, that I was trying to play!"

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EVERYBODY'S MONEY

by JOHN PARR

FABLES OF FINANCE
III.

CAME Spring again in the Valley of First Experiences. By killing the original Inventor, who had amassed great private wealth in the form of grain and other stores through renting his rude agricultural implements at ten per cent., the people had made the tools of production free. Nobody owned them; or, as it might be said, everybody owned them, which comes to the same effect. But now new and unexpected difficulties arose.

In the first place, the very ones who had led the movement to seize the Inventor's wealth were possessed of a notion to grow rich in the same way. Seeing how easy it had been for him to gain a fortune by manufacture, they rebelled against returning to the fields. That would mean, as the Patriarch knew, an overproduction of implements and insufficient production of food, because the few men whom the Inventor had trained in artisanship could make all the tools the community needed.

In the second place, those who were willing to till the fields could not agree how to use the plows, as nobody had the right of preference and there was but one plow to twenty or thirty husbandmen. Formerly they had bargained for turns with the Inventor.

In the third place, what was a plow worth? That was the most difficult question of all to settle. The Patriarch had the authority, or assumed it, to dictate a division of labor; also, to force the people to cast lots for their turns with the implements. He ordered the rebellious ones into the fields and divided the implements fairly; but when the artisans whom the Inventor had trained were appointed to the task of continuing to make plows and axes and other tools, they naturally asked:

"What shall we receive for our work?"

Then, a division of labor having been decreed, so that people should be engaged in producing unlike things, it became necessary for the first time to determine a basis of value—a method of exchanging one kind of thing for another on fairly equitable terms. The necessity had not arisen before, because the Inventor, who made the first plows, rented them for ten per cent. of the user's produce. As he had grown swollenly rich, ten per cent. of the user's product was obviously much more than a plow was worth; but what *was* it worth?

The Patriarch was a man of simple wisdom. He reserved his answer for a day, and then announced:

"Our food is principally derived from grain, whether we consume it directly or in the form of meat, both of which we do. I find that the average annual product of grain per man is sixty measures. I find, also, that it takes one man a year to make a plow. Therefore, one plow is worth sixty measures of grain. It will now be necessary to establish other values. A man does not subsist upon grain alone. The man who has spent a year making a plow will not want sixty measures of grain; it is more than he can consume. He will want perhaps thirty for his direct consumption, and the rest he may exchange for other things. Therefore, a cow shall be worth seventy measures of grain, a sheep twenty, a swine five, and a chicken one-tenth of a measure. I arrive at these values in the same way as with the plow, that is, by balancing against each thing

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the amount of labor necessary to produce another thing."

The exchange of goods thereafter was very simple. It was not necessary to exchange a plow for grain and the grain for cows or sheep, because, if a plow was worth sixty measures of grain and a sheep was worth twenty, then a plow was worth three sheep; and if a swine was worth ten measures of grain and a chicken only one-tenth of a measure, one swine was worth one hundred chickens, or six hundred chickens were worth one plow.

Industry and agriculture adjusted themselves to these values, and how long exchange might have continued to be carried on in that primitive way no one can imagine, if a strange thing had not happened.

One winter a tribe of hunters, being short of food and knowing that there was plenty in the Valley of First Experiences, came, not to seize it, but to bargain for it. They spread out their skins and their weapons, of which they had brought many different kinds, and indicated their desire to exchange them for grain; but last of all, the Chief of the Hunters produced very carefully from a leather bag a great number of polished greenstones.

GREENSTONES FOR GRAIN

It was evident from the manner in which he handled them and the pride with which all the hunting party regarded them that they were highly prized. Nor did it escape the shrewd notice of the visitors that the dwellers in the Valley of First Experiences, especially the women, were greatly excited over them. They had never seen anything so beautiful.

It was left to the Chief of the Hunters to do the higgling. He made clear that he offered ten leopard skins for a cow, or twenty lynx hides for as much grain as five of his men could carry; but the women pointed to the greenstones, which he had not offered, as much as to ask:

"How much for those?"

Reluctantly the Chief of the Hunters held up one of the greenstones, neither the largest nor the most beautiful, and indicated that he would exchange that for as much grain as two of his men could carry. The women gasped. But it had been a very good season in the Valley, and there was a large surplus of grain.

The bargaining lasted for three days, and then the Hunters went away, driving enough meat and carrying enough grain to subsist upon for a whole winter; also, they took away with them most of their hides, for it had not been necessary to exchange them. The greenstones went better. Several hundred, weighing only a few pounds altogether, had been exchanged for everything they wanted.

THE FIRST MONEY

The next winter the Hunters came a second time, with more greenstones, and with the same result; and a third time; and then their visits began to be expected. One effect of this was to encourage saving in the Valley of First Experiences, especially among the women, because those who had the largest surplus of food to spare were the ones who had the most greenstones when the Hunters were gone. They were coveted boundlessly, and during the year a great deal of trading went on in them.

Gradually they replaced grain as a measure of value. Where formerly a plow could be bought with sixty measures of grain, it now could be bought with ten greenstones of the largest size; and the value of anything else could be converted into terms of greenstones. And it was a great convenience, because the greenstones could be carried about on the person. They served all the primary functions of money. They were universally desired and easily converted into anything whatsoever that one wanted.

At length people began to hoard the greenstones, so that one's wealth was measured therein, as to say that a man was worth a hundred of them, or two hundred. And there was also this further advantage in the greenstones, that one's wealth could be concealed from one's neighbors. Thus, instead of storing grain or other goods, people saved up greenstones, which were indestructible and at any time could be converted into goods, that is, exchanged, as money to-day is exchanged for the things one wants to buy.

Gradually there grew up a market-place where every one came to change little greenstones for big ones, or a large one for many little ones, or a beautifully polished one for a less polished one, or greenstones for grain and provisions; and one day the Most Shiftless Man, who had never been known to acquire a greenstone from the Hunters,

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appeared there with the largest and most brilliant one that had ever been seen. He exchanged it for a number of smaller ones and a great quantity of goods besides, and before people had stopped wondering where he got it, he came with another, and then with another.

It was extraordinary. His neighbors began to spy upon him, and reported that he spent all of his time rolling a pebble between two flat stones. After having brought a large greenstone to the market-place, he would disappear for several days, and the next any one saw of him he was rolling a pebble between the two flat stones again. A watch was set upon his movements, and he was followed one day for many miles to a distant mountain, where he had discovered an unlimited deposit of greenstones. As he found them they were dull and undazzling, but when ground between two stones, as he had learned, they took on a beautiful polish.

In less than a week all labor had ceased in the Valley of First Experiences, save that of grinding greenstones. Nobody had time for anything but this. Crops were left to wither in the fields and the herds were neglected. In vain did the Patriarch protest and scold. Every one fell under the delusion that greenstones were wealth. In a few months every one's pockets were full of them and everybody was rich who had been poor before; but, alas! when it came to exchanging greenstones for grain and cattle and other goods in the market-place, everybody had greenstones but nobody had these other things.

One result was that where before ten greenstones would buy a measure of grain, it took hundreds of them now to buy a handful; another result was that the people who had been accumulating wealth in the form of greenstones, because it was safer in that form than in any other, and because the greenstones could be exchanged for anything else—they who had been really rich were now poor.

The purchasing power of their greenstones had vanished.

Do you call them unintelligent? Well, then, imagine what some writer on finance and economics several thousands of years hence will be saying of the people who lived in the twentieth century and were under the delusion that gold was wealth, and whose savings in fifteen years, between about 1898 and 1914, decreased in value almost one-third, because a lot of new gold had been discovered in the world!

THE CYCLE

Twenty years ago the world was afflicted with low prices, and the great economists of the United States and Europe were trying as hard to account for the phenomena of cheapness as now they are trying to solve the problem of the dearness of things.

One reason why prices were so low then was that for many years there had been only a nominal increase in the world's production of gold. As the business of the world was done largely on a gold basis and as the supply of gold did not increase so fast as the volume of business, prices fell. Everything that is bought or sold must be paid for in money, or in the equivalent of money; wherefore, if the volume of things bought and sold increases and the supply of money doesn't, prices must decline. The aggregate of prices charged will equal the aggregate of prices paid.

Conversely, if the supply of money increases faster than the volume of business, prices will rise.

That was the next thing to happen.

With the opening of the South African mines the world's production of gold began, about 1890, to increase very rapidly. The finding of this gold was like the discovery of the deposit of greenstones. The effect of the rising supply of gold was felt very gradually at first. It takes time for gold to find its way into the arteries of trade. But after 1896 prices began very definitely to rise, and they have been rising with hardly any interruption since.

The total statistical stock of money gold, in the banks of the world and in circulation, is somewhat less than $8,000,000,000.

The world's production of gold in fifteen years has been $5,725,000,000.

That gives some notion of the rapidity with which the money stock has been augmented by new production. A great deal of the gold produced never finds its way into the statistical stock of money. Some of it is hoarded; some of it is lost; an

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increasing amount is consumed in the arts and industries. But the statistics of gold money are fairly complete, and they show that the holdings of gold by the banks of the world have more than doubled since 1900.

And in the same time the use of bank checks in place of money has increased even faster than gold, and with the same effect; so that through the whole world the increase in both gold money and the paper substitutes for gold has been extraordinary.

One effect has been the rise in prices of which every one is conscious.

THE SHIFTING DOLLAR

A less tangible effect has been the decrease in the value of savings. The purchasing power of greenstones declined as the supply of greenstones increased. The purchasing power of gold has decreased as the supply of gold has increased. One who today draws out of the savings-bank a dollar deposited there fifteen years ago is able to buy less with it than he could have had by spending it in the first place. Thus, the rise in prices has injured the world's savers.

Still another effect has been to alter the value of investments. The prevailing rate of interest has risen in the world. Now one who has never considered this subject before will say:

"As interest is the price of money, why should that rise as the supply of money increases?"

It does for the reason that the purchasing power of money falls. If you lend a man anything which will deteriorate before you get it back, you will be very likely to charge him somewhat more for the use of it than you would charge if its value were certain either to remain unimpaired or to increase. If, after you have loaned a man $1,000 for ten years, all the things which money will buy advance in price, then your money will be worth less when you receive it back than it was when you loaned it.

In the course of a world-wide rise in prices the rate of interest is the last thing to rise, so that although commodity prices had already been rising for some time, corporations so recently as ten years ago were able to sell 3½ and 4 per cent. bonds, where now it is hard for them to sell 5 and even 6 per cent. bonds. Ten years ago Wall Street advised investors to buy long-term bonds yielding 3½ and 4 per cent., because the rate of interest was going to fall; now, the rate of interest having so greatly risen, Wall Street is advising investors to buy only short-term securities yielding 5 and 6 per cent., because the rate of interest is never going to fall again.

But that is bad advice. The rate of interest is going to fall again, and bonds are going to rise, for the primary reason that the rate at which the world's stock of gold has been increased in the last fifteen years can not be continued and has already begun to diminish. It is the rate of increase that counts. If the annual production of gold remained unchanged, the rate at which it increased the world's stock would be a steadily falling rate, because the additions are cumulative.

Thus, beginning with one dollar, the addition of one more each year would be a diminishing percentage of increase. One dollar plus one dollar is an increase of 100 per cent.; two dollars plus one is an increase of 50 per cent.; three dollars plus one is an increase of 33 1-3 per cent., and so on, until the addition of the one-hundred-and-first dollar would be an increase of only 1 per cent. The reason the production of $5,729,000,000 gold in the last fifteen years produced so great an effect upon the world's prices was that the world's stock of gold when the large additions began to be made was very small.

MORE MONEY—HIGHER PRICES

If the argument rested here, some reader would be sure to address a letter to Everybody's Money substantially like this:

"Pooh! You say the trouble in the world has been an over-supply of money. How, then, do you account for the scarcity of credit? Aren't we told that business is being liquidated for want of money and credit? Can you explain that?"

The answer is contained in the 1912 annual report of George E. Roberts, Director of the Mint, who is one of the world's highest authorities on gold and monetary phenomena. He says:

"Never in the history of the world was the supply of money equal to the demand, excepting in periods of temporary depression and reaction, when the business community was controlled by a spirit of caution, instead of the normal spirit of enterprise."

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Speculation, not only on the stock exchanges of the world but in trade and commerce, will outstrip the supply of money invariably. The first effect of an increased supply of money is a rise in prices, which foments speculative enterprise and creates an adventurous demand for capital, which, as it is borrowed and spent, causes prices to rise more; and so it goes until the limit of everything is reached. Then we enter upon one of those "temporary periods of depression and reaction."

We are now in such a period. Prices have begun to fall. The business of the whole world is adjusting itself to a lower plane of prices. That means temporarily much loss of speculative capital, unemployment, and maybe "hard times." But as business is liquidated credit reaccumulates in the reservoirs. The rate of interest begins to fall, corporations are able to sell bonds, and a new cycle of prosperity begins. The first event in every new cycle is a rise in the value of investment securities.

WHAT TO BUY

If one is sure that bonds are going to rise, what kind of bonds ought one to buy? Our discussion had been in vain without coming to this.

Taking only two of the great divisions, we may consider municipal and railroad bonds. A municipal bond has several special inducements. It is exempt from the new income-tax. It is not subject to fluctuations in the value of physical property, as the annual interest and principal are met by taxation, and it is not harassed by legislation against "Big Business."

But, on the other hand, the yield, as might be expected, is commonly lower than that of a good railroad bond. No safer security need be desired than the first-mortgage bond of a good railroad. A railroad can not stop doing business. More and more it is treated as a public utility, and it will be all the better when the Government, as it will, undertakes the regulation of new security issues. Regulation of that sort has improved the standing of all corporations subject to State Commissions.

To know whether the bonds of a railroad are good, take "Poor's Manual," "Mundy's Earning Power of Railroads," the "Manual of Statistics," or any publication which reports the income account, and see what relation the fixed charges and taxes bear to the net income, which is the income over all running expenses.

For instance, if you had looked a year ago at the income account of the St. Louis & San Francisco you would not have considered its bonds for a minute. Of $16,500,000 net income the fixed charges and taxes consumed $15,000,000, leaving only $1,500,000 surplus. That is not enough surplus over interest charges to constitute a reasonable margin of safety.

But if you had looked at the income account of, say, the Louisville & Nashville, and had seen that of $19,000,000 net income fixed charges and taxes consumed less than $9,000,000, so that the surplus was more than $10,000,000, you would have known that all its bonds were good, as is the case.

Interest is what a railroad pays out to its creditors, who are the bondholders; the remainder is what is left for the owners, who are the shareholders. If, as in the case of the Louisville & Nashville, it takes less than one-half of the net income to pay the creditors their annual due, the margin of safety is enough to insure the integrity of all the company's bonds.

Other kinds of bonds will be discussed in turn.

THE PERSONAL EQUATION

As most of the inquiries received by the editor of Everybody's Money seem to require personal answers, readers whose investments worry them are requested, when they write, to indicate overhead conditions. No two cases are alike. Investments eminently proper for an active business man would not be suitable for another sort of man. Securities one might profitably buy for one's estate in early life are not always the sort of securities one should bequeath. It makes a difference, too—the proportion of one's wealth that is to be risked in one thing. If it is one's all, the risk should be minimized; if it is but a small fraction of one's wealth, then, for the sake of a higher return, it may be advisable to assume somewhat more risk. J. P.

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

"The prosperity of a chestnut is in the ear of the stranger."

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

Little Mr. Einstein, a traveling salesman, on Thanksgiving Day found himself far away from home, and naturally very lonesome. He knew not a soul in the hotel at which he was staying, and he decided that he must attract some attention at any cost.

Presently a bell-hop came through the lobby paging a Mr. Murphy. "Mr. Murphy! Mr. Murphy!" he shouted. At this point Mr. Einstein jumped up and hollered: "Say, boy, vat initials?"

"Mis' Rogers," said Belle, wiping her hands on her apron, "yo' jist got to git rid o' that trifling Jim Johnson or I leave yoh."

"What's the trouble, Belle?"

"Why, that colored trash is stealin' from me same as if I was white!"

Before the passage of the present strict banking-laws in Wisconsin, starting a bank was a comparatively simple proposition. The surprisingly small amount of capital needed is well illustrated by the story a prosperous country-town banker told on himself, when asked how he happened to enter the banking business:

"Well," he said, "I didn't have much else to do, so I rented an empty store-building and painted BANK on the window. The first day I was open for business a man came in and deposited a hundred dollars with me; the second day another man dropped in and deposited two hundred and fifty; and so, by George, along about the third day I got confidence enough in the bank to put in a hundred myself!"

Mr. Harper was very much better, so Mrs. Harper allowed the nurse an evening off. As she herself was to keep a very important engagement, she told Bridget to watch the sickroom and gave her several orders which, she impressed upon the Irish girl's mind, were very important. Returning later than she intended, she heard Mr. Harper moving restlessly and, after quieting him, she sought Bridget for information.

"I wonder what makes Mr. Harper so restless. He was sleeping very soundly when I went out. Do you know, Bridget?"

"No, mum," said the conscientious girl, "unless I disturbed his moind when I woke him up to give him his shleepin' powder."

Two motorists, having almost ruined their tempers—and their tires—in a vain attempt to find a hotel with a vacant bed, were at last forced to make the best of a small inn. Even then they had to share a bed, which was—and on this the landlord laid great stress—a featherbed.

They turned in, and one of the pair was soon fast asleep. The other was not. He could not manage to dodge the lumps, and heard hour

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after hour strike on the church clock until three. Then he violently shook his snoring friend.

"What's the matter?" growled the sleeper. "It can't be time to get up yet!"

"No, it isn't," retorted his friend, continuing to shake him, "but it's my turn to sleep on the feather!"

A charming girl of eighteen, the daughter of a Western ranch-owner, and quite a society queen in her own city, had been brought by her father to attend a White House reception.

As her small hand disappeared within the hearty grasp of the President, the maiden looked up at him and, smiling sweetly, said:

"I'm awfully glad to meet you, Mr. Roosevelt. I've often heard dad speak of you."

"Your name?" asked the teacher, registering a new pupil.

"Arthur."

"And what's your first name?"

"Brown."

"Oh, haven't you got them wrong? I think Arthur must be your first name, and Brown your family name. Isn't that right?"

But the small pupil was not persuaded. A day or two later he announced:

"Teacher, mother says Brown *is* my first name. She says I got that name when I was born and she didn't name me Arthur till three months later!"

Nora was applying for a place as cook, and when asked for a reference, presented the following:

"To whom it may concern:

"This is to certify that Nora Foley has worked for us a week and we are satisfied."

One morning Rosie's teacher noticed her hanging around the desk with rather a wistful expression.

"Well, Rosie, what is it?" she finally asked, drawing the child to her.

"Please, teacher, we've got a new baby t' our house."

"Oh, have you, Rosie? Isn't that fine? What's the baby's name?"

"Ikie."

Several days later the teacher remembered to inquire about the new arrival:

"Oh, Rosie, how is Ikie to-day?"

The child looked bewildered: "Oh, teacher, we ain't got no Ikie."

"Yes. You told me you had a baby."

A gleam of intelligence appeared on Rosie's face. "No, teacher, his name's Mose; his name ain't Ikie. We found we already got one Ikie."

A Tennessee mountaineer, not in the "moonshine" belt, went to town, and among other things he bought a jug of whisky. Not wanting to carry it about with him, he decided to leave it at a grocery-store for a while.

In order that the jug might be properly identified, he took a deck of cards from his pocket, extracted the five of hearts, wrote his name upon it, and attached it to the handle of the jug.

Two hours later the mountaineer returned. The jug was gone!

"Look here, Jim," he cried to the proprietor of the store, "do you know what become of thet jug o' mine?"

"Sure," rejoined the proprietor, "Jake Harwell came along with the six of hearts and took it."

Montague Glass was lunching with two of his cloak and suit merchant friends recently. The subject had turned to real estate, and one of the cloak and suit merchants was telling of a house he had recently bought.

"And the dinink-room," he explained, helping himself to more salad, "is so big it shall seat twenty peoples—God forbid!"

A Sunday-school teacher, after conducting a lesson on the story of "Jacob's Ladder," concluded by saying: "Now is there any little girl or boy who would like to ask a question about the lesson?"

Little Susie looked puzzled for a moment, and then raised her hand.

"A question, Susie?" asked the teacher.

"I would like to know," said Susie, "if the angels have wings, why did they have to climb up the ladder?"

The teacher thought for some moments, and then, looking about the class, asked: "Is there any little boy who would like to answer Susie's question?"

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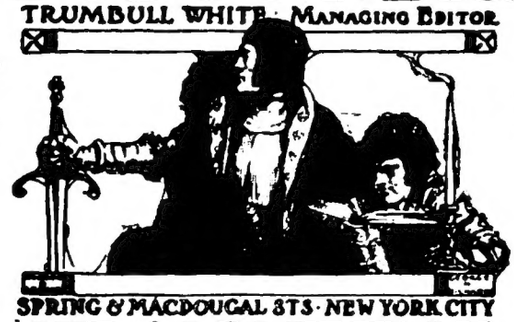
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

TRUMBULL WHITE · MANAGING EDITOR

PUBLISHED BY
THE RIDGWAY
COMPANY
NEW YORK CITY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY
PRESIDENT
RAY BROWN
SEC'Y AND TREASURER



SPRING & MACDOUGAL STS · NEW YORK CITY

STRAIGHT TALK WITH EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

AS WE expected, the debate between Mr. Morris Hillquit and Dr. John A. Ryan on "Socialism: Promise or Menace?" has brought upon our heads a flood of letters. All sorts of letters: commending, denouncing; intelligent, stupid; analytical, emotional; suggesting that both are wrong, that both are right; that there is no debate, since the "debaters" agree. And dozens of short, unpretentious notes that courteously acknowledge the writers' satisfaction at having such a vast, momentous problem thoroughly thrashed out, both sides at once, with readable clearness, force, and authority.

The letters printed herewith are among the most interesting:

SOCIALIST APPROVAL

I wish to extend to EVERYBODY'S keen appreciation of the spirit of service and fair-play shown in your publishing a joint debate on the subject of Socialism, by such able and representative men as Father Ryan and Morris Hillquit.

This debate is peculiarly pertinent at this time, as it daily becomes more evident we are in a process of social readjustment that calls for broad-visioned understanding and full, tolerant discussion.

In this readjustment there is no greater factor than the Socialist Movement, with its forty million adherents and world-wide development.

This being true, Socialism must be considered and understood, whether the purpose be to defend or oppose it.

Speaking as a Socialist, I know of no abler or more representative man to speak for Socialism than Morris Hillquit. His very participation in the debate assures a brilliant and clear exposition of our cause that must be of great value to those who read.

G. H. GOEBEL, Newark, N. J.
(Member of the National Executive Committee, Socialist Party of America.)

CATHOLIC APPROVAL

When you asked me, now more than a year ago, what was the exact reason of the opposition of the Catholic Church to Socialism, my answer was that their principles were essentially contradictory and mutually exclusive. The difficulty was to get a precise and adequate statement of those principles for popular presentation. On both sides there was more than enough of heated denunciation and abuse by individuals speaking with more or less authority. But a calm, dispassionate, scholarly exposition within the easy comprehension of the man in the street was yet far to seek.

The selection of Dr. Ryan of the St. Paul Theological Seminary to conduct the Catholic side of this discussion commends itself to all. A recognized authority on sociological questions, his book on "The Living Wage" has been accepted as a standard in two hemispheres. His sound theological training and deep acquaintance with Catholic theology, as well as his practical knowledge of the economic conditions and problems of the American world of to-day, give assurance that the case of the Catholic Church is safe in his hands. All intelligent Catholics will welcome a statement from him on the fundamental differences between the Church and Socialism. It should go far to re-

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move the temptation to use abuse as argument. Where there is accurate knowledge, and especially a comprehension of another's intellectual difficulty, there is apt to be sympathy. Sympathy is a surer dissolvent of rancor than syllogisms. Jos. H. McMahon,
Director The Catholic Library Association of New York.

OFFICE-HOLDING AND SERVICE

I can not refrain from telling you with what intense pleasure and interest I read this debate on Socialism. It is just what I have been looking for.

The question of personal incentive has always seemed to me one of the principal objections to Socialism, but this menace seems to lose its horror in the able and brilliant reply of Mr. Hillquit. I myself am an employee of the Postal Department, and during my six years of service have seen so many examples of splendid efficiency and devotion to duty in this service by men of temporary appointment who might have done much better from a pecuniary standpoint in private service, as well as men under Civil Service appointment, that it could not help but convince me that the pecuniary reward is not the only incentive to good service; no, not even the greatest.

Another thing I have observed during my service in the Postal Department is that the feeling of security and the knowledge of a permanent position which the Civil Service gives an employee, acts as a stimulus to faithful and efficient service rather than the contrary.

E. L., Alameda, Cal.

ENTER: THE SINGLE-TAXER

With the keenest interest possible, I am watching Father Ryan and Mr. Hillquit in their work of construction and destruction in your magazine. Father Ryan is busily engaged in weaving a garment of righteousness with which to cover whatever is harmonious with the principles of "Capitalism," while Mr. Hillquit is just as industriously working on a garment for Socialism. They both seem, however, to be able to cut a great many holes in each other's garment, and I fear that when they have finished, neither Capitalism nor Socialism will dare or desire to put it on.

It is evident that both of the gentlemen are succeeding in locating weak points in each other's arguments. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link; and how they laugh at each other's links! Mr. Hillquit tells us that the wealth of to-day differs from the wealth of former ages, but forgets to add that THE SOURCE OF ALL WEALTH never has changed and never will change. "It is not represented by slaves or serfs, nor even principally by land or agricultural products." Will he dare rewrite this sentence to read: "Modern wealth is not represented by the stolen labor of the laboring class, combined with the products of the land"?

Modern wealth consists mainly of an accumulation of privately owned commodities and of the instruments used for their production and distribution." Is there a single one of these commodities or instruments which can not be traced back to a common source, LAND AND LABOR? Are not all tools and all commodities the wages of labor?

Does Father Ryan dare maintain that the prices of life necessaries are not being controlled by monopolies, and does he believe that the present-day ideas (which do not strike at the source of the evil) will have any very permanent effect? F. L. D., Trinidad, Colo.

HOW IS SOCIALISM BETTER?

It is difficult to see by Mr. Hillquit's showing that anything would be gained, in this country at least, by the institution of Socialism. He admits that rulers would be necessary, as they are now; that different individuals have different degrees of ability and earning power, and should receive varied amounts of compensation for their services, as they do now; and that if there is dissatisfaction with existing conditions, the people could change them by vote, as they can now. Whether the popular vote would always be wise and for the best interests of the people, would be as questionable as it is at present. Where would be the gain by the change to Socialism?

There has been a gradual change for the better in the circumstances of the laboring class in this country, and it is still going on. Those who are saving and prudent have no difficulty in bettering their circumstances. Can Socialism promise us anything better? In the matter of land: does not its ultimate title and ownership now remain in the State? If not, how can it be taxed? Is not a tax the equivalent of rent? And is not the landowner called upon to pay it as his quota of the expense of carrying on the Government? G. B. S., Long Beach, Cal.

HUMOR

Oh, false one! You have deceived us! You led us to believe that the debate between Mr. Hillquit and Dr. Ryan was to be a debate between a Socialist and an Anti-Socialist. And what are you giving us? One between TWO Socialists: a Political Actionist on the one side, and a Direct Actionist on the other. In the November number Dr. Ryan scouts the idea of the industrial State and declares himself for "the direct ownership of . . . the instruments of production by the workers themselves by such methods as copartnership schemes and cooperative societies." Comrade Ryan, shake hands with Comrade Bill Haywood.

E. W., New York City.

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